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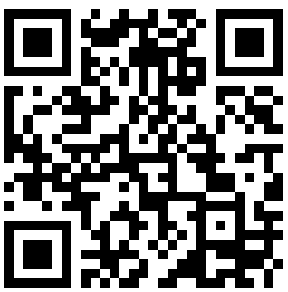

ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE

VOL. XXXII. 1914

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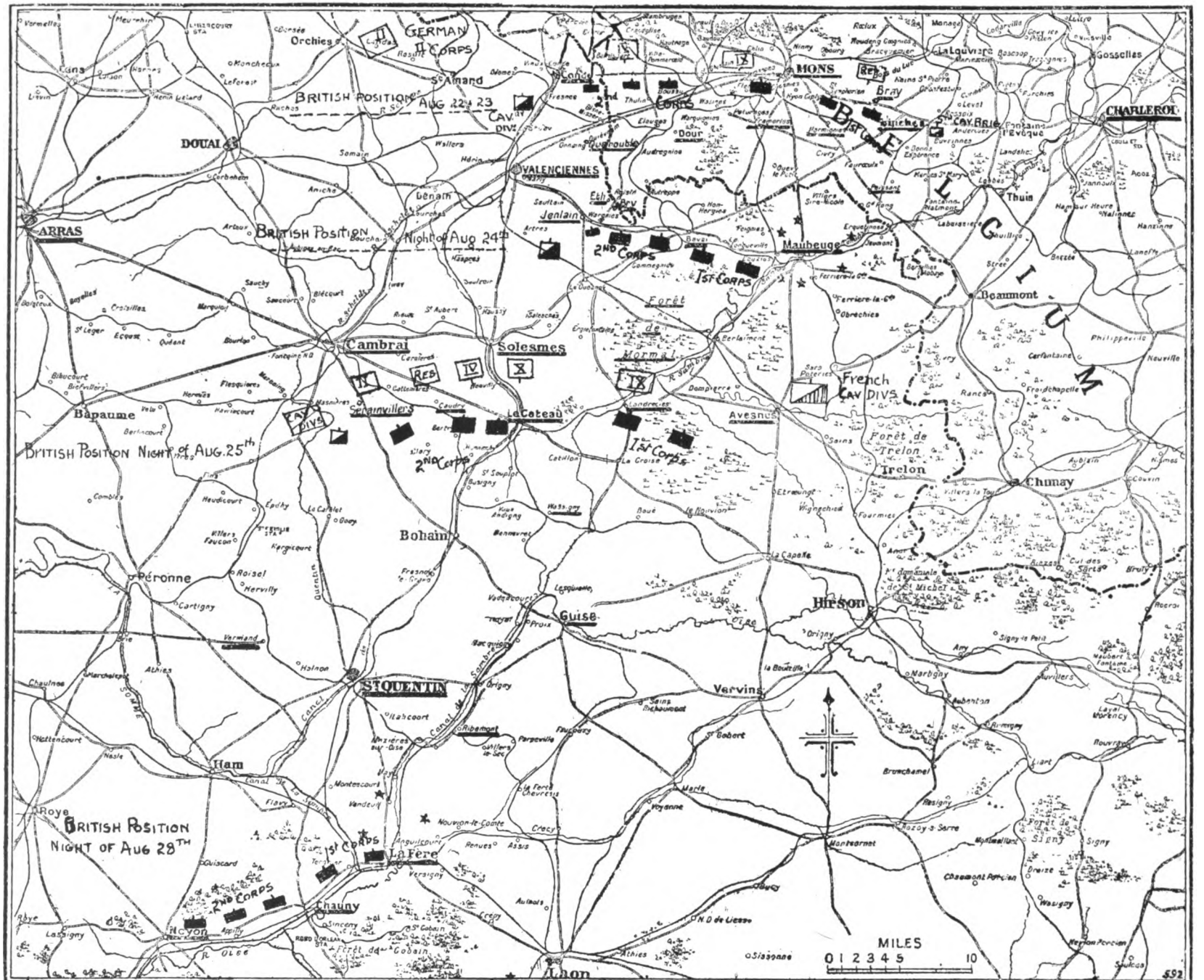

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER

FOR

THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo Fata Vocant."

VOL. XXXII.

PRINTED BY G. W. GRIGG AND SON, "ST. GEORGE'S PRESS," DOVER.

1914.

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 373.] Saturday, 31st January, 1914. [Vol. XXXII.

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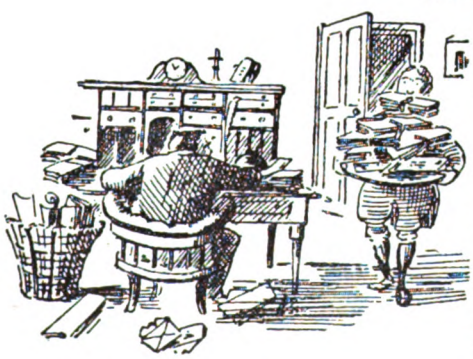
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, Hans Crescent,
London, S.W.,
31st January, 1914.



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Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Miss D. M. Gunner	to 31/ 8/14	Lieut.-Col. Somerville (Bound Vol. and don.)	to 31/12/14
Mr. J. Wardle	,, 31/12/14	Lieutenant E. L. Salier	,, 31/12/14
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Major Caffin	,, 31/12/14		
Maj. Leather (& Bound Vols.)	31/12/14		

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BIRTHS.

EARL.—On the 28th November, 1913, at Ambala, India, the wife of Lance-Sergeant W. Earl, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

GRANT (née BISHOP).—On the 28th November, 1913, at 71, Osborne Street, Williamstown, near Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, the wife of Jack Grant, Royal Australian Garrison Artillery, of a daughter.

GROVES.—On the 6th ult., at Sheffield, the wife of No. 899 Sergeant G. Groves, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

LAWS.—On the 6th ult., at Mhow, India, the wife of No. 8002 Sergeant Laws, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

DEATH.

McCARTHY.—On the 16th December, 1913, at King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E., Beatrice Florence McCarthy, beloved and youngest daughter of Colour-Sergeant Dennis McCarthy, Camberwell Battalion N.R., formerly a leading musician and second-in-command of the band, 1st Battalion, aged 22 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

MEMORANDA.—Colonel D. Sapte, half-pay list, retires on retired pay (dated 3rd January, 1913).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS. — Captain B. Cruddas is seconded for service as an Adjutant, Territorial Force (dated 11th December, 1913). Supernumerary-Captain B. T. St. John is restored to the establishment (dated 11th December, 1913).

ESTABLISHMENTS.—STAFF COLLEGE.—Major A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers, to be a General Staff Officer, 2nd grade, and to be granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel whilst so employed, *vice* Major R. T. Roper, Dorsetshire Regiment (dated 2nd January, 1913).

The following Gentlemen Cadets from the R.M.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 24th January, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—F. B. Corbet-Singleton, E. G. M. Buckley, C. H. Markham.

First appointments. The following to be Second-Lieutenants, University Candidates:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—E. F. Boyd (dated 3rd September, 1912, but not to carry pay or allowances before 21st January, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant T. L. Bainbridge is appointed to command No. 2 (Northumberland) Section, Northumbrian (the Newcastle) Division Signal Company, and is seconded whilst so employed (dated 4th June, 1913). Second-Lieutenant G. W. Dodds to be Lieutenant (dated 4th October, 1913). S. G. Redman to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 20th October, 1913).

The King has been graciously pleased to confer the Territorial Decoration upon the undermentioned officers of the Territorial Force who have been duly recommended for the same under the terms of the Royal Warrant, dated 17th August, 1908:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major E. Dixon, Territorial Force.

We regret to announce the death of Drummer Jos. Dobson, late 1st Battalion, at Crabbs Cross, Redditch, on the 11th December. Dobson joined the 1st Battalion in 1853 and was discharged in 1871, when he joined the Warwickshire Constabulary. Dobson served throughout the Indian Mutiny with the 1st Battalion and was one of the twelve men who represented the Regiment at the Indian Mutiny Commemoration in 1907.

1st Battalion Notes.

CAMBRIDGE BARRACKS,
PORTSMOUTH,
27th January, 1914.

IF these notes are short and uninteresting the writer has some excuse, as he only returned to Portsmouth on the 15th, and when not employed with his platoon, has spent his leisure moments hanging pictures in the Mess. Both the official correspondents are on leave, one of whom, at least, must be very busy, preparing for a Refresher Course at Hythe.

Lieutenants Ovans, Sloper, Cogan and Second Lieutenant Barrett have returned from leave, Captain Sandilands from Windsor, where he has been taking a census of Army remount horses, and Captain St. John on absorption, his period as a Territorial Adjutant having expired.

On the 15th we had a hockey match against the Lincolnshire Regiment who are quartered here and were defeated after an even game by three goals to two. On the 20th we met an officers' team from the Navigation School, but the combination of their forwards was too good for us and they won by five goals to one.

There have been three dances here in the last week. One at Government House, another in aid of the Boy Scouts and a third given by the Garrison Gunners in Clarence Barracks. They were all very good dances and thoroughly enjoyed by our representatives. For the benefit of those who are tired of leave, we know of at least five more in the near future.

Captains Sandilands and Herbert motored over to Southampton on the 21st to say good-bye to Captain Lamb, who sailed for India on H.M.T. *Dongola*. We wish him all good luck and a speedy return.

Sincerest congratulations to Captain Thornton on his engagement.

FOOTBALL.

5TH FUSILIERS v. 1ST LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.

League match. Played on Saturday, the 17th inst., resulting in a win for us by 3—1. The goal scorers were Private Farrell (1) and Private Langford (2). Team:—

Goal:—
Pte. Tonkinson

Backs:—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Davis

Half-backs:—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Pte. West

Forwards:—
Lce.-Corpl. Broadley Pte. Langford Pte. Graham
Pte. Cousins Pte. Farrell

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5TH FUSILIERS v. M.E.C. TRANSPORT A.S.C.

This match was played on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and resulted in a win for us by 13—0. The goal scorers were Private Farrell (5), Private Graham (2), Private Cousins (2), Corporal Patterson (1), and Private Langford (3). Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Tonkinson
Backs :—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Davis
Half-backs :—
Pte. Pursley Corpl. Patterson Lce.-Corpl. Lewis
Forwards :—
Pte. Woodrow Pte. Farrell Pte. Langford
Pte. Cousins Pte. Graham

5TH FUSILIERS v. 29TH COMPANY R.G.A.

This match was played on Wednesday, the 21st inst., and resulted in a draw 2—2. The goal scorers were Private Cousins (1) and Private Langford (1). Team : —

Goal :—
Pte. Smith
Backs :—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Davis
Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Lce.-Corpl. Palmer
Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Pte. Graham
Pte. Cousins Pte. Caseman

5TH FUSILIERS v. R.A.M.C. (COSHAM).

Played on Saturday, the 24th inst., resulting in a win for our opponents by 2—1. Private Hewitt scored for us. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith
Backs :—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Hewitt
Half backs :—
Pte. West Pte. Jukes Corpl. Patterson
Forwards :—
Pte. Langford Lce.-Corpl. Palmer Pte. Graham
Pte. Cousins Pte. Caseman

HOCKEY.

The following have represented the Regiment at hockey :—

Captain Selby
Lieut. I. M. Bonham-Carter
„ H. L. Ovans
„ G. O. Sloper
„ C. T. S. Cogan
2nd-Lieut. L. A. Barrett
Colour-Sergeant Hone
Sergeant Draper
Corporal Gammon
Lance-Corporal Broadley
„ Grayson
Drummer Redmond
Private Blakemore
„ West
„ Ellingham
„ Pursley
„ Langford
„ Cousins
Private Thorne

Results :—

v. R.G.A.	Won	5—0
v. 1st Lincolnshire Regiment	Lost	2—0
v. „ „ „	Lost	3—1
v. R.N. Navigation School ...	Lost	5—1

2nd Battalion Notes.

AMBALA,
7th January, 1914.

THIS month heralded the arrival of the men of the 1st Battalion left behind at Mhow, who came here on 22nd, thus bringing eight Companies together for the first time after three years. From 14th to 16th we took part in the Cavalry manœuvres, bivouacing the first night twelve miles from Ambala; we were fortunate in having such good weather. Three Companies go to the Artillery practice camp at the end of this month.

Christmas day with a hot sun and dusty roads seemed strange to many of us, but passed off with the usual festivities.

Several officers went out shooting, some to the hills after Barasingh and panthers, both of which proved to be of the most elusive character. Two others went on a short trip a few miles away, and returned with a mixed bag in which, we hear a domestic cow played a not unimportant part. The Maharajah Partiala has again extended his hospitality to us in the shape of some excellent pig-sticking. Nine of us went over at his invitation and enjoyed one of the best day's sport we have ever had. The country from a riding point of view was all that could be desired, flat and the going excellent. Everything was done in the most lavish manner. Arriving at the meet in motors we had our choice of some thirty horses, and found a squadron of cavalry and two companies of infantry of the Maharajah's troops as beaters. The bag at the end of the day consisted of eleven pig, two of which were very fine, and another also which a certain officer stoutly affirms was killed by him with one blow; so great a boast being rather spoilt by his having to be corrected when refering to the sex of the animal.

The following officers are to be congratulated on promotion, Captains Gibson, Gething and Lamb, Lieutenants Molineux, Heyder and Mahon. The posting of Captains Gibson and Lamb and the return of Lieutenant Leverson to this Battalion came as welcome news.

The following promotion and appointments have been made :—

To be Sergeant :—
No. 197 Lance-Sergeant S. Davis from 21/11/13

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—
No. 2824 Lance-Corporal J. Kinney from 29/11/13
„ 2982 „ C. Bell „ 12/12/13

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—
No. 2561 Private S. Blythe from 21/11/13
„ 2712 „ M. Purchase „ 21/11/13
„ 2797 „ E. Watkins „ 21/11/13
„ 3207 „ F. Connor „ 21/11/13
„ 2467 „ J. Thompson „ 22/11/13
„ 2995 „ H. Payne „ 22/11/13
„ 3275 „ N. Walsh „ 22/11/13

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No. 5927	Private	A. Henry	from 24/11/13
„ 2159	„	J. Hine	„ 24/11/13
„ 3250	„	J. Hemmens	„ 26/11/13
„ 2358	„	A. Hale	„ 28/11/13
„ 2650	„	J. Sheard	„ 28/11/13
„ 2706	„	H. Forrister	„ 28/11/13
„ 2783	„	G. Gray	„ 1/12/13
„ 3199	„	C. O'Neill	„ 6/12/13
„ 2229	„	W. Coulston	„ 9/12/13

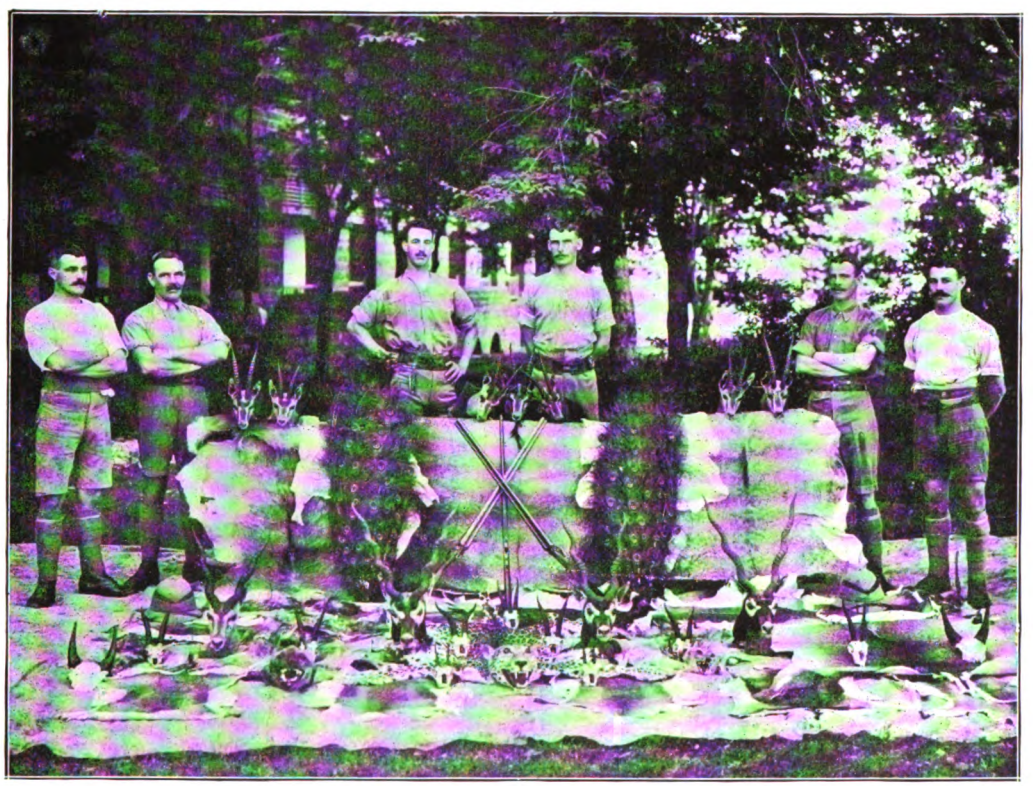
Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—
(dated Mhow, 30/9/13)

1st Class :—

No. 2706 Private H. Forrister

Group 1 :—

No. 2671 Private L. Wilson — No. 3269 Private J. Bradley



Pte. Bowtell (26). Corpl. Wood. Pte. Dowson. Sergt. Gilbourn. Corpl. Prophett. Pte. Bowtell (30).

A SHOOTING PARTY, 2ND BATTALION.

Group 2 :—

No. 3078 Private R. Fisher

Passed in Copying Manuscript :—

No. 7858 Sergeant G. Hills

Passed in Book-keeping :—

Acting-Schoolmaster-Sergeant Yendell
(dated Ambala, 20/12/13)

2nd Class :—

No. 2312	L/Sgt.	H. Herbert	No. 3179	L/Cpl.	P. Massey
„ 2797	L/Cpl.	E. Watkins	„ 2599	Private	H. Eaton
„ 3055	„	S. Warner	„ 3518	„	R. Beat
„ 2701	„	A. Goodison	„ 2946	„	W. Ironside
„ 2318	„	P. Lacey	„ 2913	„	W. George
„ 9644	„	S. Mayers	„ 2906	„	J. Dunnage

3rd Class :—

No. 3209	Private	W. Brown	No. 2901	Private	T. Milbourn
„ 2565	„	S. Birlison	„ 3287	„	J. Carter
„ 3262	„	J. Smith	„ 3200	„	W. Holmes

FOOTBALL.

The football leagues, 1st and 2nd have both started, the following matches having been played :—

1ST LEAGUE.

A	Company	beat	H	Company	1—0
D	„	drew with	E	„	2 all.
H	„	beat	E	„	1—0
G	„	„	F	„	3—2
D	„	„	C	„	2—1
B	„	„	A	„	3—0

2ND LEAGUE.

B	Co.	beat	A	Co.	4—2
C	„	„	B	„	2—0
F	„	„	G	„	1—0

In the Tug-of-War the following results have taken place.

B	Co.	beat	C	Co.
D	„	„	E	„
A	„	„	H	„
B	„	„	D	„
G	„	„	F	„
F	„	„	H	„
C	„	„	E	„
B	„	„	E	„
C	„	„	H	„

HOCKEY.

The Hockey leagues have also started, the following matches have been played in the 1st and 2nd leagues :—

1ST LEAGUE.

D	Co.	drew with	E	Co.	2 all
A	„	beat	H	„	3—0
G	„	„	F	„	3—2
F	„	drew with	H	„	1 all
C	„	beat	D	„	2—1

2ND LEAGUE.

A Co. beat H Co. 2—0

BOXING.

The 3rd Lahore Divisional Boxing Tournament took place here during the last week. Our representatives were not on the whole very successful. The chief feature was the plucky fight put up by Private Taylor in the open Bantam weights. The following took part in the tournament with results as shown :—

NOVICES' LIGHT WEIGHTS.

1ST ROUND.

Private Coatesworth beat Private Barrett, 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards.

Private Hume beat Private Gallagher, 1st Highland Light Infantry.

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2ND ROUND.

Private Coatesworth beat Lance-Corporal Froom, 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards.

Private Hume beat Private Cherer, 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards.

SEMI-FINAL.

Private Coatesworth beat Lance-Corporal Peyto, 8th Hussars.

Private Strelitz, 1st Highland Light Infantry, beat Private Hume.

FINAL.

Private Strelitz, 1st Highland Light Infantry, beat Private Coatesworth.

NOVICES' FEATHER WEIGHTS.

1ST ROUND.

Private Green beat Private Edwards, 1st South Lancashire Regiment.

Private Hardy beat Private Blackburn, 8th Hussars.

Private Carter beat Private Johnson.

Private Banks beat Private Forrest.

2ND ROUND.

Private Green beat Private Hardy.

Private Banks beat Private Carter.

SEMI-FINAL.

Private Green beat Private Couch, 8th Hussars.

Private Banks beat Private Gilmore, 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards.

FINAL.

Private Green beat Private Banks.

The prize for this weight was reduced to half owing to the men not giving a satisfactory display in the final.

OPEN WELTER WEIGHTS.

1ST ROUND.

Private Falcus beat Private Coundon in the first round.

2ND ROUND.

Private Falcus beat Corporal Hickie, 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment, in the first round; this fight was stopped to stop punishment, according to the R.N. and A.B.A. rules.

SEMI-FINAL.

Lance-Corporal Christian, Lancashire Fusiliers, beat Private Falcus.

OPEN LIGHT WEIGHTS.

1ST ROUND.

Lance-Corporal Smith, 1st Highland Light Infantry, beat Private Mortimer.

OPEN FEATHER WEIGHTS.

1ST ROUND.

Private Smith knocked out Private Sayers, 1st Highland Light Infantry (Champion 1912), in the first round.

Private Brophy, Lancashire Fusiliers, beat Private Wilkinson.

SEMI-FINAL.

Private Thornley, 1st Duke of Wellington's Regiment, beat Private Smith.

OPEN BANTAM WEIGHTS.

1st ROUND.

Private Burns won owing to Private Beresford, 8th Hussars, being over weight.

Private Taylor—a bye.

2ND ROUND.

Private Thompson, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, beat Private Burns.

Private Taylor won owing to Private Kelly, 1st Highland Light Infantry, not weighing in.

SEMI-FINAL.

Private Thompson, Lancashire Fusiliers, beat Private Taylor on points.

The undermentioned men of the 2/5th Fusiliers have qualified to compete in the "All India Championships" to be held at the Gymnasium, Ambala, about the 30th February, 1914:—

Welter Weight	...	Private Falcus, 10st. 6lbs.
Feather Weight	...	„ Smith, 9st. 2lbs.
Bantam Weight	...	„ Taylor, 8st. 4lbs.

CORPORALS' MESS NOTES.

Christmas cannot be forgotten, even in India, and in keeping with this period of enjoyment the Corporals held a Smoking Concert on Boxing Night; an invitation was sent to all regiments comprising the Garrison (non-commissioned officers' messes) which was heartily responded to by a goodly number.

The chair was taken by Sergeant-Major Cooper who proved himself an adept in this office. During the evening an extra pleasure was accorded us by the presence of several of our officers.

Some excellent songs were sung, more than one receiving an encore. Lance-Corporal Battle, of the South Lancashire Regiment, took the meeting by storm with his comic, "Keep your hand on your 9d.," and his recital of "The football match." Lance-Corporal Watts, of the FIFTH, must be envied his beautiful bouquet of—(flowers?). This little appreciation was well earned by the way in which he rendered a sentimental song entitled "Over the dark blue sea." A comic, "Would you mind passing the salt," was sung by "Old Splash" and was much applauded. Amongst other contributors to the programme were Corporal Kennett, Lance-Corporals Arnold and Bell, of the Fusiliers, and other well-known singers of the Garrison.

An enjoyable evening finished at about 1 a.m., and our thanks are due to Corporals Richardson, Wileman, Dodds, and Lance-Corporals Boyes as committee.

Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
22nd January, 1914.

IN changing from the Old Year to the New some of us have left the lands of poverty and entered the realms of semi-opulence. Unfortunately all of us do not reap the benefits of Colonel Seely's New Year gift.

Early in the month dutymen and recruits returned off furlough and Xmas passes, so that the square now presents quite an animated appearance. This state of affairs, however, will soon cease, as a party of about eighty recruits are due to leave for the 1st Battalion on the 31st inst.

On the 13th the children of the combined Depôts were entertained at tea, followed by a Xmas tree, cinematograph show and the firing of rockets. Despite the regrettable absence, through indisposition or cowardice, of Father Xmas everyone seemed thoroughly to enjoy the evening.

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Mrs. Fishbourne distributed presents to all the children. In proposing a vote of thanks to her Sergeant-Major Bodsworth, of the Durham Light Infantry, alluded to the sad fact that it was Major Long's last official appearance at these annual gatherings, and took the early opportunity, in which everyone joins, of wishing him and Mrs. Long the best of luck when he finally retires in March after forty years' service.

Major Fishbourne has gone to Aldershot for a course of instruction in soldiers' messing. We wonder if he will, on his return, produce any new dishes for the well-worn "diet sheet."

Captain Gordon returned from leave on the 2nd inst., Captain Williams and Lieutenant Chenevix-Trench proceeding on leave the same day.

Captain Thornton returned from leave on the 20th inst. We congratulate him on his long delayed promotion.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Newcastle-on-Tyne, 18th December, 1913:—

2nd Class:—

No. 3607 Pte. J. Hidson — No. 3627 Pte. J. Peasland
„ 3644 „ W. Wilson — „ 3665 „ J. Juster

3rd Class:—

No. 3650 Pte. E. Storey — No. 3657 Pte. H. Cantwell
„ 3662 „ D. Martin — „ 3671 „ P. McCullagh
No. 8271 Pte. S. Evans

No. 3800 Private P. Dryden was discharged on the 6th inst. and has been awarded a pension of 1/- per diem.

3rd Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
25th January, 1914.

THE following extract from the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, of the 29th December, 1913, will be read with interest:—

EX-SOLDIER'S GALLANTRY.

BRAVE RESCUE FROM THE TYNE.

HEATON CLERK'S DEATH.

A brave act on the part of a Quayside labourer, named Charles Leach, was revealed at an inquest held on Saturday night at Newcastle Infirmary, on the body of John William Ivinson, 29, a railway clerk, of Second Avenue, Heaton, who died in the institution on Friday, from the effects of falling into the Tyne on December 19th.

Thomas Ivinson, father of the deceased, said his son was subject to epileptic fits, and in consequence had not been able to work for some time.

WHARFMAN'S STORY.

David Kerr, of Clarence Street, a wharfman in the employ of the Edinburgh and Newcastle Steam Shipping Company, stated that about 3.20 on the afternoon of December 19th he was standing on the wharf opposite Broad Chare, talking to the Manager of the Company, when he saw Ivinson walking along the Leith Wharf, about five feet from the edge. Suddenly Ivinson fell sideways into the river. Witness at once shouted "Man Overboard," and ran to Quayside wall. It was low water at the time. He saw Ivinson rise to the surface.

A man from the steamer *Tay and Tyne* went down a post and tried to reach Ivinson, but failed. Another man threw a rope, but Ivinson did not attempt to reach it. Then Charles Leach, a labourer, who was working in the hold of the *Tay and Tyne*, came on deck, jumped into the river as the man sank for the second time, and swam towards the spot where Ivinson had disappeared, and caught him when he came to the surface.

A rope was thrown from the stern of the vessel, and Leach caught hold of it and thus supported himself and kept Ivinson's head above water until a man named Alberg, who was working on a ship at an adjoining berth, went down one of the piles to Leach's assistance. Eventually, Ivinson and Leach were rescued by means of a boat, and landed on the wharf. Two police officers arrived on the scene and applied artificial respiration. Ivinson partially regained consciousness, and was removed to Newcastle Infirmary in an ambulance.

A PLUCKY ACT.

In the opinion of witness, if it had not been for the prompt and plucky action of Leach, Ivinson would have been drowned. The tide was not running strong at the time, but there was considerable suction near the vessel, and Leach ran a great personal risk, not only from this, but from the fact that he was in a very heated condition as a result of working in the hold of the vessel.

Leach, in answer to the Coroner (Mr. Alfred Appleby), said that fifteen years ago, he saved two little girls named Nesbitt, who had fallen into the river near the Leith Wharf, and took them home. He learned to swim when he was a boy. Witness had served 22 years in the Northumberland Militia, and during the Boer War spent two and a half years in South Africa, under General Clements and General Gatacre. He held both the Queen's and King's medals.

The Coroner said he thought he was only expressing the feelings of the jury when he said they highly appreciated the gallant conduct of Leach. It was his intention to bring Leach's conduct, as well as that of the man, Alberg, before the Royal Humane Society.

A Juror: He is worthy of it.

A verdict of "Death from septic pneumonia, following immersion in the river," was returned.

Charles Leach enlisted in the 3rd Battalion on the 25th July, 1892, Regimental number 2838, and in 1899 went to the 2nd Battalion in South Africa, sailing on the 21st December.

He served throughout the remainder of the war with the 2nd Battalion, being present at the action of Nooitgedacht in the Transvaal on the 13th December, 1900. Leach returned to England on the 31st August, 1902; he wears the King's and Queen's medals for South Africa.

He is much to be congratulated on his gallant act.

4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
22nd January, 1914.

OUR Recruiting Season has opened very satisfactorily, the numbers that have joined up to date being considerably in excess of those who had joined at the corresponding date last year; our total strength also still remains in excess of any previous year.

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With the increase of strength has come the football microbe; the party responsible for the introduction of this newcomer is G Company, whose Headquarters are at Newburn, a locality from which have come many of the leading players in the various big Leagues. As a start we are to have a match G Company v. Remainder of Battalion. Our Prudhoe correspondent informs us it is a gift for the Battalion providing sufficient Prudhoe players are chosen.

We very much regret to chronicle the loss of two of our Permanent Staff, Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Montieth who was discharged to pension on the 10th inst., and Sergeant-Instructor Copeman who rejoins the Coldstream Guards on the 27th inst.

Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Montieth has passed the whole of his life in the FIFTH, having been born on the married strength of the 2nd Battalion. He enlisted at the age of 14 in the 2nd Battalion and remained with that Battalion until posted to our Permanent Staff. He has the King's and Queen's South African Medals and 22 years and 5 months service to his credit.

Sergeant-Instructor Copeman has served with us two years and we are particularly sorry to lose him. A keen and genial soldier and a smart Drill Instructor he has been recalled by his Battalion with a view to promotion. We wish him every success.

Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Parker has been transferred from Haydon Bridge to Haltwhistle, and last night was presented by his old Company with a silver lever watch together with a wristlet watch for Mrs. Parker.

Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant A. A. Smith has arrived from the 1st Battalion in relief of Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Montieth and has been posted to Haydon Bridge.

5th Battalion Notes.

GOSFORTH,
24th January, 1914.

THE officers of the Gosforth Detachment held their annual Dance on the 23rd inst., at the New Assembly Rooms, when over 200 guests were present, amongst them being the Commanding Officer, Colonel MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald, Capt. and Adj. Saltau-Symons, the majority of the 5th Battalion officers, and there were also representatives from all the local units. Major and Mrs. Carlile acted as host and hostess. The small ball-room was transformed into a most delightful sitting-out room, dim lights burned amongst the prevailing green of the palms. The music was supplied by Mr. R. Smith's Royal Orchestra of ten, under the personal direction of Mr. Smith, junr., whilst the supper rooms were decorated in Fusilier colours. After supper, dancing was renewed with even more zest than ever, and was carried far into the hours of early morning. It was the unanimous testimony of the guests as they reluctantly took their departure, that this had been one of the most successful dances of the season.

The Officer Commanding the Detachment (Major Carlile) was M.C., and was ably assisted by the following Stewards—Captain Forrett, Lieutenants Toovey, Hill, Kinsella, Leask and Fairweather. Lieutenant Stafford carried out the duties of Hon. Secretary. The "Kings" and "Regimental" Colours, and the sketch on programmes by Lieutenant Leask were much admired by all. It was regretted that the limited accommodation caused disappointment to over a hundred of their friends who accepted too late, the lists being closed three weeks before the dance, which speaks well for its popularity.

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th January, 1914.

THE dwindling of our numbers has become so serious that we are making a special effort to increase our strength and are having a special Recruiting Week during the last week in January. Unlike the War Office, we cannot buy the front page of the "Daily Mail," but everyone is very keen and we hope to get all the recruits we want before the end of the month. The relations and friends of those in the Corps are also helping us.

The Post Office Band, entirely composed of Post Office Officials (many of whom are ex-service men) wish to join the Battalion. They are about 30 strong and we hope that we shall shortly have a Brass Band once more. It should prove a great attraction to recruits.

A Company have already 10 recruits to be approved and 18 others have joined up to date, so that already we may look upon our numbers as increased by about 60. As men can now re-engage for one year, it is necessary to secure more recruits each year.

The Sergeants are leading in the Inter Unit Rifle League of the Northumberland and Durham Association. The Sergeants were beaten for the Association Trophy, which was fired for on Ponteland Rifle Range on January 3rd, by the narrow margin of 4 points. They were unable to produce several of their best shots and are to be congratulated on making such a good stand.

Sergeant-Major H. A. Partington was attached to the Depôt from 1st to 28th, in accordance with para. 384, T.F. Regulations.

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7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
24th January, 1914.

THOUGH belated, our congratulations are none the less hearty and well-deserved to Captains E. W. Milburn and H. R. Smail on their promotion. The former has turned up at camp with the strongest company on parade for several years and has taken much trouble with the training of his N.C.O.'s, and Captain Smail has done excellent work with the machine guns.

The prize distribution at the Headquarters (Alnwick) Company, gave an opening for a few seasonable remarks by the Officer Commanding the Battalion. Business over the proceedings terminated with a dance.

The Morpeth Company prizes were distributed by Mrs. Bainbridge, of Espley, in the presence of a large gathering of friends of the Company. Major Gillespie reported a strength of 130. The *hors d'oeuvres* consisted of a biographical show and the dessert of a dance, which rounded off a very pleasant evening.

We congratulate Captain Dickie on his Territorial decoration.

We are glad to note Lieutenant Merivale's step in rank and look forward to the day when another step will give him full control of E Company.

Editorial Notes.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
25th January, 1914.

WE publish this month the first chapter of a serial detective story which constitutes, it is believed, a new departure for the *St. George's Gazette*. We are aware, of course, that serial stories have no attractions for some of the readers of the regimental paper, the words *to be continued* at the end of a chapter being sufficient to destroy any interest which might have been aroused by the story. But in this case we hope that some indulgence may be shown and that the story will be read and criticised. Without suggestion and criticism from readers of the paper it is difficult for the Editor to know if the articles which appear are "giving satisfaction," and if the paper is conducted and arranged in the way required. In case we should be misunderstood we may say that having received our annual pat-on-the-back in the Retrospect for 1913, we are not fishing for compliments. Criticisms and suggestions—which have been conspicuous by their absence—are, therefore welcomed.

That the "sated silence" referred to in the latter part of the Retrospect for 1913 in the last number should be so soon broken is a matter of regret to the Editor.

It is true that for the moment there is plenty of "copy." But the *Gazette* simply eats "copy" when there are no anonymous articles on the Peninsular War and when nothing of particular interest happened "Twenty-five years ago." The latter is a source from which a column can generally be drawn but the story of the great campaign of one hundred years ago is drawing to a close. Excluding a brief period of service in Canada and the United States in 1814-1815, the Fifth saw no more service until 1857, so that in the future the services of the Regiment in the field will offer no scope for writers anonymous or otherwise.

In these circumstances, like Oliver Twist, we want some more. We know we shall be voted a bore and a nuisance, but "copy" and illustrations, particularly the latter, we must have. If the smoke and gloom of Sheffield had a paralysing effect on the literary talents of the 2nd Battalion the sunshine of India should provide a pick-me-up. The change of station, also, puts them in the way of meeting with adventure and romance which would materially help to fill the gaping pages of the *Gazette*. An appeal some months ago fell upon barren ground. We hope for better luck this time.

There is published with this number the result of the annual audit of the *Gazette* accounts.

Orders for bound volumes of 1913 should be sent to the Editor as soon as possible.

Subscriptions—due in advance—for 1914 should be forwarded without delay.

We have received from Messrs. T. H. Parker Bros. their catalogue of Military Prints, etc. For those who are interested in such things Messrs. Parker provide every opportunity for research at their premises at 45, Whitcomb Street, London, W.C., where a very large number of prints can be seen.

SONNET.

(On reading of the tardily recognised valour of popular heroes).

When I consider what respect is due
To your great age and honourable fame
The long deserved title too which came
To crown advancing years, how few how few
The marks of homage that I show to you,
Whose brow with shining aura is aflame,
Sword, nib and tatcho wielded with the same
Unvarying skill (tho' really to speak true
The latter's work no progress seems to make)
To treat you with new reverence, in this hymn
My high resolve enshrined is: your estate
Is lofty. Now no longer need you shake
Your chilly head and growl with patience grim
"They also serve who only swear and wait."

With apologies to the late Mr. John Milton.

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"ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" BALANCE SHEET as at 31st DECEMBER, 1913.

Liabilities.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Creditors for Subscriptions Paid in Advance		16 15 5
Income and Expenditure Account		
Balance as at 1st January, 1913	127 19 8	
Less: Loans paid off	45 0 0	
	82 19 8	
Add: Profit for year transferred from Income and Expenditure Account...	98 14 1	
		181 13 9
		£198 9 2

Assets.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Debtors:—		
Subscriptions	1 9 0	
Advertisements	24 15 0	
		26 4 0
Cash in Hand	0 13 11	
Cash at Bank	171 11 3	
		172 5 2
		£198 9 2

Audited and certified correct in accordance with the books,

GILLESPIE BROTHERS & Co.,

Chartered Accountants, 29a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C., and at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

22nd January, 1914.

"ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE," INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1913.

1913	Expenditure.	£ s. d.
Dec. 31st	To Cost of Printing and Publishing...	266 1 8
	„ Cost of Blocks	21 0 11
	„ Audit Fee	2 2 0
	„ Sundries, including Postages and Bank Charges	5 2 4
	Balance being Profit for Year ...	98 14 1
		£393 1 0

1913	Income.	£ s. d.
Dec. 31st	By Subscriptions	130 18 3
	„ Donations	20 10 6
	„ Sundry Sales	122 12 3
	„ Advertisements	99 0 0
	„ Sale of Bound Volumes	20 0 0
		£393 1 0

Letters to the Editor.

42, Narrowgate, Alnwick, Northumberland,
22nd January, 1914.

Dear Sir,—If you could find space, I think the enclosed cutting from *The Regiment* would be very interesting to readers of the *St. George's Gazette*, as the late Lieutenant Hector L. S. MacLean at one time served in the Northumberland Fusiliers.

I remain,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. Byrnes.

. . . . . "Lieutenant Hector L. S. MacLean, of the Indian Staff Corps, at one time in the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, who, during the fighting at Nawa Kili, in Upper Swat, 1897, accompanied Colonel Adams, Viscount Fincastle, and five men of the Guides under a very close and murderous fire to assist in the rescue of Lieutenant R. T. Greaves, Lancashire Fusiliers, who was lying disabled by a bullet wound and surrounded by the enemy's swordsmen. In bringing the wounded officer under cover the horses of Colonel Adams and Viscount Fincastle were shot, two troop horses were also bowled over, Lieutenant MacLean was mortally wounded, and Greaves was killed."

Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth,
25th January, 1914.

Dear Sir,—For the information of your numerous readers I am writing to say that arrangements are being made for the laying up of the old Colours of the 1st Battalion in Newcastle Cathedral, on Tuesday, March 10th.

Colonel C. G. C. Money, C.B., has kindly consented to take part in the ceremony and hand the Colours over to the Cathedral authorities.

Cards of invitation to the ceremony will be sent out to all old officers individually. If any officer does not receive his card by the 25th February, I should be much obliged if he would let me know and send his address.

Yours truly,
H. S. Ainslie, Lieutenant-Colonel,
Commanding 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*,
31st JANUARY, 1889.

Colchester, Thursday, 31st January, 1889.

FIRST Battalion Notes.—Towards the end of December Lieutenant Casson offered to wager that he could walk fifteen miles in three consecutive hours. The bet created much interest and opinion was fairly divided as to whether or not he could manage it. Lieutenant-Colonel Hackett kindly consented to act as referee and umpire, and the conditions were that the match was to be walked off as soon after the beginning of the New Year as the state of the roads permitted, and if not decided by the beginning of second leave to be "a wash out."

Luckily the New Year opened with a seasonable day; a hard frost during the night having made the roads, at any rate, passable for walking. At one o'clock precisely the candidate appeared at the selected place, which was the top of the hill at the end of Lexden village.

The following list of the time in which Lieutenant Casson walked each mile speaks for itself and I am sure every one, except perhaps the losers of bets, will be glad to see that he walked the fifteen miles in four minutes under the three hours:—

1st mile ...	11¼mins.	8th mile ...	12mins.
2nd „ ...	11¼ „	9th „ ...	11½ „
3rd „ ...	12 „	10th „ ... (10 miles 1hr. 56mins. 15sec.)	11¾ „
4th „ ...	11½ „	11th mile ...	12mins.
5th „ ... (5 miles 58mins.)	12 mins.	12th „ ...	12 „
6th mile ...	12 mins.	13th „ ...	12 „
7th „ ...	11 „	14th „ ...	12 „

15th mile 11¾mins. (2hrs. 56mins.)

On Friday, the 18th, four guns started for Yeldham in order to have a last shoot on the "Subaltern's" shooting before the partridge shooting should come to an end. The bag made, which was much better than was previously expected, con-

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sisted of five brace of partridges, 3½ couple of rabbits and two hares. The weather was beautiful and the success attending the shooters was such as to induce four more to go out on the the following Friday. The birds had, however, taken warning from past experience, and after the first few shots they seemed to disappear. Two and a half brace of partridges and five rabbits were all that were bagged, although a hare and a woodcock only escaped by the skin of their teeth (or beak!) "Racko" was the most successful of the party—his own bag amounting to one partridge and one rabbit.

From the beginning of this year a Corporals' Room has been started in the Regiment, to be used by all corporals and lance-corporals, instead of a separate room in the canteen. It is somewhat on the same lines as the Sergeants' Mess, except that no meals are served therein.

SPLITS.

Slowly but surely was the good ship *Rewa* ploughing her way through a head sea into the Bay on her outward voyage. The experienced alone were able to face the weather, and *mal de mer* was playing sad havoc with our sucking Wellingtons. Most of them were down, and the few that stern duty kept at their posts were sorry examples of their species. Those who were used to it were in the wheel-house consoling themselves with the fragrant weed and were watching the unfortunate sentry aft struggling between duty to His Majesty and to Neptune. Round came the officer of the watch. The sentry did his best to come to attention, but failed.

He was interrogated as to his orders. He was not equal to the occasion but the smart sergeant was.

"Come, my man, what are your orders? What are you here for? Well," tapping the lifebuoy gear, "what are you to do here?"

The poor sentry rolled his head round and replied, "Anybody falls overboard—oop—pull up the bally plug—oop—and shout fire," and returned to his devotions to Neptune.

An amusing incident occurred at some Yeomanry training last summer in one of the eastern counties. The adjutant, an officer belonging to one of our smartest cavalry regiments, was exerting much patience over some elementary drill, but was aware of a certain amount of disturbance in one of the troops, accompanied by a good deal of talking. Finally he had to sound the "Halt," when the following conversation took place:—

Adjutant: "Mr. Brown, will you be good enough to keep silence in the ranks?"

Mr. Brown: "Beg pardon, sir, but Muster Harvey have got he's fut into my stirrup!"

Adjutant: "Mister Harvey, will you kindly take your foot out of Mr. Brown's stirrup?"

Mr. Harvey: "Noah, I'm dommed if I do! I've been feeling for a stirrup for the last ten minutes, and now I've found 'un I ain't agoing to lose it again!"

Two tramps were contemplating a picture of Dick Whittington.

"Say, Mike, who's that bloke?"

"Lord, Bill, your ignorance serprises me. Why, 'e wos head beak an' Lord Mayor o' London, I tell yer, wunnerful fond ov a cat 'e wos."

"Gordelpus, Mike, is the josser ded?"

"Got a job on yer, guv'nor?" asked a sleepy-looking individual, a bit "'ulking."

"I'm extremely sorry, my man," replied the employer of labour, "but I'm full up. You see, I engaged fifty-six fresh hands only the day before yesterday, and——"

"Take me on too, guv'nor," pleaded the other, "the little bit o' work as I shall do won't make no difference."

BADAJOZ REVISITED.

By Colonel Willoughby Verner.

Printed by permission from "The Saturday Review."

THERE are perhaps few sights sadder than that of a fine vessel hopelessly ashore on an iron-bound coast slowly and surely grinding herself to pieces. To see the results of years of scientific invention and the perfection of human workmanship being remorselessly destroyed is of itself a pitiable object, setting aside any loss of life involved. But to a soldier a far more melancholy sight is that of a strong fortress such as was Badajoz a century ago, now lying derelict and crumbling to pieces. The mere fact of so much human skill and military ingenuity having to come to such a pass is of itself sad to contemplate. But when one recalls the stupendous scenes of carnage which the place has witnessed during repeated sieges in times long past, culminating with its storm in 1812, as well as the hosts of gallant men who have given their lives in desperate defence or still more desperate assault of these ancient walls, the vanity of all human efforts and especially of all military success strikes deep into one's soul and causes the traitor's thought to arise: Is not military glory too dearly purchased?

For many years it has been my desire to visit Badajoz and to examine the spots where, at the last and most famous siege and assault, our gallant soldiers and their no less gallant French foes laid down their lives as things of no account whatever on that terrible morning in April, 1812.

To reach Badajoz from southern Andalusia is by no means so simple as it appears on the map and entails two long and wearisome days in the train, with irritating delays. And now, having at last been there, I confess that I almost wish I had not succeeded and that I had been content to think of the place as so graphically described by Napier. For Badajoz of to-day as regards military importance is a thing of no account, indeed far less account than is the doomed liner on the rocks, yet infinitely more pathetic. Many years have passed since the old armament was removed and the place left defenceless, since the increased range of modern guns made it indefensible. Thus now-a-days it is merely an isolated town restricted in growth by its ancient ramparts, its narrow streets filled by a noisy jostling crowd and with still noisier carts rattling over the rough pavement, which often take up the whole space between the houses and congest all traffic, creating a pandemonium typical of Old Spain, where the minimum of work seems to be accompanied by the maximum of noise and discomfort. The ramparts have for long served as a refuse heap, and worse, of all the adjacent houses. Dirt, dust and indescribable filth everywhere pervade, rubbish is shot over the ramparts, or, more commonly, is left in heaps on the banquettes or at the embrasures amid unsavoury pools of sewage. And the incongruity of the whole thing is that save where some well-revetted stone wall has been intentionally broken down and carried off to form building materials, or where some settlement has taken place, the old fortifications of the enceinte still exist in all their intense precision and exactness, just as they were in the long-off days when the best brains in Spain designed them and the most skilful masons built them. Many of the bastions are to this day as sharply scarped, with embrasures as neatly lined with hewn stone and with gun platforms as truly levelled with good flags as they were when they were first completed. It is easy to follow everywhere the course of the subtly designed "communications" sheltered by tenaille and ravelin and, crossing the main ditch, to ascend the neat brick-edged ramps and wander along the covered way, above a counterscarp extending for hundreds of yards in almost perfect condition, and still absolutely barring access to the ditch.

And herein lies the pathos of the whole thing, for these same stone-walled defences are for the most part just as they were when our gallant soldiers swept across them like a living stream to certain death. Their bodies now lie moulder-ing somewhere, anywhere, under the surrounding soil, yet all

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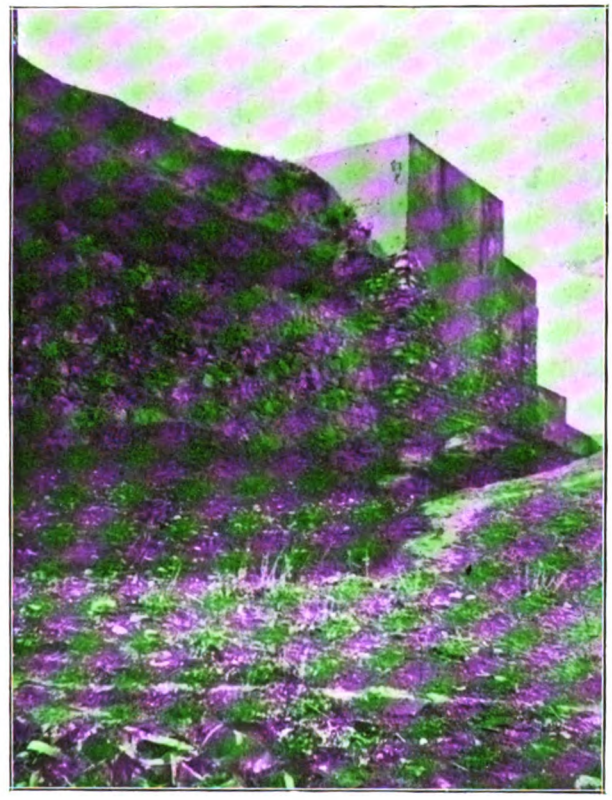
memory of their heroism has long since died out, even among those Spaniards whose families dwelt in Badajoz during the siege, and it is a matter of great difficulty to identify spots which, whatever may be their present condition, should most surely be viewed as holy ground by all who have a soul to appreciate the grandeur of the words, "Be thou faithful unto death." For the British Army there are two points of superlative interest in Badajoz; the first, where the Fourth and the Light Divisions made their desperate onslaught on the breaches; the second, where Picton's Third Division so marvellously stormed the lofty walls of the Castle, thereby ensuring the capture of the town. There are other points, such as the San Vincente bastion and San Roque ravelin, with stirring memories, but these first two surely surpass the rest in their intense fascination as scenes of desperate valour.

Since from the Castle can be seen the whole town below, as well as the valley of the Guadiana in which it lies, I went thither first. Threading the narrow paved streets, one passes through the Plaza which Wellington selected as convenient for the erection of a gallows whereon to hang a few marauders after the storm. Hard by, a crumbling archway leads through the crazy old Moorish walls into the Castle, in which a very ancient building forms a keep. The whole interior of the Castle is now covered with steep grassy mounds, where earthen batteries, traverses and other defences were thrown up during the sieges. Sheep were grazing here and there with a few lads tending them, but there were no other signs of life save from the colony of storks which have established themselves on the ruined towers of the old keep, and which, at the time of my visit, were busily engaged in completing their nests. Making my way to the north-east corner of the Castle walls, where Picton's men made their famous escalade, I climbed on to the old wall of one of the small flanking bastions or projecting towers, and was able thus to get a clear view of the main escarpment and so to take stock of the difficulties which our gallant men so valiantly overcame in their ascent. The wall here is about twenty-five feet high, and then comes a sloping shelf of rock a few feet wide, with another drop of ten feet to the grassy slopes below. Whether some of the ladders were planted on this ledge I know not, but the whole place is most deterrent to escalade, and it is small wonder that the French looked upon this point as unscalable. As an old climber and one well accustomed to every phase of difficulty in gaining the summit of cliffs and walls, I confess that the physical difficulties at this spot are so great that I should view with some anxiety any body of men ascending such a wall, and still more, the moment when upon reaching its slippery summit they had to quit the ladders and make good their footing. And this without a valiant enemy at the top, ready and able to push back the ladders or to meet such as reached the summit with musketry fire and bayonet. Yet somewhere here it was that Major Ridge, of the 5th Fusiliers, after the first assault had been repelled, placed a ladder with his own hands, and dashing up it entered an embrasure at the head of his gallant regiment and captured the Castle. He was slain in the subsequent combat at the gate leading to the town, and of him Napier wrote: "No man died that night with more glory; yet many died and there was much glory."



BADAJOZ.

THE SITE OF RIDGE'S DEATH.

The day of my visit was typical of Spanish springtime. From my lofty post I looked down upon the steep grassy slopes running down to the Rivellas stream, which at the time of the assault was dammed and turned into a formidable inundation. Beyond lay the wonderful fertile valley of the Guadiana, through which wandered the sparkling blue river, its wide channels dotted with islets and bordered by yellow sandbanks until lost to view in the dim haze of the far distant plain.

I sat in an old brick-edged embrasure. Was it the one Ridge entered in his desperate assault? And looking down on the old walls where our ladders had rested, I tried to realise the scene of that awful struggle; of ladders crowded with men, falling upon and crushing their comrades, and of dead and dying heaped in the grassy dell about forty feet below me, for no fewer than six hundred officers and men fell here. I was all alone, and the noise and the tumult of the town was deadened by the high walls of the ruined keep behind me. Suddenly I heard close to me what sounded like a quiet laugh! I suppose I was in a dream, for next moment I recognised the call of the hoopoe; a soft derisive "Hoo-hoo-hoo," but so close and sepulchral as to be positively startling, and then I became aware that a pair of these handsome spring visitors were perched in a hollowed fissure in the face of the escarp only a few feet from where I sat. They took no notice of me, and continued their little pantomime, content with the sun and warmth, after their long journey from Central Africa, and the convenient position for their courtship, obviously prepared for them by the shattering blow of a British 24-pounder round shot. I found it difficult to pursue my meditations on the past, punctuated as they were by the hollow laughter of the birds as if in derision alike of my thoughts and of all military glory. But the hoopoes were not the only tenants of these old walls. Wandering around the defences I came on several snug dwellings made by poor Spaniards amid the general wreck of abandoned military works. One neat little cottage was built into a main traverse and bomb-proof, with a carefully tended garden and small patch of wheat growing in the adjacent bastion. Another was an entirely subterranean house in one of the main powder magazines, and could only be reached by descending a narrow and steep flight of stone steps. I tried to escalade the ancient keep, and got within a few feet of the summit of the wall on which some twenty of the storks' huge nests were perched, but the masonry was too rotten and unsafe to venture higher, and I descended, to the accompaniment of an orchestra of castanets as the storks clattered their beaks, seemingly in

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exultation at my defeat. There is a colony of kestrels in the old tower, and hoopoes in pairs were to be seen in many places; they seemed to delight in the dust and desolation of the ruined castle, and were walking about in all the glory of their golden crowns in the brilliant sunlight.

Later in the day I went round the main ramparts of the town. The eight bastions are still in excellent preservation, and are as a rule exactly as they were during the siege. The size of these bastions may be judged by the fact that in one of them a fine cavalry barrack has been built, whilst an adjacent one is occupied by a good-sized bull-ring. The bastion close to the river bank, known as the San Vincente, is where the Fifth Division made their feint attack, which developed into a successful storm, also at a cost of six hundred casualties. But the true interest naturally centres in the "front" comprised by the Santa Maria bastion and the San Trinidad. For it was in the curtain extending between these that a great breach was torn by Wellington's artillery, whilst the bastions themselves provided the breaches named in the orders for the assault. It was in rear of all these breaches that the French Governor, General Philippon, constructed the famous retrenchment, armed with sword-blades, which held back our gallant men.

In order to appreciate in some degree the work which our men were called on to perform, I approached the fortress from outside and walked by the line of advance taken by the column of attack of the Light Division, and, passing the grassy ditch which now marks where the palisading was torn down by them, dropped from the glacis on the banquette in the covered way. Here the first thing that strikes one is the great size and width of the main ditch. Partially filled up as it is, there is still a drop of some fourteen feet of sheer wall down the well-built counterscarp, and here it was that our men placed ladders, down which they hurried. In the centre of this front there is a big earthen ravelin, designed of course as a protection to the curtain behind, and this was escaladed by many of our men in mistake for the breach itself, causing a useless loss of life, since it was under the close fire of the besieged. The whole surface of this part of the ditch is a mass of deep pits suggestive of the explosion of mines. All the breaches have been rebuilt, but it is easy to see where they were made. Near the angle of the right face of the Trinidad a tablet of the shape and size of a gravestone is built into the wall, with ten shells surrounding it. This tablet is elaborately carved with scroll ornamentation, but has no inscription or lettering on it, and is about twenty feet above the ground. Some forty yards to its right, close to the salient of the bastion, the numerals "1812" are outlined on the wall by iron bands and 24-pounder cannon-balls. A small tablet about a foot square is let into the wall below this, but has no inscription on it. I have no authority for my supposition, but it seemed to me possible that the assailants, of whom hundreds were slain close up to this bastion, were subsequently buried in its ruins, and that when the shattered portions of these walls were rebuilt these cannon-balls and shells were let in so as to mark the spot. Else there would seem no precise reason for putting up "1812" on this particular spot. It was in front of this breach that the French dug the ditch in which "about a hundred of the Fusiliers, the men of Albuhera, were smothered." The ditch, now dry, still exists. Six hundred British officers, non-commissioned officers and men lie somewhere near this spot. How and when they met their deaths during that most appalling assault will never be known. Napier's brief summary gives at least some idea of how varied and how terrible were the last moments of many. "Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died, not all suddenly nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions, and that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking.

I climbed upon the ruined ravelin and looked around me. I was exactly facing the site of the breach in the curtain, which lay hardly thirty yards distant; some sixty yards to my left front was the right flank of the Santa Maria, now repaired, but with a yawning fissure near its angle extending from the top, half-way down its walls, and marking where the renovated portion had sunk outwards, whilst at an equal distance to my right front was the right face of the Trinidad. I called to mind Napier's account of how it was at the Santa Maria a valorous Portuguese Grenadier was "the foremost man in," whilst at the Trinidad I thought of the "martial fury of that desperate soldier of the 95th" who, in his attempt to force his way through the chained sword-blades, thrust his head under them and was brained. When at dawn next morning the scene of strife was visited, the body of this gallant Rifleman was seen all by itself still pinned under the sharp blades, his comrades who had been slain having rolled back down the steep breach, where they lay heaped below. The leader of the stormers, O'Hare of the 95th Rifles, was found "dead on the top of the main breach pierced by several musket balls," whilst the whole space of the ditch between the bastions and across to the counterscarp was so thickly crowded with dead, dying and disabled men, some 2,400 all told, that it was difficult to make one's way across it. So wrote men who were eye-witnesses of this appalling scene.

There is a memorial near Lucknow to mark the spot where Hodson fell, and on it is inscribed "Here died all that could die of Hodson of Hodson's Horse."

When, at Badajoz, I viewed the ancient walls which had witnessed this dreadful carnage it seemed that no more fitting epitaph could be inscribed on them in memory of those six hundred officers and men who now sleep peacefully somewhere near the old bastion of La Trinidad than "Here died all that could die of the Stormers slain on 6 April 1812." For surely their glory liveth and endureth for evermore!

NORTH COUNTRY YARNS.

A MENTAL MUDDLE.

A local farmer engaged a man as cart-man, and one night instructed him to go to a neighbouring colliery the following morning for a cart load of coals. Happening to be strolling over the farm next morning, the farmer met the new hand walking homewards at a terrible pace. "Hullo, Jack!" cried the farmer, "I thought you were away for coals?" "So aa was, maister," returned the other, "but when aa got there aa'd forget the cart, so aa came back for it." "Then where is your horse?" went on the farmer. "Well, aa'm blest!" replied the man, scratching his head, "Aa'll be hanged if aa hev'nt left the horse at the pit noo!"

A PUGILIST PAID.

A miner, remarkable for his pugilistic propensities, on one occasion was bouncing to a friend of his capabilities as a fighter. To prove that his assertions were quite correct, the miner stationed his companion outside a public house, telling him to count the numerous victims as they came through the swing doors. The friend waited outside and the pugilist entered, and soon succeeded in causing a tremendous row inside the house. Presently a man was sent forcibly through the doors. "Number one," abruptly shouted the fighting miner's companion. "Haad yor gob, ye bloomin' fyeul—it's masel," cried the disgusted bruiser.

A NEW NOTE.

A local brass band were rehearsing the test piece for an approaching competition; and, as usual, each performer was intent on his score. Suddenly, in the midst of some flawless melody, the trombonist blew a terrific blast, nearly bursting himself with the effort. The whole band stopped with one accord, and the conductor, after he had recovered himself, asked:—"What's wrang, Jack? Where did thoo get that note? Jack had another look at his music, and then exclaimed:—"By gum; 'twas a flea, an aa' thowt 'twas a note!" Then he added with pride, "but aa played him!"

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TO THE BITTER END.

Chapter I.

Shadowed.

THE departure platform of the Gare du Nord presented its usual scene of bustle and excitement. Agitated travellers of all nationalities endeavoured to obtain seats in the train, uniformed and harassed officials, attacked by Anglo-Saxons, struggled vainly with the intricacies of the English language, then, with a gesture of disgust, fell back on their mother tongue. Vendors of articles deemed suitable to the traveller, from unripe fruit to collapsible footstools, at one franc, hawked their wares among the crowd to the ringing of bells and the screech of whistles.

Standing by a bookstall in this modern Babel, Richard Balmain, calm in the security of a reserved seat, watched the scene with quiet amusement. A man of middle height with a short fair moustache and a curiously erect way of carrying his head, Richard Balmain bore, to English eyes, the unmistakable stamp of a soldier, which he was at less pains to conceal than he had been during his brief absence from England. As he stood there a man brushed past him with a muttered "*pardon*," and asked for a paper at the bookstall. "A foreigner, but no Frenchman," thought Balmain, and as he eyed the broad shoulders, thick neck, and square chin, there came to him a vague recollection of having seen the man before, though at the moment he could not remember when or where. As he turned from the bookstall the foreigner exchanged glances with another man, who was not unlike himself in his air of officialdom, and then, moving a few feet away became absorbed in the latest news.

The hour of departure drew near, and the uniformed officials remained in sole possession of the platform, as Richard Balmain walked quickly to his seat. As he swung himself up the few steps at the end of the carriage, gripping the railings with his hands, he felt a slight backward pull as though someone had tried to put a hand in each of the pockets of the light overcoat he was wearing. Turning, he saw behind him the broad-shouldered foreigner in the act of assisting another man up the steps to the carriage. Re-assured by the attitude of the man, and remembering that there was nothing in the pockets of his overcoat, Balmain proceeded to his compartment, and taking his seat next the corridor and facing the engine, settled down for the three hours' run to Calais.

As the *rapide* left Paris he leant back in his seat and took stock of his fellow passengers. Opposite to him was an American in a loud check suit and a soft green hat pulled well down over his eyes, a young English couple returning from their honeymoon occupied the remaining corner seats, while next to him a man with close-cropped hair and tight trousers completed the party.

Having satisfied his own curiosity, also that of the ticket-collector, Balmain turned his thoughts to his travels which were now nearing their end. He had been employed on similar ventures before, but his selection for the highly confidential mission now all but accomplished had been a great stroke of luck. A thorough knowledge of foreign languages combined with a cool daring had stood him in good stead, but never had the second qualification proved more valuable than on this last mission.

He had, he thought, aroused no suspicion of being other than a harmless tourist, but for safety he was returning to England *via* Paris instead of by the direct route. To-morrow the excitement of secret service would end, and the romance which might have been found in confinement in a fortress could not be looked for in "the daily round, the common task" at the War Office.

The thought of London brought other reflections. What would Margaret Thornhill think of this, his latest achievement? How would her old father, the General, regard it? He was one of the old school, quite incapable of undertaking work requiring any exercise of tact, yet keeping a warm corner in his heart for this daring "youngster" as he called him—a "youngster" of thirty-five. There was no engagement, no understanding between Balmain and Margaret Thornhill, yet a certain sympathy existed between them, and she had always shewn the greatest interest in such of his secret service missions as, from their nature, he had been able to tell her. From sentimental speculation Balmain turned to more prosaic matters and drawing from the inside breast pocket of his coat a small packet of papers studied them closely. Judging by his air of deep concentration and an occasional muttered exclamation of annoyance, some abstruse problem was in course of solution. It is never easy to write in a train, and a continental train travelling at high speed over an indifferent track had not made Balmain's task of putting on paper rough notes of his discoveries any the easier.

Too cautious to record, except on the tablets of a retentive memory, the secrets of his mission until he was out of the country, once across the frontier Balmain had occupied his journey to Paris in compiling these notes which he was now trying to decipher.

Absorbed in his task he did not notice for some time that a close-cropped head was bent towards him. He paused in his reading and regarded his neighbour's head which was bent forward and on one side resting on his hand in an attitude which, while it seemed to suggest slumber, was somewhat constrained. Balmain moved in his seat and folded up the papers, at the same moment the head moved slightly away and emitted a snore, while as the papers were returned to their pocket a shadow darkened the window of the corridor.

Balmain looked up as the man with the bull-neck and square chin walked slowly past the window. "I saw that man somewhere before I reached Paris," he muttered; his neighbour, refreshed by his slumber, rose and went out.

A little further along the corridor he followed the other into a compartment. The conversation which ensued between them was not that of casual travelling acquaintances; question and answer followed in quick succession. In reply to an enquiry he of the close-cropped hair answered, "Yes, he was looking at some notes, these I could not get near enough to read, but I caught a name here and there, figures, and some rough sketches. Without doubt these are our papers."

The other uttered an oath, and taking from his pocket a letter in an official envelope flung it across. "Read that, Fritz," he said. The letter bore at its head the address of a Government Department of a foreign power; at its foot a name known and feared throughout a wide circle on the continent.

Its contents were as follows:—

"The Englishman, Captain Balmain, is reported to have "been at Brakstein for three days. During the first day he "escaped the supervision of our local secret service officers, "and is believed to have gained valuable information. A "search of his effects at the Hotel during a temporary absence "has revealed nothing incriminating. Possibly nothing will "be committed to paper by him until he is out of the country. "Any notes which he makes should be seized before he reaches "England, or before he has time to draw up a report. He "could have been arrested on suspicion and a conviction "obtained as *in other cases*, but that I have had strict orders "from the highest authority that for the present there are to "be no more espionage incidents in which Englishmen figure. "Public opinion in that country was much roused over the "sentence passed on Lieutenant Ewart, and the state of "European tension does not allow of any risks being taken. "You will therefore follow Captain Balmain with two of your "most trusted men, and obtain his notes before he can use "them. He is at present at Karlberg."

Fritz replaced the letter in the envelope and returned it to his chief.

"No easy job," he said, "to recover these notes without violence, which we must avoid."

"Yes," assented the chief. "We must only use violence as a last resource and time and opportunity are getting scarce.

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We at least know now where he keeps those notes, and perhaps we may have an opportunity of getting them on the steamer."

As the train approached Boulogne and the sand-dunes of the coast, brilliant sunshine gave way to haze which in turn developed into heavy fog, shrouding the landscape from the gaze of anxious travellers. Slowly the train made its way past the town station of Calais and crawled alongside the quay. Over the heads of the crowd of blue-bloused porters clamouring for passengers' hand-luggage, it was possible to make out indistinctly the dim outline of the steamer.

The fog had caused comment among the English-speaking passengers in Balmain's compartment, the American in particular complaining of the inevitable delay.

"I guess you think this some fog," he remarked. "Why, way back in the North Atlantic it would be a clear day with the skipper going full speed ahead. On this darned old ferry-boat I reckon we'll be doing two miles an hour with a red flag in front and the hooter going."

As the train came to a standstill Balmain siezed the suit-case, his only luggage, and stepped into the corridor followed closely by Fritz. The corridor was blocked with passengers pushing towards the exit nearest the steamer. Balmain found himself immediately behind the square-shouldered foreigner whose disinclination to leave the carriage was in pronounced contrast to the anxiety of Fritz to get on board the steamer. At the top of the steps leading from the carriage the foreigner suddenly turned. Balmain was carrying his suit-case in his right hand; urged from behind by the insistence of Fritz he cannoned violently into the man in front of him, and raised his free arm to steady himself.

At this moment a hand shot over his shoulder towards the breast pocket of his jacket. Balmain dropped his suit-case, clutched his pocket with his right hand, and at the same time brought his left elbow smartly back. Fritz's profuse apologies for the accident were somewhat marred by a shortness of breath occasioned by contact with the elbow, while Balmain recalling the incident of the belated snore to which hitherto he had attached no great importance, eyed the man curiously.

"No use making a fuss here," he reflected, "we shall soon be in England; but I must keep an eye on these gentry."

All luggage on board and the last gangway hauled ashore, the steamer with a prolonged hoot crept slowly along the fair-way to the open sea. Balmain, in the smoke-room, considered the position of affairs. The incident which had occurred was not the accident he had pretended to consider it; clearly there was someone interested in the contents of his pockets. There were evidently two men in it, though as yet he could only connect one man definitely with the business. However, he was now on board an English steamer and presumably safe.

"But I'm not taking any risks," he muttered, as he removed the contents of his breast pocket to his trousers pocket, and then rose and passed out on to the deck.

Over the Channel hung a dense pall, wrapping the steamer in its embrace. Objects which were quite near at hand loomed out twice their natural size. The ship crawled along, the beat of the engines sounding with uncanny distinctness in the silence only broken by the frequent blasts of the steam whistle.

Right aft over the screw, a place chosen because of the unlikelihood of eavesdropping, Fritz and his chief were conversing eagerly with a third man with crisp fair hair, high cheekbones and prominent blue eyes, the same with whom the chief had exchanged glances at the bookstall at the Gare du Nord.

"Fritz has failed," the chief was saying, "and he has hardly recovered his breath yet," he added with a faint smile. "You must try your hand, Max, for we must have those notes before he leaves Victoria Station. But, mind you, there must be no violence because it would only bring us into collision with the police and so give the show away."

The three heads drew closer together while the hoots from the steam whistle became more frequent as answering hoots came through the fog.

In mid-channel the pall lifted and the steamer forged full speed ahead under a cloudless sky and a light breeze from the north-west. The white cliffs of Dover appeared on the horizon; soon the Castle could be made out, and before long the steamer was entering the harbour under the gaze of a line of curious trippers on the pier.

Amid a crowd of other passengers Balmain took up his position on deck near the space cleared for the gangways, and while awaiting the inevitable struggle to land, kept a sharp look out for the two foreigners who had aroused his suspicions.

Just as the steamer was alongside, Fritz, the chief and the third man appeared. As the first gangway was put on board there was the usual rush of passengers. Balmain, sheltered by a ventilator, watched the three men swept along helplessly by the crowd, and then another gangway having been placed moved quickly towards it. He was one of the first to cross and once ashore walked straight to the train. Taking his place in the Pullman car nearest the engine he seated himself close to the windows and watched the scurrying passengers.

"Safe now as far as Victoria," he thought, "they wont try their tricks in this car."

Soon afterwards Max passed slowly along the platform glancing casually into each carriage but missing none of the occupants. When he had passed the Pullman in which Balmain was seated he returned to Fritz and the chief, and all three of them without looking at Balmain moved towards the front of the train. But presently the chief entered the Pullman car and took the chair next to Balmain. At that moment the conductor came up.

"Have you reserved this seat, sir?" he asked politely.

"No," replied the chief, "but I will engage it now."

"I'm sorry, sir, but all the seats in the car are engaged."

The chief rose and walked out of the car.

Balmain watched him go forward then turned to the study of the day's papers which he had bought on the steamer, but his eyes did not move down the columns. He was in deep thought trying to piece together the incidents which had occurred during the journey from Paris. Who were these men? Where did they come from? How long had they been following him? He could find no satisfactory answer to these questions. The men were obviously foreigners, but he had noticed none of them until he was buying newspapers at the bookstall in Paris. But, if, judging from what happened when he was leaving the train at Calais, they were after a certain packet of papers—and here Balmain felt in his trousers' pocket—they must have seen him writing and therefore have been in the train which took him to Paris.

The puzzle being insoluble Balmain placed his hands in his trousers' pockets and permitted himself a few minutes sleep.

As the train steamed into Victoria Station, he stood up and then, on second thoughts, sat down again. "This," thought he, "will be their last opportunity of getting the notes," and made his plans accordingly.

He remained seated until the Pullman car was nearly empty and then with his suit-case made his way through the other cars towards the back of the train. "Dodged them," he chuckled, and giving his suit-case to a porter hurried towards a taxi. The arrival platform was crammed with travellers and those who had come to meet them, and progress through the crowd was slow. Balmain and his porter had nearly reached the line of cabs when a man pushed violently into him causing him to stagger back while a hand dived into the breast pocket of his coat. Recovering himself at once, Balmain struck his aggressor heavily in the face felling him to the ground and dashed for the taxi.

The little scene, if it had passed unnoticed in the general confusion, had been witnessed by one man at least. The chief when he found that Balmain did not leave the Pullman at the exit nearest the engine, had hurried through the crush of people and caught sight of him as he left the train.

Though but a few yards away he was neither able to assist Max nor, in the uproar of the station, to hear the address which Balmain shouted to the taxi-driver. But sight of the moving taxi gave him fresh impetus. He literally plunged through the crowd, scattering them right and left and dashing to another taxi pointed wildly at Balmain's cab.

"Follow that taxi," he cried and jumped in.

(to be continued).

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 374.] Saturday, 28th February, 1914. [Vol. XXXII.

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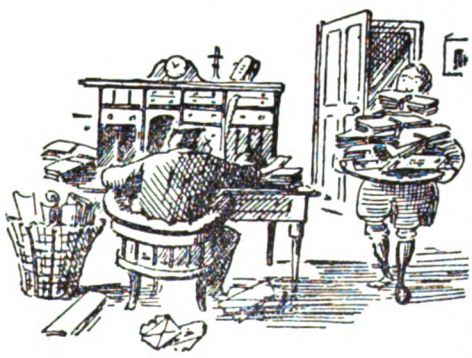
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
28th February, 1914.



Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental
"The Eagle" [Journal"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial
"The Snapper" Gazette"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Miss Groundsell	to 30/ 6/14	Mr. T. Barnard	to 31/ 1/15
Mr. G. Pickford	,, 31/12/14	Mrs. Platt	,, 31/ 1/15
Mr. J. Menham	,, 31/12/14	Mr. W. Dennett	,, 28/ 2/15
Mr. C. J. Stone	,, 31/12/14	Colonel Beamish ...	2 *Gazettes*
Captain Williams, D.S.O.	,, 31/12/14	Colonel Roddam	1 *Gazette*
Captain Jones	,, 31/12/14	P.M.C., 5/68th R.D.	Officers' Subs.
Captain Gordon	,, 31/12/14	P.R.I., 1st Battalion, December	*Gazettes*
Lieut. Chenevix Trench	,, 31/12/14	P.R.I., 2nd Battalion, November	*Gazettes*
Mr. J. T. Porteous... ...	,, 31/12/14	P.R.I., 2nd Battalion, December	*Gazettes*
Lieut.-Colonel Creagh ...	,, 31/12/14	Depôt, October and November	*Gazettes*
Captain C. S. M. Trench	,, 31/12/14	Depôt	December *Gazettes*
Mr. Hutton	,, 31/12/14	Major Fishbourne	Bound Vols.
Captain Enderby	,, 31/12/14	Captain Fletcher	1 *Gazette*
Sergeants' Mess, Newburn Detachment	,, 31/12/14	Sergt.-Maj. Thomson	2 Bound Vols.
Mrs. Malet	,, 31/12/14	M. Blackett Ord, Esq.	Bound Vol.
Colour-Sergeant Sleath ...	,, 31/12/14	Captain Nicholls	Bound Vol.
A. P. Garnier, Esq. ...	,, 31/12/14	Mrs. Franks	Bound Vol.
Mrs. Forsyth	,, 31/12/14	Mr. G. Wooll	Bound Vol.
Colonel Lambart	,, 31/12/14		
Capt. Hon. G. W. Liddell	,, 31/12/14		
Mr. W. Brooks	,, 31/ 1/15		
Mr. J. Dalzell	November Adverts.		

BIRTHS.

CHALLONER.—On the 10th January, at Portland, the wife of Sergeant-Master-Tailor G. E. Challoner, 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers, late 2nd, 3rd and 4th Battalions 5th Fusiliers, of a daughter.

DRESSER.—On the 27th December, 1913, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Lance-Sergeant W. Dresser, of a daughter.

HUGHES.—On the 26th September, 1913, at Alnwick, the wife of Drummer Hughes, Regular Establishment 3rd Battalion, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

O'HARA—DOUGHTY.—On the 6th January, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Alnwick, Corporal James O'Hara, Depôt, 5th Fusiliers, to Charlotte Pearson Doughty.

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Extracts from *The London Gazette*:—

Northumberland Fusiliers.—Supernumerary-Captain H. S. Toppin is restored to the establishment (dated 11th January, 1914). Captain S. H. Kershaw is seconded whilst a Student at the Staff College (dated 22nd January, 1914). E. E. Dorman Smith, late Gentleman Cadet, Royal Military College, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 25th February, 1914).

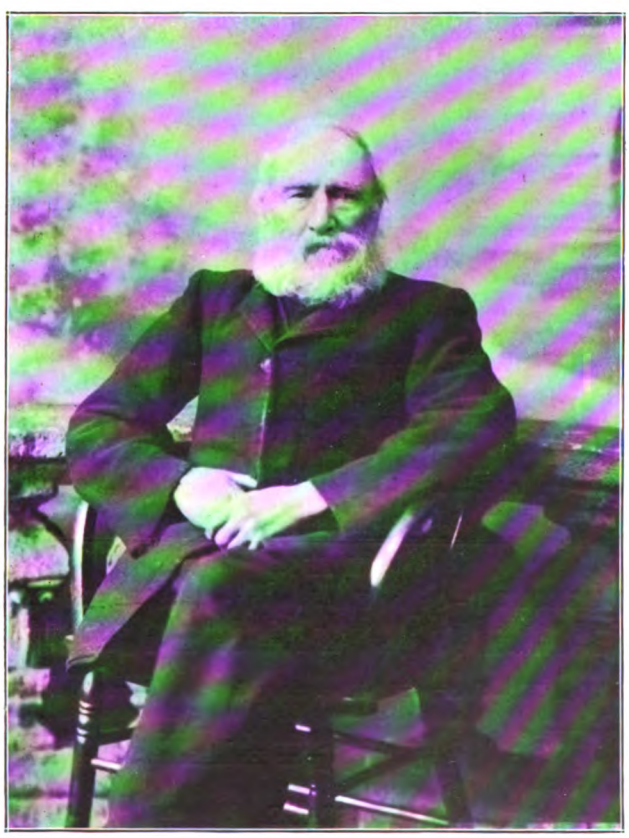
Memoranda.—The following Majors to be Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonels:— . . . . . Major T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers.

4th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.—Lieutenant C. Chipper to be Captain (dated 19th December, 1913). Lieutenant L. H. Atkinson resigns his commission (dated 4th February, 1914).

5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.—Second-Lieutenant J. C. Leask to be Lieutenant (dated 1st January, 1914). Lieutenant F. D. Todd resigns his commission (dated 18th February, 1914).

6th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.—Captain E. Temperley is seconded under the conditions of paragraph 114 of the T.F. Regulations (dated 1st January, 1914). R. F. Harrison, late Cadet Lance-Corporal, Uppingham School Contingent Junior Division O.T.C., to be Second-Lieutenant; E. A. Fawcus, late Cadet Lance-Corporal, Aldenham School Contingent Junior Division O.T.C., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 26th January, 1914). N. B. Ramsay, late Cadet Lance-Sergeant, Uppingham School Contingent Junior Division O.T.C., to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 27th January, 1914). E. N. Mather, late Cadet, Durham University Contingent Senior Division O.T.C., to be Second-Lieutenant; F. M. McLaren to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 9th February, 1914).

7th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.—Corporal J. A. Flint to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 4th February, 1914).



MR. BANKS THOMPSON, LATE 5TH FUSILIERS.
(*Photo by Walter G. Weller, Brock Street, Lancaster*).

BANKS THOMPSON.

We have to record, with regret, the death of an old 1st Battalion soldier in the person of Mr. Banks Thompson. This old soldier, who had all but reached his 91st year, died at Lancaster on the 3rd February, 1914. As No. 1052 Private Thompson, he joined the 1st Battalion in January, 1847, and was discharged after just over twenty-two years' service, in March, 1869. He served in the Mutiny and gained the Mutiny medal with two clasps. We offer our sincere condolences to his friends and family.

S. C. BISHOP.

It is also with regret we hear of the death of Mr. (late Sergeant) S. C. Bishop in Australia. Further details have not yet come to hand. Mr. Bishop was the brother of ex-Corporal Bishop who has recently recounted his Regimental experiences in the pages of this paper. Our sympathies are with all those who were connected with the deceased.

1st Battalion Notes.

Cambridge Barracks,
Portsmouth,
25th February, 1914.

Two new officers have recently joined the Battalion, namely Lieutenant Boyd and Lieutenant Buckley, who is a cousin of Major Buckley. Lieutenant Boyd comes to us from Oxford University with a reputation as a Rugby footballer, which we trust he will enhance while at Portsmouth. There are also attached to us Lieutenants Geddes, Coles, Hoffman and Van Neck of the 3rd Battalion, and Lieutenant Kingdon of our Special Reserve.

All the dances referred to in last month's notes as impending have taken place, and were much enjoyed by those who went to them. Sir Hedworth Meux gave two at Admiralty House, the Gunners another in their barracks and some naval officers a third, and a very good one, at the R.N. Barracks.

Lieutenant Gunner has played three times at hockey for Hampshire, first against Berkshire and more recently against Surrey and Kent.

A Brigade conference was held here on the 24th, at

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which Sir H. L. Smith-Dorien, G.O.C. in Chief the Southern Command was present. The subjects aired were many and varied, and much eloquence and debating power were shewn by those present. It was followed by a Brigade Exercise in the neighbourhood of Arundel, in which six of our more senior officers are at this moment engaged.

Mr. J. C. Windram has been appointed Bandmaster to the Battalion.

The posts of Regimental-Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant have been filled respectively by the promotion of Quartermaster-Sergeant Cobban and Quartermaster-Sergeant Myers. Colour-Sergeant Pullan takes Quartermaster-Sergeant Myers' place as Orderly-Room-Sergeant.

No. 1229 Private C. Wood extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours, dated the 7th inst.

101 recruits have joined the Battalion during the month.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

To be Sergeant :—

No. 958 Lance-Sergeant W. Dresser, from 11/1/14

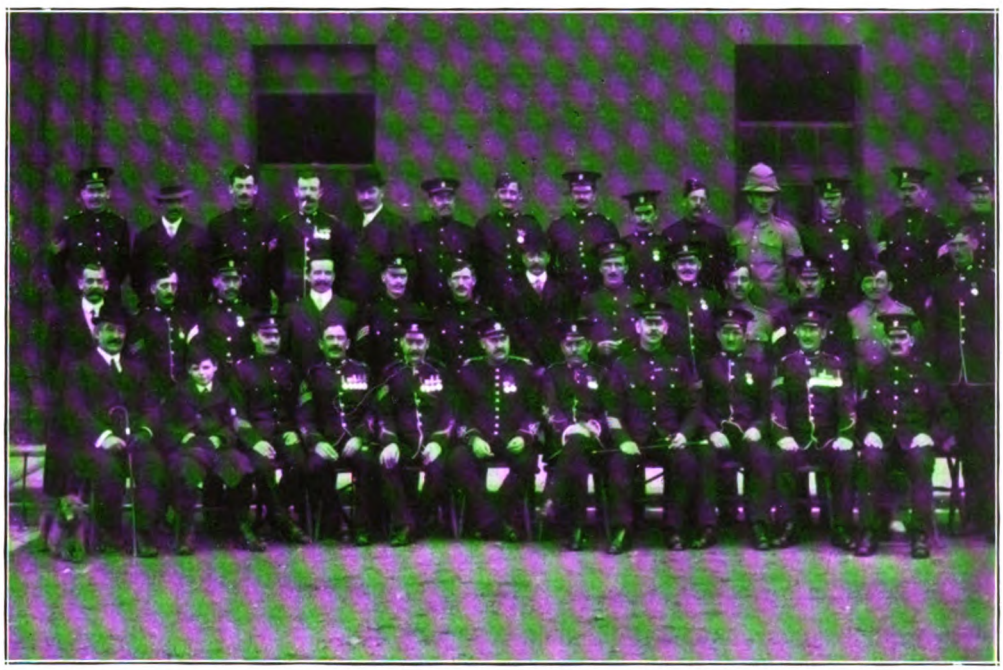
To be Band-Corporal :—

No. 4298 Corporal W. Beaumont, from 27/1/14

To be Corporals :—

No. 2115 Lance-Corporal J. Robinson, from 27/1/14

No. 2961 Lance-Corporal G. Garland, from 30/1/14



A PHOTO OF MEMBERS, PAST AND PRESENT, AND THEIR FRIENDS TAKEN OUTSIDE THE SERGEANTS' MESS JUST AFTER ARRIVAL IN PORTSMOUTH.

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—

No.	9224	Lance-Corpl.	H. Radforth	from 2/12/13
,,	2758	,,	R. Wallace	,, 17/ 1/14
,,	9188	,,	H. Grayson	,, 30/ 1/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—
(from 20/2/14)

No.	2005	Bandsman	H. Gibbs	No.	3691	Private	S. McDonald
,,	3321	Private	G. Allan	,,	3655	,,	J. Stamper
,,	3467	,,	H. Mylitt	,,	3627	,,	J. Peasland
,,	3592	,,	M. Perlman	,,	8690	,,	R. Heywood
,,	2866	,,	W. Sadler	,,	3459	,,	A. Ayre
,,	3474	,,	W. Gledhill	,,	3590	,,	W. Adams

No. 3690 Private T. Froud

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under :—

No.	2351	Lance-Corporal	Warren	2	from 10/ 8/13
,,	3243	Boy	Obey	1	,, 2/11/13
,,	1188	Private	Thompson	2	,, 26/11/13
No.	2166	Private	Coxon	1	from 28/11/13
,,	2566	,,	Kirkup	1	,, 4/12/13
,,	3278	Lance-Corporal	King	1	,, 16/12/13
,,	1554	Private	Eastman	1	,, 29/12/13
,,	3002	,,	Woodrow	1	,, 5/ 1/14
,,	2498	,,	Thompson	2	,, 12/ 1/14
,,	2502	Lance-Corporal	Sheridan	2	,, 18/ 1/14
,,	3318	,,	Burkett	1	,, 22/ 1/14
,,	2510	Private	King	2	,, 1/ 2/14
,,	3331	,,	Gudgeon	1	,, 3/ 2/14
,,	3332	,,	Measham	1	,, 3/ 2/14
,,	3342	,,	Thorn	1	,, 7/ 2/14
,,	3364	,,	Beavis	1	,, 22/ 2/14

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

No.	3773	Private	Bloxham (with S.R.)	from 23/10/13
,,	3743	,,	Macnaughton (with S.R.)	,, 30/10/13
,,	3667	,,	Kingsbury	,, 29/ 1/14

No.	3654	Private	Stamper	from 29/ 1/14
,,	3655	,,	Stamper	,, 29/ 1/14
,,	3663	,,	Weldon	,, 29/ 1/14
,,	3639	,,	Reeves	,, 29/ 1/14

BOXING.

A Boxing Tournament open to all men in Portsmouth Garrison who have never won an open novices' competition was held here on the 20th and 21st inst.

In the Middleweight competition Private Kipling swung a hard right and occasionally scored with a straight left, which he should make more use of in future. With straighter hitting and less of a round arm style he would be a greatly improved fighter. He won two rounds pretty easily, but in the final was unfortunate enough to have to meet a man whose opponent in the semi-final had scratched.

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Private Kipling, who had had a hard fight an hour before, had in consequence to meet a perfectly fresh opponent, and was beaten.

In the Lightweights Private Forward was beaten in the first round. Private Murray and Bandsman Stone had a hard set-to in the semi-final; Stone, with an excellent left, winning well. Our representative had again hard luck in the final, meeting a man half a stone heavier, with considerable advantages in reach, and moreover fresh, owing to his opponents having scratched. Stone was just outpointed, but if fresh would in all probability have won. He is only just above the Featherweight at present, and with a little training to get off superfluous weight his clever two handed boxing should make him a bad man to beat at 9 stone.

We seem very short of boxing talent at present, and had no entries in the Feather, Welterweight, or Heavyweight classes.

General Shaw, our Brigadier, gave away the prizes and made a short speech before doing so. In this he pointed out the value of boxing in the Services as an incentive to courage, keenness, and the faculty of taking punishment without losing heart. The uneven distribution in the entries of the Brigade, shewn by the fact that about half of them came from one battalion, he attributed in part to the absence of one battalion from the 9th Brigade, and to the new arrival of another (referring to ourselves) from abroad. He recommended a closer study by all concerned of the rules of the Navy and Army Boxing Association, and ended by referring to Captain Selby, Captain Ellison, Major Henderson, R.A.M.C., the Officers of A.O.C., Army Gymnastic Staff and Navy, who had helped in organising and carrying through the tournament.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Now that practically all the members of the mess have returned off furlough and are getting over that tired feeling which generally affects us when we have no orderly-sergeant to call us, things are beginning to look a bit shipshape. The mess have not undertaken any social functions as yet, but hope to in the near future. It has been decided to hold the St. George's Ball in the Esplanade Assembly Rooms, and there is every indication of it being a splendid success. A few of our single dancing members availed themselves of the invitations we have received from other corps in the station, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

We began our football career in Portsmouth by beating the Sergeants, Army Service Corps, in very decisive fashion to the tune of 6—1. The team was as follows: –

Goal:—
Lce.-Sergt. Bradford
Backs:—
Sergt. Jeffs Sergt. Draper
Half-backs:—
Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. Luke Sergt. Griffin Sergt. Rood
Forwards:—
Sergt. Walsh Coy.-Sergt.-Maj. Hone Dr.-Maj. Crabtree
Sergt. Grundy Lce.-Sergt. Baldwin

Old members and their friends who would care to be included in the invitation list for the St. George's Ball are requested to send their names and addresses to the President, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant G. H. Lewis, 5th Fusiliers, Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth.

2nd Battalion Notes.

No 2nd Battalion Notes have been received this month.

Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
23rd February, 1914.

DURING the month we have had a visit from Brigadier-General H. Capper, C.B., D.S.O., the Inspector of Infantry, and next week the Inspector-General of the Forces is expected here.

Recruiting has been fairly brisk lately, though after sending the large draft on the 31st to the 1st Battalion we have very much smaller numbers on the barrack square. The new Army Bioscope Film is going to be shewn in these parts next week, and we hope that it will prove a further stimulus to recruiting.

The following is the result of the football played since beginning second half of the league:—

No. 2 Coy. Durham L.I. (2 goals) v. No. 1 Coy. 5th Fusiliers (2 goals)
136th Battalion R.F.A (2 goals) v. No. 1 Coy. Durham L.I. (1 goal)
No. 2 Coy. Durham L.I. (3 goals) v. No. 2 Coy. 5th Fusiliers (3 goals)
No. 1 Coy. 5th Fusiliers (1 goal) v. 136 Battalion R.F.A. (3 goals)
No. 2 Coy. 5th Fusiliers (1 goal) v. No. 2 Coy. Durham L.I. (2 goals)

No. 390 Sergeant W. Banks and No. 1529 Corporal E. Monteith were attached for a tour of duty from the 1st Battalion, from the 17th and 21st January respectively.

No. 5417 Sergeant J. Haddon, No. 1901 Sergeant J. Pierce, one Private and one Boy were posted to the 1st Battalion 19th January, on completion of tour of duty.

A draft of eighty recruits were posted to the 1st Battalion on 31st January.

Four Corporals and six men arrived from the 1st Battalion, on the 14th inst., for a tour of duty.

Four Corporals and five men were posted to the 1st Battalion on the 19th inst., on completion of a tour of duty.

No. 5615 Sergeant S. Gilroy and No. 4898 Sergeant W. Paul, 3rd Reserve Battalion, have been awarded the Special Reserve Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

The following have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates

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of Education, at an examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 29th January :—

No.	3639	Pte. H. Reeves	No.	3663	Pte. F. Weldon
,,	3685	,, G. Myers	,,	3667	,, F. Kinsbury
,,	3688	,, T. Gould	,,	3700	,, A. Beaumont
,,	3689	,, R. Griggs	,,	3707	,, R. Burrows
,,	3696	,, C. Colls	,,	3722	,, H. Butler
,,	3654	,, H. Stamper	,,	3735	,, F. White
,,	3655	,, J. Stamper	,,	3739	,, B. Partleton

The O.C., Depôt, wishes to obtain the following Bound Volumes and single copies of the *Gazette* to complete the Depôt set :—

Vols. 1883, 1884, 1885

January, 1892; February, 1893; March, 1893; September, 1910

A good price will be given and anyone having these copies to dispose of is requested to communicate direct with the O.C., Depôt.

4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
21st February, 1914.

A MINIATURE Rifle Club has been formed in connection with our Haltwhistle Company. The Club was formally instituted on the 19th inst., when Colonel E. Joicey, the Honorary Colonel of the Battalion, fired the first shot for the club. Amongst others present were Colonel J. M. Clark, lately Commanding the Battalion, Captain and Adjutant B. Cruddas and Lieutenant R. B. Webster. A dance was afterwards held and was well attended. Mrs. A. E. Webster, of Unthank Hall, Haltwhistle, has very kindly presented a Silver Challenge Cup to the Club.

We hear that an excellent site for a new out-door Rifle Range has been obtained at Haltwhistle; the firing points will be quite close to the town. The Range is greatly needed, especially in view of the prospective early opening of the new Plenmellor Colliery which will cause a large influx of young men to the District.

We congratulate Lieutenant Dixon on having successfully passed Examination "B."

Scene :—Territorial manœuvres in South of England. An officer is posting his men as sentries in a line of outposts and explains to each man that he must challenge all strangers and allow no one to pass through the lines without first giving the countersign, "Waterloo."

Officer (loq.): "Now, my man, do you know what you've got to remember?"

Sentry: "Yessir."

Officer: "What is it?"

Sentry: "To challenge all persons approaching this post."

Officer: "Very good; and what would you say?"

Sentry: "Pass through to Waterloo ! ! !"

Delight of painstaking officer and appropriate comments from his colour-sergeant.

5th Battalion Notes.

HEADQUARTERS, WALKER-ON-TYNE,
23rd February, 1914.

AT the Northumberland and Durham Sergeants' Association Rifle Shooting Meeting held at Ponteland, our team was successful in winning the Challenge Cup by the small margin of four points. We also figured well in the list of special prizes.

The Annual Ball promoted by the Sergeants of Wallsend Detachment was held on the 28th January, and proved even a greater success than those held previously. Bandmaster W. Ure's orchestra supplied the music. Major Myles and the Detachment officers were present.

Wallsend have just completed a special recruiting week, which has added considerably to their strength.

The Gosforth Detachment have also secured a good number of recruits during the month.

The Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Battalion are holding their Annual Dinner, at the Neptune Hotel, Walker, on Saturday, 28th inst.

Dr. Phillips, from the General Hospital, has been attached to our Battalion as our second Medical Officer.

We congratulate Lieutenant Leask on his promotion.

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th February, 1914.

OUR recruiting week resulted in 200 men joining. The standard of recruits is good. We are now 862 strong, and are recruiting at the rate of ten per week.

We welcome the following new officers :—R. T. Harrison, E. A. Fawcus, N. B. Ramsay, E. N. Mather, F. M. McLaren.

We regret to announce the death of Sergeant James Black, of E Company, which took place on the 30th ult. Sergeant Black served for many years in the Battalion and was an excellent non-commissioned officer. He was interred with military honours on the 3rd inst.

G Company (Captain G. T. Parkinson) has won the Test Mobilization Scheme Cup and medals for this year.

Captain the Right Hon. the Earl Percy will present the prizes at the Annual Prize Giving, which will be held on the 28th inst.

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7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
24th February, 1914.

WE are glad to note the appointment of Captain E. P. A. Riddell, of the Rifle Brigade, once of the FIFTH and Adjutant to the 7th Battalion, as Officer of a Company of Gentlemen Cadets at the Royal Military College. Those who remember Captain Riddell's gift for teaching, and enthusiasm for soldiering will agree that the Cadets are lucky.

The Annual Ball of the Berwick Detachment was a great success. The hall was charmingly decorated under the able supervision of Sergeant M. H. Blackett, and the topical wall programmes of Mr. J. M. Friar were a feature. In addition to the local officers, Captains Weddell and Smail, the other officers present were:—Lieutenant J. E. N. Thompson, Major MacLean, Captain Burnett, Lieutenant Mayne, and Major M'Allum, R.A.M.C., and among the N.C.O.'s was a strong party from the K.O.S.B. Depôt.

Berwick Detachment has to mourn the loss of an excellent comrade by the death, on the 13th February, of their senior N.C.O., Colour-Sergeant J. Campbell. A member of a keen volunteer family he might well have retired on the laurels won by twenty years' good service in the Berwick R. G. Volunteer Artillery, but he was one of the first to transfer his services to the 7th N. F. when his old corps was disbanded on the institution of the Territorial Force. A second Company (H) was then started at Berwick and he was appointed its first Colour-Sergeant, bringing with him a goodly number of ex-gunners. He showed the same aptitude for infantry work that he had already displayed with the big gun and attended every camp, until laid aside by illness. As senior N.C.O. in the Battalion he formed one of the party who in 1909 received the Battalion Colours at the hands of King Edward VII. His energies were not confined to soldiering, and besides music he distinguished himself locally in football, cycling, hockey, golf and running. He received a military funeral, the parade being under command of Captain H. R. Smail, with a firing party under Sergeant Marshall, besides a strong muster of the Detachment. A large party of sergeants under Sergeant-Major Keith from the K O S.B. Depôt attended to pay their last tribute of respect. Officers of the K.O.S.B. as well as Captain Weddell, G Company, 7th Battalion, and Major Robertson, Commanding Officer of the late Berwick Artillery Volunteers, were also present.

Berwick has also lost a promising N.C.O. by the sad death by drowning, while engaged in his civilian occupation, of Sergeant B. J. Thomson. The son of a Sergeant-Major in the Army, and himself of a smart soldierly appearance, Sergeant Thomson had served in several Volunteer and Territorial Corps before coming to Berwick, where he joined the 7th Battalion. Attached to the Machine Gun Section he soon rose to be Lance-Sergeant, and qualifying for promotion was appointed Machine Gun Sergeant to the Battalion. Keen, efficient, and a good recruiter, he will be greatly missed in the Detachment, and not least for the cheerful and spirited songs raised by his rich bass voice on the dusty line of march with the guns to and from some distant manœuvre and at the Annual Training.

The magnificent King's Hall at Bamburgh Castle, lent by the kindness of Lord Armstrong, was the scene of a very pleasant dance on the 12th February, organised by the North Sunderland Section of C Company. Sergeant P. J. Wood, energetically assisted by a committee composed of Colour-Sergeant-Instructor Sleath, Sergeant Jobson, Privates T. Cuthbertson, S. C. Cuthbertson and J. Lawson, made the arrangements which were carried out without a hitch, and Captain E. J. Hart, late of the 1st V.B.N.F., was a real friend in need. It is to be hoped that this successful evening will favourably advertise the Company among the "eligible young men" of the district.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 28TH FEBRUARY, 1889.

COLCHESTER, 28TH FEBRUARY, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—Hunting in spite of the badness of the weather has been all the go here, Fusiliers dividing their patronage pretty evenly between the East Essex and the Essex and Suffolk packs. Sport has not been wonderful, but there has not been a totally blank day yet. On Saturday, Mr. Colvin's hounds met at Riven Hall, but as there had been a hard frost in the night, they did nothing till about three o'clock, when a fox was found at Marks Hall. He ran a ring and took refuge in a hollow tree in the park. Poles and ladders were soon to the fore and presently Reynard was seen like a squirrel in the branches about twenty feet from the ground. He fell off the branch just clear of the hounds and then what a skurry there was, the fox about five yards in front of the hounds and everybody shouting like mad! He reached the high park railings and was over like a knife the leading hounds falling back. He did not live long, however, for the hounds got over and soon caught him.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES, RAWAL PINDI, January 27th, 1889.—Dear Mr. Editor,—We are comfortably housed in barracks once more, though from want of room A Company, the regimental police and the school are all under canvas still. Here we will probably remain until April, 1890, when we will move to the hills, possibly to Kuldana again. We hear that during the ensuing hot season, three companies go to Gora Dakka, some twenty miles into the hills from Murree, and one company to the Convalescent Depôt at Murree.

We have the K.D.G.'s here with us and the 78th Highlanders at West Ridge. The 11th (Devon) Regiment ought to arrive about the 3rd or 4th February on their way from Jhansi, having been at Mian Mir for a month's camp of exercise. In the middle of December last we had four regiments of cavalry, eleven batteries of R.A. of various kinds (horse, field, elephant, mule and garrison), one company sappers and miners, and eleven battalions of infantry.

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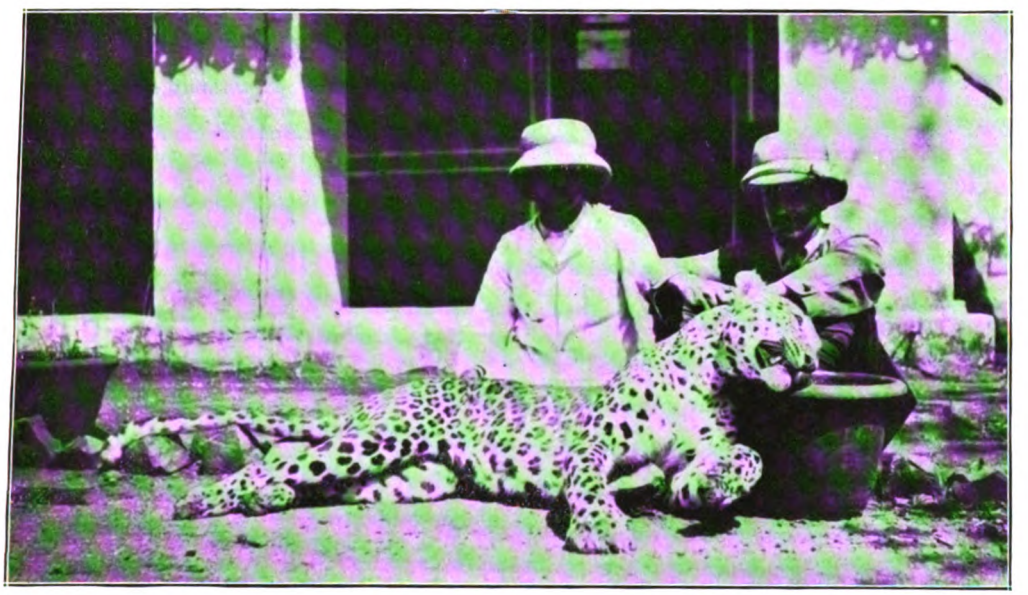
A CENTRAL INDIAN PANTHER.

IT was a very wet afternoon, but there seemed no good and sufficient reason why the dripping native on my verandah should not remove himself and his troubles elsewhere. With this intention I emerged from my bungalow: but closer investigation showed me that my visitor was no bazaar coolie, but a shy and frightened stranger, one in fact of the aboriginal inhabitants, a Bhil from the Vindhya hills to the south. Plainly he had a tale to tell, and when told it proved short and to the point: a tiger had killed a cow that morning at Khetri, ten miles away, but had been driven off the body; the villagers were watching the kill, and a *machan* for me to sit in was being erected at the place. Would I come out?

Would I not! There are no tiger in the immediate neighbourhood, but two or three times a year one from the foot of the ghauts may come up to the Malwa plateau for a change of air, and thus there is an occasional chance of happening upon the beast which in modern India is mainly reserved for highly placed officials and gilded globe-trotters, for whom the sophisticated *rajah* preserves his tiger nearly as carefully as the Norman kings did their red deer.



THE PANTHER.
(Photo by Lieutenant Swaine.)

Forgotten were former blank and profitless evenings spent in *machans* near that very village, to say nothing of other wasted nights further in the hills. Forgotten the many unsuccessful attempts in different parts of India: the North West Frontier, Ladak, the Central Provinces, and in Kashmir; the last a particularly bitter recollection, for there it was one of these brutes carried off my constant companion on *shikar*, an ugly but devoted bull terrier, who had seen many strange places and proved his worth in them all.

The luck, so far, had been all on the side of the panther. While sitting over an Ovis Ammon—half-frozen in consequence, the height being 15,000 feet and the time of year April—and waiting for the transport Yaks to come up, I have heard the panther stirring about above me in the loose blue Thibetan shale; and I once spent a couple of days with a brother officer in a small town where, so the local rajah declared, panthers walked about the streets and "were becoming a danger to passers-by." These were the exact words used. Entirely against our inclination we were impressed into the role of saviours of the town, for we left that jungly little state without seeing a thing in the drives save two chinkara or ravine antelope, and the only creature that came to the "tie-ups" we sat so hopefully over was a stray cow! Every time that one returns from a fruitlessly occupied *machan* one thinks bitterly of the commonest features of the evening, the unnaturally silent goat and the hordes of voracious mosquitoes; and the vow is registered never, never, under any consideration, to sit up for anything again. Yet the next time a chance offers hope springs eternal and out one goes once more. So it was on this occasion. In a surprisingly short time a tonga was secured, provisions and a change of kit packed, and with by far the cheapest and just about the best all-round rifle one can buy, the ·405 Winchester, the Bhil, and the owner of the only roof likely to be waterproof that day in Khetri (who chanced to be in cantonments on business), we started.

It was an awful drive. Rain fell in torrents, and the "cotton soil" of the extremely indifferent track we were on rapidly assumed the properties of the finest birdlime. Two ponies and the Bhil, the *zemindar* (owner of the waterproof roof) and I, pushed that tonga seven miles in 3¼ hours; then we abandoned it to finish the journey as well as it could, and hurried on to reach the kill before dark.

In this we were successful, only to find some trifling discrepancies between the facts of the case and the story as originally told me. The kill was a calf, not a cow, and from the tracks and the small size of the pug marks was obviously the work of a panther; no *machan* had been constructed, and no one had watched the kill.

No time for talk however. Some neighbouring bushes had been lately cut down, from which I made a little shelter on the ground some eight yards from where the calf lay—there was no tree big enough for a *machan*—and thus concealed sat down to await what the gods might send.

Darkness fell swiftly. An hour-and-a-half passed, and then suddenly the cats' Heavy-Weight Championship of the World began to be decided some fifty yards away. At least, that is what the noise sounded like.

There ought to have been a full moon, but the sky was overcast and rain was falling, and neither the *zemindar* who shared my shelter nor I could see anything.

Twenty-five minutes of growling pitched in different keys followed, and the *zemindar* whispered that the two local panther, a male and a female, were somewhere in front of us. At last the discussion as to who was to go in to dinner first ceased, and a minute afterwards a dark shape came dimly visible against the white outline of the dead calf. I could not see any part of my rifle as I put it up, but I got it pretty well aligned and pulled the trigger, leaping to my feet as I did so, as the panther might have been on top of us in a single bound.

There was no answering growl to the shot, but a faintly seen shadow darted to the back of the shelter, causing the *zemindar* and me to change front with astonishing alacrity, and then went up the hill which rose at our back. We could see nothing, though from the sounds the beast must have been only twenty-five yards away, but we heard a lot of breaking of branches and tearing up of the ground.

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After about a quarter of an hour it moved to the top of the hill, perhaps fifty yards off, making a hideous outcry as it did so, and there, to judge by the noise, was swiftly joined by its mate.

Now, a wounded panther is dangerous enough at any time; and to follow up—so eminent authorities declare—more dangerous than even a wounded tiger, and in the dark I freely own that I am all against following up a pair of panther whose tempers have been lately ruffled.

I therefore returned to the shelter of the *zemindar's* roof, confident that I should be able to track the panther easily on the morrow, if indeed I did not find it lying dead.

I was on the ground next morning an hour before "sun-up" with three Bhils and as many dogs, but the latter found a hyena almost at once and retreated to the farm in disorder. The previous day's rain had made tracking easy, and we could follow the panther's tracks for some distance. The place where it had lain down turned out to be only fifteen yards away from the shelter; but try as we would not a drop of blood could be found, though there had been no rain since the single shot fired the previous night. From the pug marks it was evidently the female panther that I had fired at. We also found the larger pug marks of the male which had returned to and eaten largely of the kill.

After a couple of hours I gave up the pursuit of the female as hopeless, and resolved to try a beat for the male. There was water and abundant cover close by, and carnivora seldom go far after a full meal. It took over two hours to collect a dozen more Bhils, but eventually I got them all lined up near the top end of the nullah in which the kill had taken place, and the *zemindar*, who possesses a ·500 Winchester, accompanied me in a quick run along the high bank to our positions in the nullah a mile down stream. Here he climbed what must have been one of the highest trees in Central India while I got behind a big rock.

The beat began. At first only an occasional peacock came through, but a quarter of a mile from us the noise suddenly died away, and a minute or two afterwards a breathless jungle-man appeared on the edge of the nullah to gasp out that he had come upon the panther lying up in a side nullah, and had managed to halt the others while he brought us the news.

It was now getting very hot, and by the time my companion had descended his tree and we had both scrambled out of the nullah and run some distance up stream, we were dripping with perspiration. The Bhil led us straight up to a spot overlooking the side nullah where the beast was lying, immediately—as he described it—to our front; but for the life of me I could see nothing. The colour scheme of the cat tribe is a wonderful thing. After looking at their coats, spotted or striped, one would think that they would be easy to see anywhere; but get them in grass or undergrowth, in heavy jungle, or among rocks, and the light and shade of their surroundings merges into the yellow and black of their skins in a way of which a mere printed description will give no idea.

The *zemindar*, who has large experience of panther, thought that I must be uncommonly blind not to be able to see a beast twenty yards away, but as a matter of fact I have known old hands fail to make them out at a distance of a few feet. For perhaps five minutes I could see nothing except the boulder-strewn bed of the nullah with the brown soil all chequered by the patches of shade thrown by the branches above.

Suddenly a slight movement of the head and body revealed the whole outline of the panther, very much in the same way as those old-fashioned picture-puzzles in which by looking at a picture of, say, a farmhouse, in a certain manner, one could eventually discern the counterfeit presentiment of the farmer, his milkmaid, a cow, or some other typical object, outlined clearly enough when one did see them, but generally entirely subordinated to the principal idea of the picture.

So it was with the panther. Once seen one could keep one's eyes on him, but if I looked away for a moment he blended insensibly into the colour-scheme of his surroundings and vanished altogether.

As soon as he is clearly seen, however, he is easy, and a bullet from the ·405 broke his back and finished him. The silence which followed the shot was only broken by a loud crash as one of the Bhils, a decided optimist by nature, judging by the slenderness of the tree he had decided would support his weight, came to the ground with a bump.

As the bullet struck the panther he half rose to his feet, then sank down and lay stretched out, looking perfectly enormous. Though of a good size for the district and a fine muscular beast he was nothing out of the way, for panthers do not run very big in this part of Central India. Between uprights he measured seven feet in a straight line. There were no scales available to weigh him, but he seemed to be about the equivalent of a Bhil and a half, or a shade less, say twelve stone.

From the condition of his teeth and claws he appeared to be in his prime, and was full of buffalo meat. Sheer gorged bloated indifference must have been responsible for his allowing himself to be stalked in so simple a manner.

M.B.H.

SOLDIER ANECDOTES.

THE YARN MERCHANT.

One of the occupants of a railway carriage was a soldier who wiled away the time by telling some rather "tall yarns" of his experiences abroad. A solemn-looking man with a camera sat in the seat and listened without a smile. The soldier (of course an Irishman) having concluded an interesting story, began again:—"Your camera reminds me of a sad occurrence that befel a chum of mine, when we were touring in India. He was an amateur photographer and we were out climbing a mountain which was partly a volcano; he wouldn't be satisfied unless he got a near view of the crater at the very edge. Having told him it was too dangerous, he was determined to proceed. So they took the precaution to tie a rope around him and he went forward. True enough, however, the lava gave way and alas! he fell through. The guides pulled at the rope but no, the heat was so intense that it snapped like thread. And down he went! That was the last that was seen of my poor friend. Sad, wasn't it?" he said turning to the solemn man. The latter shook his head. "Do you doubt my word?" said the soldier. "Oh no," said the other, I don't doubt your word; but I fancy your memory is failing. "Eh! how's that?" "Because," said the solemn man, slowly, "because I'm the man and yet you don't remember me. I came out again on the other side of the globe, but I got my view." There was a dead silence for a few minutes, and the soldier got out at the next station.

THE BLANK-FILE BLANKET.

An Irish soldier, on arrival on board a certain troop ship, and who believed in ghosts, enquired of his messmates if the ship was haunted. "It's as full of ghosts as a churchyard," replied they. This terrified Pat so much that whenever he turned into his hammock at night he pulled his blankets well over his head. The result was that from his knees downwards he was always naked and cold. One night Pat burst out "That there purser's a terrible rogue, and he serves out blankets that don't fit a man; they are too long at the top, and too short at the bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet and legs perish. I've cut slices off the top and sewed them on the bottom, but devil a bit longer has it made them."

A WHEEL OFF—OR A SCREW LOOSE?

In a local Territorial camp a battalion was being instructed on "How to take a convoy through some open country." To give them an idea of what they were to do, one company was told off to represent a convoy, the men being told that they were to represent horses, cows, wagons, etc. After being halted for a short time, the advance signal was given, and the convoy moved on, but the major noticed that one man continued to lie down, and galloping up to him in a rage, said:—"Man, why don't you advance?" The Terrier replied:—"I can't, sir." Major:—"You can't? What do you mean?" Terrier:—"I'm a wagon, and I've got a wheel off."

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BATTLE OF ORTHES.

FEBRUARY 27TH, 1814.

ACTIVE operations in the south-west of France were resumed on St. Valentine's Day, 1814. During the lull the French right remained in Bayonne, their centre on the Adour, and their left on the right bank of the Bidouse, a tributary of the Adour from the south. Nothing had occurred to cause any alteration in these dispositions, though there was a steady drain on the French Army in south-west France to meet Napoleon's never-ceasing requirements. Soult could only put 40,000 men in the field in February, 1814, to oppose 100,000 Allies.

Though greatly outnumbered the French Marshal was not without hope that he could stem the tide of invasion. He proposed that the garrison of Bayonne should be strengthened and that the remainder of his army under Clausel, who was a native of the country, should be based on the Pyrenees ready to threaten the right flank and rear of the Allies if the siege of Bayonne did not detain them. Soult himself wished to serve near the Emperor. Napoleon, however, did not adopt this plan; he withdrew two divisions and left his Marshal to "carry on" as best he could.

Wellington designed to pass Sir John Hope's troops forming his left wing, across the Adour between Bayonne and the sea and Sir Rowland Hill's Corps on the right, which included Picton and the 3rd Division, began a movement which entailed several days' fighting, designed to draw Soult's attention from the allied left. In this movement Beresford's command in the centre co-operated. Soult, alarmed for his left, began a concentration on that side thus aiding Wellington's plan.

It had been intended that the Navy should assist Hope in his crossing, but persistent storms delayed the Fleet's arrival and the Army began operations on February 23rd without waiting for them. The French Commander was quite unprepared for the movement, his attention being directed to his own left. Moreover the natural difficulties of strong tides, deep sand and marshy shores, presented, as it seemed, a real obstacle to an advance against his right.

A few men were got across the Adour in the evening by means of a pontoon; a raft was then made of other pontoons and more men taken across until about two Battalions were on the French side. They were promptly attacked but held their own.

In this action Congreve rockets were used for the first time against the French with much effect. More troops were passed over the next day, and on the 25th the sailors arrived with the boats for the bridge; by the next evening a strong bridge was ready for the passage of the artillery and baggage.

Hill, on the right, meanwhile had carried out his work faithfully and with vigour. His corps, which numbered some 20,000 men and 16 guns, including five regiments of cavalry, was set in motion on the 14th February in two columns. Skirmishes of varying importance took place on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, entailing on one occasion at Garris 160 casualties among the Allies, and on the 18th their right was established on the line of the Gave d'Oleron. The movement had been carried out in hard frost, but snow fell for two days and caused a delay. More troops were now concentrated on the allied right, and when Wellington, who had decided to take command personally, moved forward on the 24th across the Gave d'Oleron he had six divisions of infantry and two brigades of cavalry. His plan while concentrating a considerable force in one locality was to threaten the whole French front on a line of 25 miles, showing troops opposite all the fords over the river; at the same time the 3rd Division was to make a feint against the bridge-head of Sauveterre, where the main road crossed the river. The commencement of Picton's movement was not encouraging. Four companies of Keane's Brigade (1/5th, 2/63rd, 2/87th and 94th), including the Light Company of the 5th and some cavalry were ordered to ford the river in the vicinity of the bridge. The passage was successfully accomplished, but these companies were at once attacked by superior force and driven across the river again with a loss of 90 officers and men, the loss of the 5th being two officers severely wounded, seven men killed, and thirteen taken prisoners. Though this particular operation failed the general diversion succeeded and the passage of the river was accomplished, the great bulk of the Allies crossing by the ford at Villenave, with a loss of only two men drowned. So narrow was the ford that the passage which was deep and rapid was not completed before dark.

The French now fell back all along the line, waiting only to give some of their flank troops time to secure their retreat, and then moved direct on the town of Orthes, breaking down all the bridges as they passed. Into this town Wellington, with some cavalry and guns, pushed the enemy's rear-guard at daylight on the 25th February.

Beresford's Corps now became the left wing of the Allies in place of Sir John Hope's, which had been despatched to deal with Bayonne. Crossing the Gave d'Oleron near Peyrehorade on the French right partly by ford and partly by pontoon they moved on Orthes along the right bank of the Gave de Pau. Then the 3rd Division, crossing the river by fords near the broken bridge at Berenx, fell into line with Beresford and once more the Allies, after their right wing had made a circuitous march of more than fifty miles, were united and communication restored with Hope at Bayonne.

Wellington promptly established a pontoon bridge at Berenx and continued his examination of the French position at Orthes, while they were kept in play by the appearance of Hill's troops above the town. Soult was now in position along the Gave de Pau, over which he had broken down all the bridges except that of Orthes itself, which had resisted his attempts. When he heard of the passage of the river by Beresford and Picton, he, at first, decided to fall on them with his whole army. But the news reached him rather late in the day and judging that it would be dark before he could form his columns he decided to take up a defensive position with no idea of further retreat, though news to this effect reached Wellington.

The French were now strongly placed on a line of hills partly wooded and partly bare. In the centre was an open rounded hill from which narrow tongues of land jutted out presenting a concave to the Allies. Their right rested on a bold hill behind the village of Saint Boës and their left on the town of Orthes. The centre and the right were protected by extensive swamps and the flanks rested on grounds of great strength.

The front generally was covered by a deep marshy ravine with only two short strips of passable land, and behind the centre a succession of undulating bare heathy hills extended for several miles.

Into this position Soult put 40,000 men and 40 guns. At daybreak on the 27th February the 6th Division and Light Division crossed the Gave de Pau by a pontoon bridge thus joining Picton and Beresford on the right bank, while Hill kept the 2nd Division on the left bank opposite the bridge of Orthes.

Between Beresford on the left and Picton there was a mile and a half of ground unoccupied by any troops. The latter did not conceal his anxiety at this situation, which was somewhat relieved by the arrival of the 6th and Light Divisions, of which the former joined him while the Light Division was extended to cover the ground between Beresford and Picton. For more than an hour Wellington, from an abrupt hill crowned by a Roman camp nearly opposite the French centre, searched Soult's line for a weak spot, while the 3rd Division skirmished with the enemy. Then at 9 a.m. Beresford on the left was directed to advance with the 4th and 7th Division and a Cavalry Brigade and to turn the French right at Saint Boës, while "the 3rd and 6th Divisions and the Hussar Brigade were ordered to move forward in the first instance by the great road and thence direct their attacks against the centre of the enemy's position by the tongues of land which originate from the ridge on which the French were posted, and fall towards the great road and the river Gave."

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Hill, with the 2nd Division, was instructed to move up the river and cross two miles behind the French position. Beresford's men carried the village of Saint Boës after some heavy fighting, and fell on the enemy's lines behind the village. Here they met with a serious check. The approach to the position was along a ridge too narrow for the regiments to deploy and swept by artillery. The 4th Division were repeatedly repulsed with heavy losses and fell back through the village. During this fight the 3rd and 6th Divisions had won the lower part of the ridges opposite to them without difficulty, though a detachment from the 3rd Division moving towards their left against a ridge jutting out from the central hill was charged by the French and driven back in confusion.

At this period of the battle the allied situation appeared serious and victory at length seemed to have declared for the French.

Wellington, however, had one card left. He brought forward a Brigade of the Light Division, hitherto in reserve, and flung it against the inner face of the hill behind Saint Boës. This Brigade crossed the marshy ravine under fire, the men sinking deep at every step and led by the 52nd forced their way to the crest while the 3rd Division inclining to their left came up in support.

Beresford's Divisions, too, renewed their attack on the French right and stormed the line behind Saint Boës. The enemy were now in full though orderly retreat followed by the Allied Divisions; but Hill's appearance threatening the line of their retreat altered the aspect of affairs.

The latter as ordered had forced a passage across the Gave de Pau above Orthes and had drawn up the 2nd Division, 13,000 strong, across the road to Pau in rear of the French left. His movement threatened the only line of retreat left open to Soult and its effects began to be felt at the moment when the Brigade of the Light Division moved forward.

Clausel sending troops from the French reserves tried to check Hill's advance. Soult, however, seeing the state of affairs gave orders for a general retreat. His position indeed was now almost desperate. The heathy hills, already mentioned, in rear of the French position merged into one ridge running parallel to his only line of retreat, the road to St. Sever. On the other side of the road Hill's Division was now in movement; the French troops were aware that their retreat was threatened, and there were deep and rapid rivers to be crossed.

To carry off a beaten army by one road and one bridge appeared impossible, but Soult's genius as a commander was always displayed in a retreat. His rearguard retired by alternate wings without confusion, followed always by the Allies, among whom the 3rd Division lost many men. Then as the march of Hill's Division became more threatening the French retreat became quicker and less orderly until the men broke their ranks and the countryside was covered with fugitives; then the British Cavalry were put in motion and completed the enemy's discomfiture. The pursuit ended at the bridge over the Luy de Bearn which Soult destroyed. The French losses were variously estimated from 7,000 to 4,000, and it is probable that the higher figure included a number of conscripts, who while they threw away their arms and became stragglers were not made prisoners. This battle cost the Allies some 2,300, including a number of officers, and of this total the 3rd Division claimed 825, a larger number than that lost by any other Division; the 5th losing 45 killed and wounded.

The French continued their retreat all night, breaking down the bridges behind them. Wellington followed at daylight in three columns hoping to overtake them at St. Sever. He was, however, too late, the French were over the river and the bridge was destroyed.

(To be continued).

There was a brave hunter of Delhi
Who crawled up the rocks on his belhi,
But a whopping great stone,
Took a dive "on it's own,"
And squashed the poor bloke into jelhi.

TO THE BITTER END.

(Continued from page 14).

Chapter II.

Murder in Mayfair.

"It's good to be back in London for a bit, Archie. By Gad, you do yourself pretty well, old man; you should see some of the places I've been living in lately." Richard Balmain leant back in his chair, puffed his cigar with relish and looked round the luxurious room.

"When a man's single he lives at his ease," replied his cousin, Archie Corbould, moodily.

"But not in perpetual gloom, Archie. Cheer up, what's wrong?"

"I'm sick of my own company that's all. I was the loneliest man in London till you turned up."

"Marry the girl, I'll be your best man and give you my blessing. You'd make a model husband, Archie, whoever she is."

"Don't rot about it, Dick. You've hit the right nail on the head, but it's serious. Not that I should have a dog's chance, she's a deal too good for an idle waster like myself in any case; as it is—well, a bachelor with a complacent banker can live in luxury where a married man would starve."

Balmain coloured—"Poor old chap, I'm sorry," he said, with embarrassment, then added cheerily, "Never mind, those rubber shares will turn up trumps yet."

Richard Balmain and his cousin, Archie Corbould, had been the closest friends since boyhood, but their financial prospects were very different; Balmain would inherit the fortune of their uncle, John Trevenna, whereas Corbould, so long as his cousin lived, could never hope for any increase in his private means, within which he consistently failed to live, even in a state of single blessedness.

"That's enough about my affairs, they're depressing. Let's hear about your travels, Dick?"

"Nothing to tell. A few cathedrals, one or two picture galleries, the—

"Stuff! Come on, Dick, what's been your game?"

"Are you very anxious to hear, Archie?"

"Very."

"I'm sorry, old chap, firstly because I can't tell you, secondly, because I am going to ask you to do something calculated to tempt your curiosity still further."

"What's that?"

"With remarkable perspicacity you have divined that my trip has been, shall we say, a little unorthodox for the ordinary tourist. Now, if curiosity were confined to inquisitive cousins, my foreign tours would present less difficulty. Three of my fellow passengers from Paris to-day flattered me with their closest attention. I am not so insular as to despise the foreigner, nor so intolerant as to object to a man on account of his personal appearance, even though it be that of a square-shouldered pugilist with a thick neck and a jaw like a prize bull dog; but I take a strong exception to being hustled and pushed, and to having hands slipped into my pockets. Little attentions like these exceed the bounds of polite curiosity." Balmain leant forward—"Archie, I am being shadowed. I am sure of it. Since I reached my flat to-night, except for fifteen minutes for a scrap of food I have been hard at work completing my report. That is what made me so late. I shall deliver it to-morrow at the War Office. In the meantime, Archie, I want to leave it with you. I dare not sleep with it in my own flat."

"Want to bring me into your black-hand gang business and get my throat cut, do you? Not much."

"I'm positive they've not marked me down here; Won't you take it for one night, Archie?"

Corbould laughed. "Of course I will, you old fat-head; I was not serious. Hand over the portentous document. I'll

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lock it in the safe and give you the key, to keep temptation from me."

Balmain drew a large envelope from his pocket and handed it to his cousin, who had crossed the room and opened a small safe. Corbould placed the report in the safe, locked it and handed over the key.

"Yes, I'll take it," said Balmain, "not because I don't trust your power to resist temptation, old chap, but, the further removed the key, the safer the lock."

He had risen and was examining a collection of curios on a table which stood at the far end of the room between the curtained windows. Above the table hung a large mirror. He had just taken up a small china bowl, when the door softly opened at the opposite end of the room and a manservant appeared.

"Any letters for the post, sir?"

Balmain started violently, looked up at the mirror, and as his eyes there met those of the servant he all but dropped the bowl from his hands. At the same time the man took a swift pace back so that a screen should stand between himself and Balmain.

"Nothing to-night, Lucien," said Corbould, who had resumed his seat and whose back was turned to his cousin. The servant softly withdrew. Balmain turned as the door closed.

"What's that fellow doing in your flat?" he asked sharply.

"Lucien? He's my new man and a devilish good servant too, a Swiss."

"Your *servant*?"

"Why not?" asked Corbould, with some irritation.

"Look here, Dick, old man, you want a holiday from this secret service business. I suppose you took Lucien for the German Emperor in disguise; there is a certain likeness."

"Likeness, by Gad, I should say—will you send for that man again, Archie?"

"No, I'll be blowed if I will. You'll see enough of the fellow if you continue as usual to invade my premises at all hours of the day and night," said Corbould laughing.

"Perhaps you're right; since I last saw you three weeks ago I've been having a pretty strenuous time, especially the last few days, and I probably am a bit jumpy. By Jove, it's close on one o'clock, I must be off."

"Well, come to the Thornhill's dance to-morrow, I know they will be delighted to see you, and when they hear you are in England will be annoyed if you don't turn up."

"Righto, I'll come and shall enjoy it the more from having nothing on my mind by then." Balmain drew the safe key from his pocket and handed it to Corbould. "I've changed my mind about that report and will take it with me."

"Bless the man!" exclaimed Corbould, unlocking the safe and taking out the envelope. "Take a holiday, Dick, that's what you want."

Balmain laughed, placed the envelope in the pocket of his coat, and with a "Good night, Archie," left the flat.

Corbould sat for some time in dismal silence, and then rising, he crossed to his writing table, opened a drawer and took out a small photograph, which he regarded tenderly for the space of a minute, replaced, and closed the drawer. His face had brightened, but as he picked up an open bank book from the table the gloom gathered again. A glance at it, and with a groan he threw it down and pressed the bell. The door softly opened. Lucien appeared.

"Well?" asked Corbould.

Lucien closed the door. "It has been arranged, sir."

"On what terms? You saw them?"

"Yes, sir; they have written their terms."

Lucien handed a letter to his master. Corbould tore open the envelope and eagerly studied the contents.

"The blackguards!" he gasped. "The unconscionable blackguards!" then recovering himself. Thank you, Lucien, that will do. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

* * * * * * * * * * *

A strip of carpet across the pavement beneath an awning had attracted a double line of poorly dressed people outside No. 120, Cavendish Square. Like a number of urchins at a pastrycook's window, devouring with their eyes the delicacies which their tongues would never taste, the small crowd of people, mostly women, watched the arrival of the guests at the house of General Thornhill. Great silent motor cars, fussy taxi cabs, occasional sedate broughams, drew up, discharged their cargo of dresses and jewels, and, with a slam of the door, passed on. Now and again the distant strain of music from the house was broken by murmurs of approval as some beautiful débutante hurried from her carriage, or as the light flashed from the jewels of a dowager's tiara.

The male guests provided little interest, except to sundry small boys, for whom they supplied occasional subject for facetious remarks, and to two foreigners standing back on the outskirts of the crowd. The lack of enthusiasm of the latter over the more brilliant part of the pageant was as noticeable as their keen interest in the arrival of dress clothes and top hats. As each man alighted at the house, these two would press forward and look at him eagerly. The evening drew on, motor cars and carriages drove up at rare intervals; the crowd for the most part loitered away to seek other amusement, but the two foreigners still held their places.

At length, a car drove up and as two men got out one of the watchers gripped the arm of the other and drew him back into the shadow.

"What do you say to walking back, Dick?"

"By all means." Balmain dismissed the car and passed with Corbould under the awning to the house.

A few minutes, and they were warmly welcomed by their host and his daughter.

"Dick, by all that's holy," said the old veteran delightedly. "Splendid! When did you get back, my lad?"

"Only last night. Thought I would chance the rebuff and turn up uninvited."

"Of course," said Margaret, "but you're very late."

"A sign of the times, my dear, a sign of the times," lamented the General. "A soldier did not keep the girls waiting when I was a young man."

"Nor does he now, sir, it is due to the evil effects of civil life on Archie," retorted Balmain.

"Of all the gross libels, born of base ingratitude!" expostulated Corbould. But the laugh turned against him.

"Heard the latest from India, Dick? That business up in Cawnpore?" inquired the General. "What do you make of it?"

"Sounds bad, but I know nothing of the country, sir. Archie's the fellow to give an opinion."

The General wheeled on Corbould and buttonholed him, while Balmain, the diplomat, led Margaret to the ball room.

He had known Margaret from childhood, but the sudden realisation this evening that his child friend had developed into a superbly beautiful woman almost persuaded him that he was in the presence of a stranger. Her unfeigned delight at meeting him moved him strangely, but soon put him at his ease.

They had finished the dance and were sitting in a corner of the conservatory, chosen particularly by Margaret for its seclusion.

"We have got through all formal topics. Now for an account of your travels, Dick."

"A dull tale of a trip on the Continent, it would not interest you."

"I will stop you when it ceases to interest; start away."

"It would take much too long to tell," protested Balmain.

"So full of incident!" exclaimed Margaret. "Never mind, I am not dancing the next, so you can sit it out with me."

"Done with you," replied Balmain.

Corbould, in the meantime, had been taken three marches along the Grand Trunk Road by the General, and fully instructed in the correct methods of governing India, shooting tigers, and avoiding sunstroke.

Free at last, he came up to where Balmain and Margaret were sitting, as the music started for the next dance.

"Will you give me this dance, Margaret?" he asked.

"I have just given it to Dick, as he wants to tell me all about

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his travels and I really can't forego the possibilities of such an exciting romance."

"*He* won't tell you anything," expostulated Corbould. "If you dance it with me I'll tell you some really good tiger tales."

"I will give you one later," laughed Margaret, "but tigers won't do; I expect I have heard more than you about them. No. 16?"

"No more?"

"It's the only one I've got left."

"Suppose I must be thankful for what I can get," said Corbould gloomily, and entered the dance up on his programme.

"Recognise the symptoms?" inquired Balmain, as Corbould moved off.

"What do you mean?"

"I left Archie Corbould as cheery as a sandboy a week or two ago. I return to find him as glum as a gaoler, sick of his own company, barely tolerant of mine."

"You don't think he is unwell?" asked Margaret, with ingenuous anxiety.

"Seriously, but not dangerously," replied Balmain, laughing. "I have diagnosed the disease, but can't think for the life of me from what direction it has attacked him."

"But it was not to discuss Archie Corbould that I gave you this dance," said Margaret, hastily. "Come, now, tell me your adventures."

"From the very start?"

"Yes, all."

"Well, firstly, you will never guess who I met on board the boat going over."

Margaret made several guesses, but finally had to be told. Then Balmain recounted adventures, mostly pure invention, encountered in company with these mutual friends. A suggestion of scandal and Margaret become absorbed. The band had stopped without her noticing it, and it was not till it struck up for the next dance that she realised she had been hoaxed.

"There now," she exclaimed, "I am engaged for this dance and you have told me nothing."

"*Nothing*?" remonstrated Balmain.

"Only a lot of nonsense, it is too bad of you."

Balmain laughed, "You shall have the true and full account this day twelve month; I promise."

Margaret's partner for the dance had come up. As she moved away she turned, "This day twelve months; where we shall all be then, neither you nor I know."

Dance followed dance as the evening wore on, till, at length, carriage doors slamming again, motors driving up and away, witnessed the break up of the party.

Corbould and Balmain, David and Jonathan, as the General called them, came up to bid good-bye to their hosts.

"You're going to be in London for a bit, Dick, eh?" asked the General.

"Oh, yes, I'm settled at work again."

"Well, come and look us up soon. Mind you bring him along Archie. Hope you've enjoyed yourselves. Flatter myself I've taught you something, Archie. Remember, a wounded buck is a dangerous beast, don't mess about with him, drive the knife home."

"A useful hint, General," said Corbould, absently. "Good-night, sir, good-night, Margaret."

"What a bloodthirsty old man it is," remarked Balmain, laughing, as they strolled to the cloak room for their hats and coats. But Corbould did not laugh, his manner seemed pre-occupied.

"Got the ticket, Archie?"

Corbould fished the cloak room ticket from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to the attendant, who produced their coats and helped them on, placing their hats side by side on a table. They tipped the man, picked up their hats and left the house.

"I'll see you part of the way home, Dick, it's not much out of my way, and I don't feel like bed yet."

The two friends turned up the street and walked away arm in arm.

Two figures stole from the shadow of the garden opposite the house and followed at a distance of some 40 yards. It was three o'clock in the morning, and but for these four, the streets seemed deserted.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

P.C. B123 sauntered along his beat which led him through one of those small slums in Mayfair, tucked away behind the imposing mansions which the casual observer imagines the district solely to consist in. Automatically he flashed his lantern at the houses under his protection, now and again trying a door to make sure of its security. Suddenly he noticed a few yards ahead a dark heap lying across his path. His lantern revealed the prostrate figure of a man.

"Drunk," he muttered; he had come across such things before. "A swell, by Jove," he added as he came up. The figure was lying on its face the head drooping over the curb stone.

Leaning down, he seized the man by the shoulders and raised the body, the head drooped and, as he raised it he saw the face.

"Dead, by God!" he whispered.

A shrill blast of the whistle brought two other constables hurrying to the spot, to find their mate kneeling, holding a man in a sitting position, with the head supported by his arm.

"What's up, Joe?" asked one of those who had come up.

"It's a corpse."

Ben flashed his lantern from the body to the pavement where it had lain.

"Turn him over," he directed, then pointing to the helpless body, "it's murder, Joe, that's what it is. See, he's been stabbed in the back."

The third man had in the meantime picked up an opera hat lying a little distance away. Turning his light to the inside of the hat he read aloud the initials "A. C."

They searched the pockets for further clues to the identity of the unfortunate victim. A gold watch and £8 in gold were found.

"It's not robbery," said Ben.

"What about this?" said the third man, holding up a chain which dangled loose from the braces button. "They've taken the keys off this. Look, the chain is cut."

They turned back the collar of the dead man's overcoat, and again with the aid of the lantern read on the tailor's label:—Captain R. Balmain.

Ben took the hat from the other constable and peered into it.

"Beats me. Go and fetch the ambulance, Joe."

The street lamps were paling in the grey of dawn as Joe with measured tread strode off on his mission.

(*To be continued.*)

NORTH COUNTRY YARNS.

THE WARST IS THE BEST.

A short while ago a committee of a local co-operative store met and discussed the different qualities of provisions. During the proceedings, one of the committee slipped downstairs and asked the counterman for a plate of cheese and a few biscuits. Suddenly he returned and observed to the counterman:—"Wey, man, this is bad cheese. What's the price?" "Eightpence a pound," said the counterman. "What's this yen a pund, then?" asked the committee man, tasting another sample, "Sixpence," was the reply. "Sixpence! Wey, man, yor warst cheese is the best!"

THE BARBER AND HIS DOG.

Some time ago a city swell, whilst on a visit to the country, had occasion to visit the local barber's shop to get shaved. Whilst there, he noticed a dog lying beside his chair intently watching his master. "That's a nice dog," he remarked. "Yis, he is," replied the pitman barber. "He seems very fond of watching you working." "Oh," replied Geordie, "it's not that, mister, but sumtimes aa myek a mistake an' chip a lump oot ov a man's cheek, an' man, he snaps thim up as sharp as owt. Ye waddent believe hoo fond o' tyesty bites that little beggor is."

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 375.] Tuesday, 31st March, 1914. [Vol. XXXII.

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
31st March, 1914.

Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal" "The Dragon"
"Military Mail" "The Thin Red Line"
"The Queen's Own Gazette" "The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Globe and Laurel" "The Sapper"
"The XXX." "The Aldershot News"
"The Antelope" "The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The Tiger and the Rose" "The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The Black Horse Gazette" "The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal" "The 79th News"
"The Eagle" "The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Regiment" "The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The London Scottish Gazette" "The Snapper"
"The China Dragon" "The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette" "The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Green Tiger" "The Gordonian"
"The Acorn" "Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"
"The White Lancer" "Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Ranger"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Mrs. Sloper	to 31/12/14	Mrs. Keppel Garnier ...	to 31/12/14
Qrmr.-Sgt. A. Hardgrave	,, 31/12/14	Miss Fishbourne	,, 31/12/14
Mr. P. Welsh	,, 31/12/14	Colonel Money	,, 31/12/14
P.R.I., 1st Battalion	Feb. *Gazettes*		

BIRTHS.

AMBURY.—On the 22nd February, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 202 Sergeant S. Ambury, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

COCHRAN.—On the 14th January, at Ambala, the wife of No. 5792 Sergeant J. Cochran, of a daughter.

GIBBS.—On the 16th February, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 2277 Corporal F. Gibbs, Depôt Northumberland Fusiliers, of a son.

GROVES.—On the 6th December, 1913, at Sheffield, the wife of No. 899 Sergeant G. Groves, of a son.

HOBBS.—On the 18th February, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 1159 Drummer H. Hobbs, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

GARNIER—D'ARCY.—On the 14th February, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, by the Rev. W. E. Addis, assisted by the Rev. W. G. Walshe, Alan Parry Garnier, third surviving son of the late Commander Keppel Garnier and Mrs. Keppel Garnier, Froyle House, Fareham, to Hilda de Burgh, youngest daughter of the late de Burgh D'Arcy and Mrs. de Burgh D'Arcy, 42, Montpelier Square, S.W.

TRENCH—BROWN.—On the 11th February, at Killaloe Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Archdale, Captain Charles Sadler Musgrave Trench, late 5th Fusiliers, eldest son of Captain the Hon. Cosby and Mrs. Trench, of Sopwell Hall, Cloughjordan, Co. Tipperary, to Helen Cowley, daughter of the late Robert Lidwill Brown of Clonboy, O'Brien's Bridge, Co. Clare.

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DEATHS.

COCHRAN.—On the 16th January, at Ambala, Margaret Rosina, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Cochran, aged 3 days.

SCOTT.—On the 28th February, at 35, Clarinda Park, East, Kingstown, Beatrice Wingfield, wife of C. Burnett Scott, B.A., M.D., T.C.D., and daughter of the late Captain John Wingfield King, D.L., 5th Foot, of Ballygrehan, County Sligo, and Grove Lodge, Windsor.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Roddam, on completion of his period of service in command, relinquishes his commission, and is granted permission to retain his rank, etc. Major R. F. Roundell to be Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* R. J. Roddam (dated 6th March, 1914).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant E. C. Dixon to be Captain (dated 16th February, 1914). Second-Lieutenant H. H. Bell to be Lieutenant (dated 1st March, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS. — Supernumerary-Second-Lieutenant W. H. Leete is absorbed into the establishment (dated 2nd March, 1914); Second-Lieutenant C. W. Fairweather to be Lieutenant (dated 2nd March, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—W. B. Noble and M. G. F. Richardson (dated 4th March, 1914).

1st Battalion Notes.

CAMBRIDGE BARRACKS,
PORTSMOUTH,
25th March, 1914.

THE four young chestnut trees that stand with others on the edge of the barrack square are struggling to put forth buds; from which it may be guessed that spring is coming. Otherwise the march of the seasons goes on almost unobserved, so far are we, in time if not in actual distance, from the countryside. It is necessary to go to Hayling Island to get a glimpse of green fields, and the golf course there affords an excellent excuse for doing so.

Captain Festing, Captain Gordon and Mr. Warde, late of the 1st Battalion, have paid us visits during last month. We were very glad to see them.

Captain Herbert and Sergeant-Major Cobban are away at Aldershot for a gymnastic course, the last of its kind, we hear, to be held. We have had no account of their doings, but can picture, each according to his fancy, the feats of strength and agility which daily practice has enabled them to perform.

Captain Toppin joins us in May. He has secured, or been confined in—we are not sure which more accurately describes his position—a room at the War Office where the members of the Peru-Bolivia Boundary Commission reduce to book form the results of their three years' survey work in those distant parts of South America.

Lieutenant Boyd played for the Army in the Rugby Football match between the Services at Queen's Club on the 7th. It would be ungenerous to say that the fact that the Army won, after some years of reverses, was a mere coincidence. On the contrary, the Army forwards, of whom he was one, seemed to have earned special praise.

The Army Film was exhibited in Portsmouth a short while ago. As in other garrisons a considerable number of men paraded and marched to the theatre to see it, and everyone must hope that its exposure throughout the country will assist in bringing in the recruits desired to complete the establishment. Opinion on this point seems to vary.

No. 9791 Sergeant W. Fuller and No. 8690 Lance-Corporal R. Heywood re-engaged at Portsmouth for the Northumberland Fusiliers to complete 21 years' service. Authority, O.C., 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, dated the 24th February; also No. 9721 Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant A. B. Miller, dated the 20th inst.

No. 1168 Corporal W. Knapp extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours, dated the 2nd inst.

No. 1984 Corporal (Acting-Schoolmaster-Sergeant) P. Grundy extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours, dated the 4th inst.

No. 3802 Private H. Turner was awarded a 3rd Class Certificate of Education, dated the 29th September, 1913, whilst serving with the 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.

No. 3796 Private T. Wallace was awarded a 3rd and 2nd Class Certificate of Education on the 1st May and 17th July, 1913, respectively, whilst serving with the 3rd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment.

The following promotion and appointments have been made:—

To be Corporal:—

No. 3058 Lance-Corporal G. Fulton from 21/3/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

(from 23/3/14)

No. 5135	L/Cpl.	F. Jones	No. 3691	L/Cpl.	S. McDonald
„ 3321	„	G. Allen	„ 8690	„	R. Heywood
„ 3627	„	J. Peasland	„ 2392	„	C. White
„ 3592	„	M. Perlman	„ 3590	„	W. Adams

No. 3302 Pte. C. Woodrow

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2385 Private A. Moore from 1/3/14
„ 1357 Bandsman A. Brace „ 24/3/14

No. 2638 Private C. Wheaton and No. 3291 Private H. Whitton have been granted a Telephone Clerk Certificate, dated Portsmouth, the 16th inst.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

No. 2305	Private	G. Bird	2	from 25/ 7/13
„ 2331	„	V. Clark	2	„ 5/ 8/13
„ 2348	„	F. Palmer	2	„ 8/ 8/13
„ 3186	Boy	J. Poole	1	„ 31/ 8/13

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No.	2423	Private I. Gardner	1	from	15/11/13
„	3255	„ A. Calvert	1	„	25/11/13
„	3272	„ H. Wyer	1	„	6/12/13
„	3339	„ W. Hewitt	1	„	8/ 2/14
„	3345	„ J. Wellgreen	1	„	12/ 2/14
„	3357	„ H. Oldfield	1	„	19/ 2/14
„	3359	„ F. Robinson	1	„	21/ 2/14
„	3372	„ J. Dennis	1	„	1/ 3/14
„	2209	„ A. McCletchie	1	„	4/ 3/14
„	3058	Lance-Corporal G. Fulton	2	„	10/ 3/14
„	3384	Private A. Martin	1	„	11/ 3/14
„	2050	Pioneer G. Forster	2	„	18/ 3/14

FOOTBALL.

U.S. League.

5th Fusiliers v. 23rd Company R.G.A.

This match was played in a gale of wind at Fort Grange, on the 31st January, and resulted in a draw 1—1. Private Langford scored for the FIFTH in the last minute. Corporal Taylor acted as linesman in this and the succeeding matches. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Draper

Half backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Lce.-Corpl. Palmer

Forwards :—
Lce.-Corpl. Broadley Pte. Langford Pte. Graham
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Farrell

5th Fusiliers v. Royal Naval Barracks.

This match was played at Pitt Street (Portsmouth), on the 7th ult., and resulted in a win for the R.N. Barracks by 4—1, Lance-Corporal Broadley scoring for the FIFTH. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Draper

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Lce.-Corpl. Palmer

Forwards :—
Lce.-Corpl. Broadley Pte. Langford Pte. Caseman
Pte. Graham Lce.-Corpl. Clarke

5th Fusiliers v. H.M.S. "Excellent."

This match was played on the Clarence Ground, on the 14th ult., and resulted in a draw 1—1, Private Kitchen scoring for the FIFTH. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Draper

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Lce.-Corpl. Palmer

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Pte. Graham
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Farrell

5th Fusiliers v. 1st Heavy Brigade R.G.A.

This match was played on the Clarence Ground, on the 18th ult., and resulted in a win for the 1st Heavy Brigade by 3—1. Private Graham shot our one goal. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Draper

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Pte. Hyde
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Graham

5th Fusiliers v. R.M.L.I.

This match was played at Forton (Gosport), on the 21st ult., and resulted in a win for the R.M.L.I. by 4—0. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Griffin

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Kitchen Pte. Ford
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Graham

5th Fusiliers v. H.M.S. "Vernon."

This match was played on the Clarence Ground, Southsea, on the 28th ult., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 4—1. Sergeant Draper performed the hat trick by scoring three goals. Private Kitchen scored the fourth. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Griffin

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Sergt. Draper Pte. Kitchen Pte. Hyde
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Graham

5th Fusiliers v. R.M. Artillery.

This match was played at Eastney, on the 11th inst., and resulted in a draw 2—2. Lance-Corporal Clarke and Private Langford scored our two goals. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Bdsmn. Brace Sergt. Griffin

Half-backs :—
Pte. Pursley Pte. Jukes Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Pte. Thoburn
Pte. Cousins Lce.-Corpl. Clarke

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5th Fusiliers v. 1st Lincolnshire Regiment.

This match was played on the United Services' (Men's) ground, Portsmouth, on the 14th inst., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 2—1. Sergeant Draper and Private Kitchen were our goal scorers. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Griffin

Half-backs :—
Pte. West Bdsmn. Brace Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Sergt. Draper
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Graham

5th Fusiliers v. Submarine Depôt.

This match was played at Haslar (Gosport), on the 18th inst., and resulted in a win for the FIFTH by 4—1. Our goal scorers were Lance-Corporal Clarke (2), Sergeant Draper (1), and Private Kitchen (1). Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Sergt. Griffin

Half-backs :—
Pte. West Pte. Palmer Bdsmn. Brace

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Pte. Langford Sergt. Draper
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Graham

5th Fusiliers v. R.G.A.

This match, which was played at Southsea Castle, on Saturday, the 21st inst., counted for points as two matches, that is four points. The R.G A. won by 3—2. Privates Farrell and Palmer scored for the Regiment. Team :—

Goal :—
Pte. Smith

Backs :—
Pte. Davis Bdsmn. Brace

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Pte. Jukes Pte. Palmer

Forwards :—
Pte. Kitchen Sergt. Draper Pte. Graham
Lce.-Corpl. Clarke Pte. Farrell

Table of Results.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
15	4	3	8	26	38	11

Goal scorers :—

Sergeant Draper	5
Private Langford	5
„ Kitchen	4
Lance-Corporal Broadley	3
„ Clarke	3
Private Sutton	2
„ Farrell	2
„ Graham	1
„ Palmer	1
	26

D Company, 5th Fusiliers, v. H.M.S. "Ariadne."

This match was played on Governor's Green, on the 18th inst. D Company had most of the game and won by 4 goals to 2. The goals were divided between Lance-Corporals Carter and King and Privates Bennett and Adamson. Private Ward, on the left wing, and Corporal Patterson also played well. Team :—

Goal :—
Corpl. Bigsby

Backs :—
2nd-Lieut. Barrett Pte. Reed

Half-backs :—
Corpl. Patterson Lce.-Corpl. King Capt. Selby

Forwards :—
Pte. Bennett Pte. Adamson Lce.-Corpl. Carter
Lce.-Corpl. Heyward Pte. Ward

HOCKEY.

Two Regimental hockey matches have been played this month with scratch teams. On the 4th inst. v. The Navigation School, on the Officers' Hockey Ground, we lost 5—3. The Navigation School scored most of their goals during the early part of the first half, before we got settled down. During the second half we pressed practically the whole time and ought to have scored more than three if there had not been failure in the circle. The Battalion at present is weak in forwards, though there is a certain amount of talent which may later on improve and develop. The team was as follows :—

Goal :—
Sergt.-Major Hone

Backs :—
Lieut. H. L. Ovans Bdsmn. Brace

Half-Backs :—
2nd-Lt. E. S. Swaine 2nd-Lt. B. G. Gunner 2nd-Lt. L. A. Barrett

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Forwards :—

Pte. Langford Lce.-Corpl. King Pte. Nicholson
Pte. Keach Lt. T. C. Cogan

On the 6th inst., v. R.G.A., on the same ground, we won by 2—1. This game was of a decidedly "scrappy" nature, and conspicuous for the number of fouls. Again we ought to have done better, but our shooting was very moderate, and a tendency to wild hitting was noticeable. Team :—

Goal :—

Pte. Fairbairn

Backs:—

2nd-Lt. Hoffman Pte. Cole

Half-Backs :—

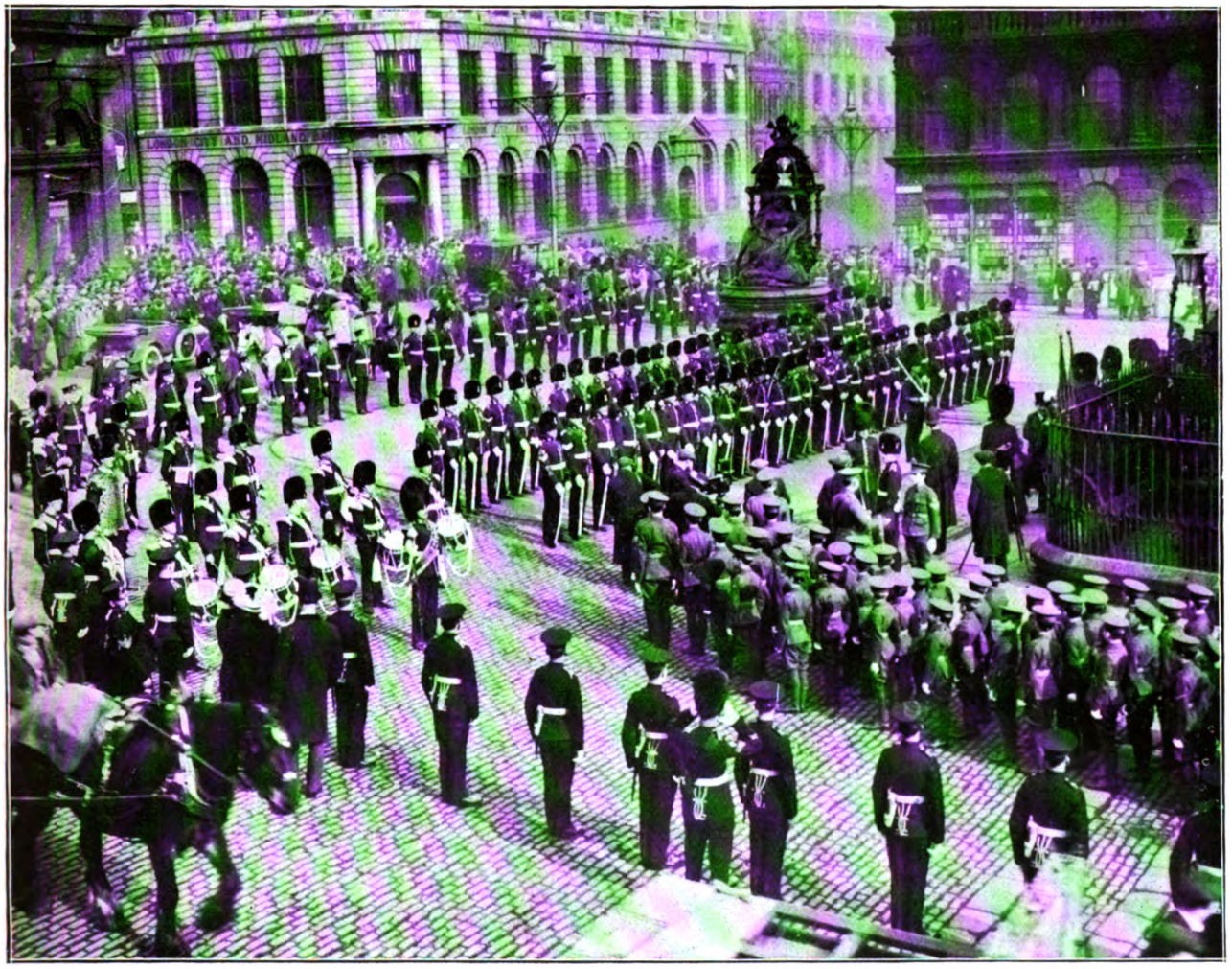
Cpl. Patterson 2nd-Lt. B. G. Gunner Lce.-Cpl. Gammon

Forwards :—

Lce.-Corpl. King Pte. Pursley Pte. Nicholson
Pte. Kitchen 2nd-Lt. E. F. Boyd

THE OLD COLOURS.

THE were favoured by the most perfect weather for the ceremony of laying up our old Colours in Newcastle Cathedral on the 11th March. A dense crowd of people collected in St. Nicholas' Square to witness the arrival of the Colours and remained there till the conclusion of the service, while some 2,500 people were present in the Cathedral.



ARRIVAL OF THE COLOURS IN ST. NICHOLAS' SQUARE.
(By permission of Mr. Percy Longhorn, Photographer, of 173, Portland Road, Newcastle.)

The grand organ and choir of St. Nicholas' Cathedral and the eloquent address of Canon Gough, the Vicar of Newcastle, gave full effect to an impressive service. Shortly before noon the escort, commanded by Captain E. B. Gordon, headed by the drums, arrived at St. Nicholas' Square with the Colours carried by Lieutenants Bonham-Carter and Ovans.

The last salute was given and the Colours were carried

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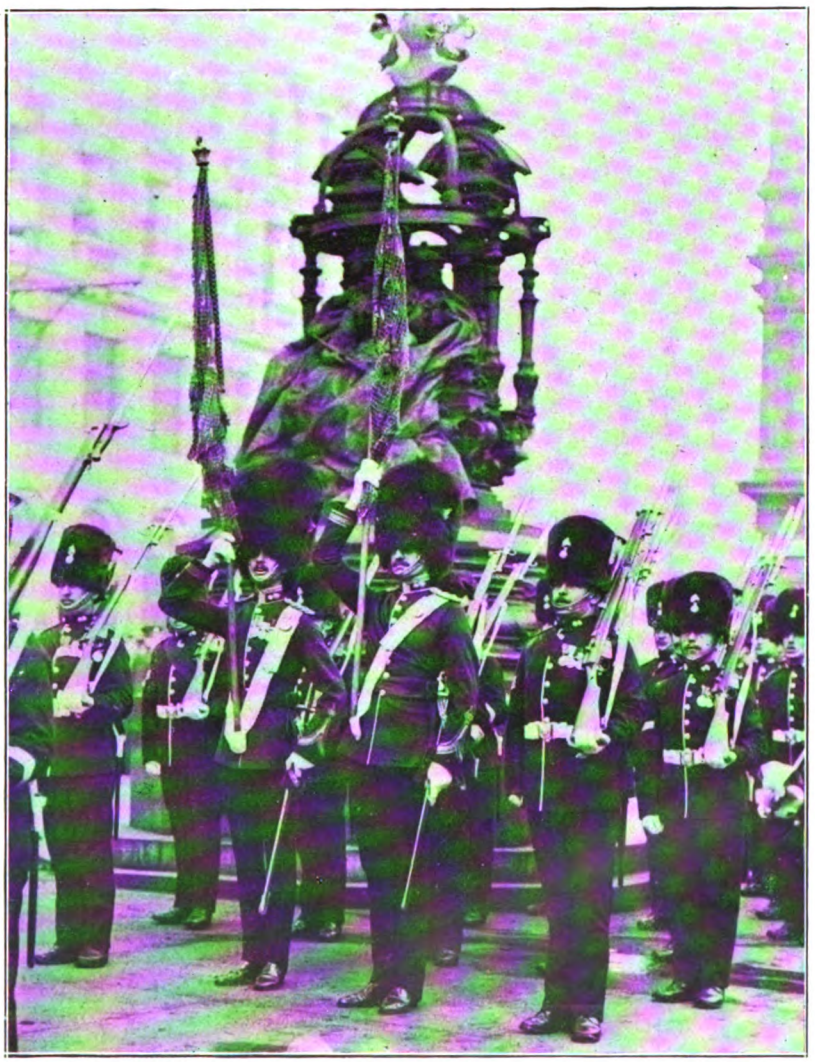
into the Cathedral. The escort following passed the Colours and lined either side of the centre aisle. As the organ rolled out the National Anthem the congregation rose, and, at its conclusion, led by the cross, the Cathedral choir chanting "Onward Christian Soldiers" emerged in procession down the south aisle. Turning up the centre aisle they were followed by the officers carrying the Colours who, as the choir filed into the chancel, placed themselves on either side of the chancel steps facing the congregation where they remained throughout the service.

At the conclusion of his address Canon Gough descended from the pulpit to the chancel steps and Colonel C. G. Money, C.B., advancing from his seat and taking the Colours from Lieutenants Bonham-Carter and Ovans handed them to Canon Gough with these words:—"I present these Colours of the 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers to the safe keeping of the Church"; to which the Vicar replied, as he took the Colours, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we accept these Colours to be laid up in this Church as a token of faithful service and duty well performed."

This was followed by the hymn written by Canon Gough for the Regiment, "St. George of Old the Dragon slew," during which the Colours were carried by two cadets of the Choral School to the north aisle where the boys stood to attention while the service was concluded by the singing of the National Anthem.

In the words of Canon Gough's address, "The King's Colour is a symbol of allegiance to the Sovereign; the Regimental Colour a token of that sense of unity, that *esprit de corps* which forms the morale of every regiment and which binds together all its members."



THE OLD COLOURS WITH THEIR ESCORT.
(By permission of the "Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle.")

The scene in St. Nicholas' Square after the service gave additional meaning to these words by illustrating what the bond of a British regiment really means to those who have served under its Colours.

The greeting between old comrades of every rank, the pleasure of meeting again after years, was proof that the old spirit of the FIFTH still lives which binds together the present generation and veterans of the Regiment like Colour-Sergeant S. Mitchell, who was on parade when the late Duke of Cambridge presented the old Colours to the Battalion in 1864, and Colonel Hart-Dyke, who as a subaltern carried the Colours on service in Afghanistan. That the lesson was not lost on the civil element was apparent from the remarkable curiosity displayed by the groups which surrounded us after the service. The Army seemed to be presented to them under a novel aspect on this day.

The occasion, too, we trust, encouraged the young soldiers, who lined the square and whose smart appearance did credit to the Regiment, to realise that service under the Colours means bigger things than recruits' drill, and that it lies with them to maintain the traditions of the Regiment if they are to reap the reward of the comradeship it affords.

The officers of the 1st Battalion entertained a considerable number of guests to luncheon at the Barracks. Those present at the ceremony had included many members of the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions. The following were among those seen:—Colonels Ainslie, Money, Hart-Dyke, Stewart, Sapte, Riddell, Scott, Ritson and Foster; Majors Yatman, Fishbourne and Thomson; Captains Gordon, Sandilands, Williams, Thornton, Cruddas, Archer,

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Athill, Landen and Forster (3rd Battalion); Lieutenants Bonham-Carter, Ovans, Booth, Trench, Platt and Barrett; of the 68th (D.L.I.):—Major Morant, Captains Irvine, Coddington and Soltau-Symons; Brigadier-General A. W. G. L. Cole, D.S.O. (in the unavoidable absence of Sir Herbert Plumer, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Northern Command), Major Harding Newman, D.S.O., Military Secretary, and Canon Lister. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle attended with his sword bearer and mace bearer, as well as 50 cadets of Dame Allan's Endowed Cadet Corps. There were also present Sergeant-Majors Atkins, Challons and Honeyball; Quartermaster-Sergeant Fisk; Colour-Sergeants Conlon, O'Brien, Short, Mitchell, Hitchener, Fairless, Simpson and Kenefec; Sergeants Fisk, Carter, Pearson, Donkin, Burnell, Pitt, Horn and Donaldson; Corporals Graham, Chapman, James and Harris; Drum-Major Condine; Privates Spraggon, Humpish, Townsend, Fisk, Landen and Ridgway; and many officers and men of the four Territorial Battalions.

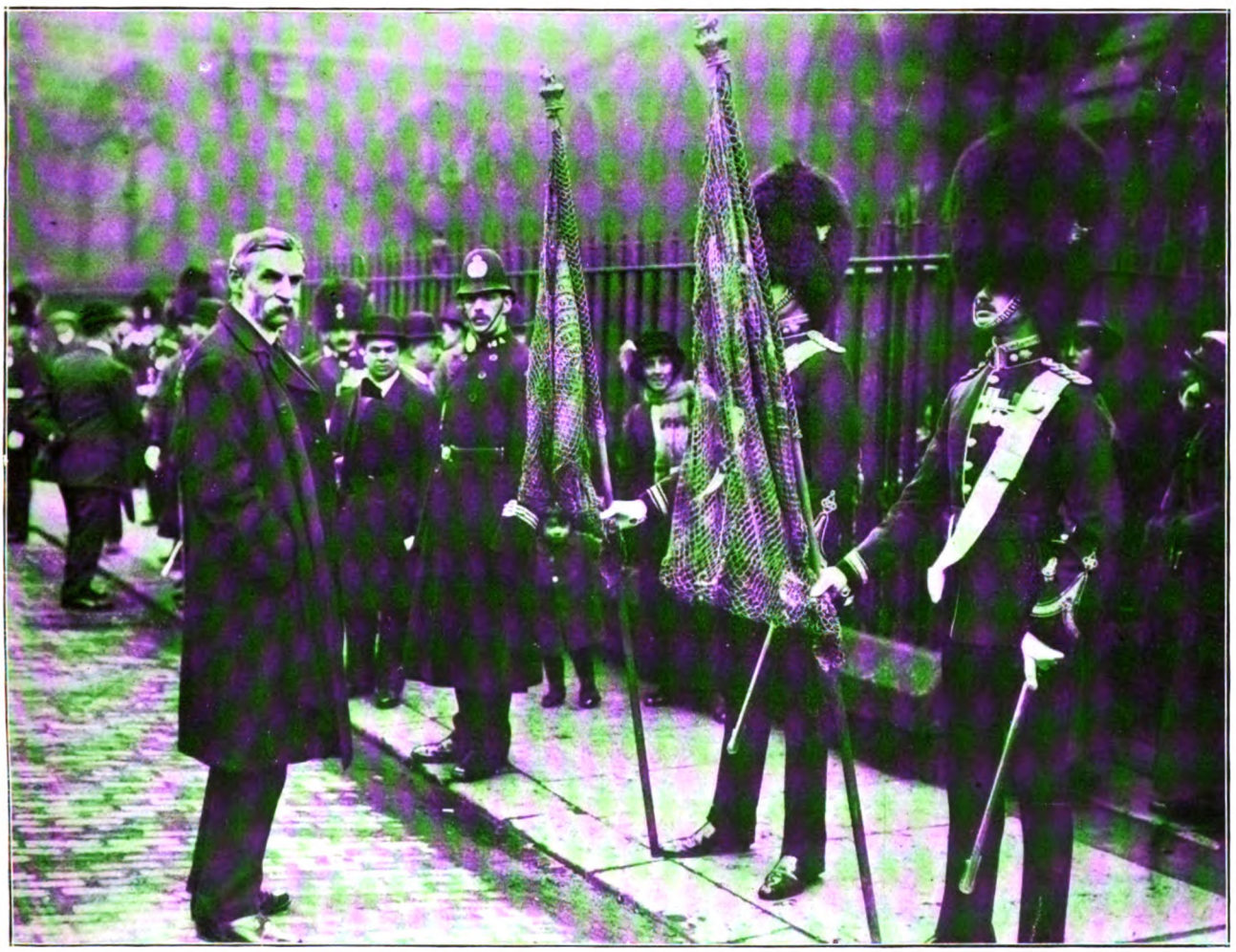
2nd Battalion Notes.

AMBALA,
19th February, 1914.

A, B and E Companies and the Battalion Scouts marched to Mani Mazra on the 25th January to witness the firing at the Artillery Practice Camp, and to take part in some of the schemes in conjunction with the R.F.A. On the way we halted for one night at Mubarakpur, which will be our first halt again when we march up to the Hills. Coming back the Detachment marched through the night, arriving here in the early hours of Monday, February 2nd.

On one night of our stay at Mani Mazara our sleep was disturbed by a severe thunderstorm, and everyone was obliged to break one of the Standing Orders of the Camp, by vigorously hammering in tent pegs after Tattoo.

The weather up till the last few days has been all that one could wish for, but latterly we have had several heavy



OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

Colour-Sergeant Mitchell. Lieutenant Ovans. Lieutenant Bonham-Carter.

(By permission of the "Newcastle Illustrated Chronicle.")

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showers of rain, which were sorely needed in view of the grave possibility of a famine.

Company training has begun here for A, B, C and E Companies, but has been rather interrupted by frequent Brigade Field days. The latter, however, finished on the 15th inst.

We entered a team consisting of Captain Auld (1), Mr. Brownlow (2), Captain Hart (3), Mr. Sutherland (back) for the Infantry Polo Tournament at Bareilly. We were drawn against the 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles in the first round. Captain Auld, unfortunately, had a very nasty fall in the second chukker, and sustained injuries which made it impossible for him to continue playing. His place was taken by Captain Gibson.

Our opponents were much too good for us and were also better mounted, and we were consequently badly defeated. The score was 12 goals to 1, our only goal being scored by Captain Hart towards the end of the game.

Polo at Headquarters has been rather curtailed lately, most of our ponies having gone to Bareilly, and the K.D.G.'s having left the station. However, there have always been a few of us to play whenever there was a game going on. We hope, now that the team and the ponies have returned, that polo will get into full swing again once more.

The Battalion moves to Sabathu on the 24th March, and A Company to Dagshai on the same date. H Company mores to Jutogh on March 19th.

Shooting, with but a few exceptions, has been rather at a standstill. Mr. Sidney, however, returned on the 18th from a five days' shoot near Dehra Dun, where he got two quite good chital.

We were very pleased to welcome Captain Lamb, who has taken over command of A Company.

We are very sorry that the K.D.G.'s and the South Lancashire Regiment have left Ambala, and we wish them the best of fortune in their new stations.

We congratulate Captain Thornton on his engagement and wish him all good luck.

Lieutenants Molineux and Barkworth are at Rawal Pindi attending a course at the School of Musketry.

Lieutenants Sutherland and Powell proceed home on eight months' leave about the beginning of March.

No. 2318 Lance-Corporal P. Lacey has been appointed paid Lance-Corporal, from the 31st December, 1913.

No. 2733 Private F. Thomas and No. 2972 Private A. Fowler to be unpaid Lance-Corporals.

No. 1947 Private F. Smith and No. 2959 Private L. Shaw have been invalided home for discharge.

Private Wellings was transferred to the Army Reserve in India on the 31st January.

Lance-Sergeant E. Kenning proceeded home on the 16th January for discharge at his own request.

No. 2276 Lance-Corporal P. Raymond passed in Group I. for 1st Class Certificate of Education, dated 30th September, 1913.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Ambala, 29th January:—

2nd Class:—

No. 2326	L/Cpl. W. Arnold	No. 7176	L/Cpl. R. Wickham
„ 2964	„ C. Elders	„ 2290	„ H. Kite
„ 2159	„ J. Hine	„ 3117	Pte. J. Bell
„ 2377	„ J. Young	„ 2322	„ H. Pyett

3rd Class:—

No. 2229	L/Cpl. W. Coulston	No. 3030	Pte. R. Tweedy
„ 2191	Pte. E. Topping	„ 2990	„ F. Cannon
„ 2743	„ J. Hall	„ 3280	„ P. Mangon
„ 3181	„ J. Marshall	„ 2891	„ J. Escott

Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th March, 1914.

THE event of the month has been the laying up of the old Colours of the 1st Battalion in Newcastle Cathedral on the 10th March, but as this ceremony is described at length elsewhere in this number we will refrain from writing an account of it, save to say that one is rarely privileged to witness such an impressive event, and that the manner in which it was carried out was in keeping with the highest traditions of the Regiment.

This ceremony gave us the pleasure of a few days' visit from Colonels Money and Ainslie, Lieutenants Bonham-Carter and Ovans, and 50 rank and file from the 1st Battalion, and a fine rank and file too. One was glad to think such an occasion gave the inhabitants of Northumbria an opportunity of seeing what their county regiment was like, and, by their medals, what its members had been doing in different parts of the Empire. A far better incentive to recruiting than any number of cinematograph films is the real stamp of British soldiery well seasoned and well set up.

Another event of the month has been the retirement of Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Roddam, who after a period of

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over thirty years' Militia and Special Reserve service has just given up command of the 3rd Battalion. Colonel Roddam was employed in Malta during the South African War with the 5th Battalion as it then was, and for several years after that acted as Brigade-Major of the Northumberland Volunteer Infantry Brigade. There are few officers who have put in longer or more useful service with the Militia, as the Special Reserve was known before the Territorial Scheme came into operation. We very much regret his giving up command, but feel sure that his keen interest in the Battalion will always remain, and we hope that we shall often see him in the future at our trainings.

We take this opportunity of extending a hearty welcome to Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Roundell who has just been promoted to command of the 3rd Battalion. The new Commanding Officer joined the old Alnwick Militia in 1890, was promoted Lieutenant in 1892, Captain in 1897 and Major in 1910.

The Morpeth and Tynedale Point-to-Point Meeting takes place at Whalton on the 2nd April, when the 5/68th Regimental Depôt, in conjunction with the Royal Artillery, are giving an "At Home."

The following have been awarded 3rd Class Certificates of Education at an examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 27th February :—

No. 3752	Pte.	E. Weaver	No. 3746	Pte.	J. Durham
„ 3755	„	W. Kennedy	„ 3711	„	T. Baker
„ 3703	„	V. Gorton	„ 8285	„	W. Guymer
„ 3720	„	D. Upshall	„ 3770	„	R. Orton
„ 8291	„	S. Hardy	„ 3738	„	J. Hall
„ 3753	„	R. Turnham	„ 3745	„	G. Coates
„ 3740	„	E. Braithwaite	„ 3734	„	G. Hutchinson

The undermentioned were posted to the 1st Battalion on the 6th inst., on completion of tour of duty :—

No. 2115	Corpl.	J. Robinson	No. 2213	Pte.	L. Pitt
„ 7734	Drmr.	W. Rutledge	„ 2440	„	J. Langley

No. 632 Corporal J. Rowsell has been appointed paid Lance-Sergeant, from the 11th January, *vice* Dresser promoted.

No. 5135 Lance-Corporal F. Jones was posted to the 1st Battalion on the 11th inst., on completion of a tour of duty.

FOOTBALL.

GARRISON MILITARY LEAGUE.

League Table for first half season :—

	Plyd.	Won.	Dwn.	Lost.	Goals. For.	Agst.	Pts.
137th Battery, R.F.A.... ...	8	5	1	2	18	9	11
No. 2 Coy., 3rd Northd. Fus....	9	4	2	3	21	18	10
No. 1 Coy., 3rd Northd. Fus....	9	4	1	4	20	18	9
No. 1 Coy., 3rd Durham L.I.	9	3	2	4	20	27	8
No. 2 Coy., 3rd Durham L.I....	10	2	2	6	21	26	6
136th Battery, R.F.A.... ...	10	2	1	7	22	24	5

5th Battalion Notes.

HEADQUARTERS, WALKER,
23rd March, 1914.

THE Sergeants of the Battalion held their Annual Dinner on the 28th February at the Neptune Hotel, Walker. Colonel MacDonald, our C.O., and many of the officers were present, and the evening was a most successful one.

GOSFORTH,
21st March, 1914.

The chief event of the present month was the success of the Gosforth Detachment in turning G Company, the weakest in the Battalion, into one of the strongest.

Gosforth usually strikes out a line of its own. Last year it was a military display, which added over twenty to our numbers. This year it was decided to have a military exhibition during the first week in March. Work in earnest began about the middle of February. We decided not to ask for recruits either verbally or by poster, but to let the public see, by means of our exhibition, what a Territorial's life was like—how he worked and played, what he got to eat during camp and how he cooked it, what his pay would be, what he wore, and what we gave him extra for 15 days' attendance. Pictures should be shown of camp life in the past, and of the place we are going to this year. The undertaking proved the success we expected, and fully repaid the three weeks' work of officers, N.C.O.'s and men.

We started off on Sunday, the 1st, with a Church Parade which was well attended, the Drum and Fife Band being present.

On Monday, the 2nd, a motor parade was arranged. Twenty cars made a tour of the district with men in uniform in each car. In the evening the exhibition was officially opened by the Vice-Chairman of the Gosforth Council, when the members of the Council and representatives of the County Association were present.

The Regimental Drums paraded on Tuesday and Friday nights, and the Band of the National Reserve Pipers on Saturday.

I think every resident of Gosforth and district paid us a visit. The place was so crowded that we had to open in the mornings for the school boys and in the afternoons for the ladies. A medical officer was on duty each night, so that when a man came forward he was attested, examined and finally approved right off, and when necessary fitted out in uniform within half an hour.

Up to the time of writing our effort has been the means of adding fifty-four to our number, thus bringing the Company to full strength.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst., we followed up our exhibition with a special military night at the Globe Picture Hall, when the music, pictures and turns were entirely of

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a military character. Three of our men gave turns. There were over twenty officers and a hundred and twenty rank and file present in uniform, and all parts of the house were full.

On the 20th inst. the officers of G Company gave a dance at the Coxlodge Hall to all members of the Company.

Recruits' drills are now in full swing. Over fifty recruits were present at the first parade of G Company.

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th March, 1914.

THE Annual Dinner and Presentation of Prizes of A Company was held at the Savoy Hotel on the 7th inst. A large gathering was present and a throughly enjoyable evening was spent. We were honoured by the presence of Colonel H. S. Ainslie, who kindly presented the prizes.

At the laying up of the Colours of the 1st Battalion, our Battalion was represented by 10 officers and 24 other ranks. Our Cadet Unit, Allan's Endowed Cadet Corps, also attended, and the two choir boys who carried the Colours to the North Aisle were cadets.

Annual Training in Camp will be held at Penrith from the 14th to the 28th June, 1914.

Our strength will be reduced this month on account of the large number whose time has expired, but we hope to be 800 strong by the time we go to camp.

7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
23rd March, 1914.

AT the laying up of Colours in the Cathedral at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the 7th Battalion was represented by Major Gillespie, Captain and Adjutant Archer, Captain Milburn, and Lieutenants Thompson, Swan and Jobling.

A Brigade Instructional Exercise was held in the vicinity of Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 27th and 28th ult., at which Captains Hon. G. W. Liddell, E. W. Milburn and H. R. Smaile attended from the 7th Battalion.

An Instructional Exercise under General Burton was held at Tynemouth from 5th to 8th inst., and was attended by officers from the three counties, the 7th being represented by Majors George Reavell and J. J. Gillespie, and Captain E. W. Milburn.

Lieutenant G. M. Jobling was attached to the 3rd Battalion for Initial Course from 2nd to 28th ult.

The district fixed for Camp this year should be popular, Penrith being practically at the head of Lake Ulleswater and offering many attractions after the day's work is done, so that a good attendance may be looked for.

Letter to the Editor.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
15th March, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a cutting from the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*, dated 12th March, 1913, which may be of interest to your readers.

Yours truly,
"YOUR DEPÔT CORRESPONDENT."

"COLOURS OF THE FIGHTING FIFTH.

"(To the Editor).

"SIR,—I was looking at the illustrations in the *Illustrated Chronicle* of placing the old colours of the 'Fighting Fifth' in the Cathedral, also at the escort attending them. It is a different escort from the one I took part in with the same colours, years ago. Towards the end of December, 1878, the Fusiliers were in camp at Jamrud, a short distance from the entrance to the Khyber Pass. One morning, after being on picket all night and looking after a little sleep, I heard a loud voice calling my name. I answered, and was told, 'You are to escort the colours to Peshawur Fort (a distance of eleven miles) and to hand them over to the Ordnance Department and get a receipt for them.' I asked where the escort was, and the reply was, 'You will find them waiting at the guard tent.' I found them—two bandsmen, viz., J. James and Thurley. Just fancy! one rifle to protect colours and escort against any attack that might be made, for it was mostly through a hostile country that we had to tramp. But we got there all right, and returned with the receipt. I can assure you it was an exciting tramp the time it lasted.—Yours, etc.,

"J. C. SHAW,
"Ex-Colr.-Sergt., 1st Northd. Fusiliers.

"Newcastle,
"12th March, 1914."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30TH MARCH, 1889.

COLCHESTER, SATURDAY, 30TH MARCH, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—The football season has been very successful and the Regimental team has never been beaten by any of the numerous clubs they have met as yet, and only once has a match ended in a "draw." One of the last matches of the season will be played at Horwick, on Saturday, March 30th, which we trust will also be a victory. The Regimental Football Club has been, on the whole, a great success, and though one or two companies have not assisted it as much as they might have done by joining as members, its progress during the year has been such as to leave no doubt as to its future. There is one point, however, we regret to have to mention, viz.:—the almost total absence of any matches between companies. We hope that next year every company will have its own team and that matches will be as frequent as they have been few this year. This is the only way of finding out the best players to represent the Regiment.

We have already begun to look forward to St. George's Day, and sincerely hope we shall have as good a gathering of old

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hands as we had last year and that those who were unable to come then will be present on this occasion. This is all the more to be desired as it is hardly likely that we shall find ourselves within such easy distance of London again for many years.

The attention of all ranks has been totally absorbed lately in the new "Physical Training," and the civilians must have thought that we were practising for a grand ballet at Drury Lane, from the way they crowded to see us when we first started; but "familiarity breeds contempt" and as we are at it four hours daily, there are only a few favoured individuals who succeed now in attracting attention.

BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

APRIL 10TH, 1814.

SOULT'S future line of operations now appeared uncertain. Reconnaissances in force from the Allies quickly cleared up the situation. The direction of the French retreat up the Adour proved that they had abandoned Bordeaux, where there was a strong Royalist party, and magazines elsewhere. Beresford was therefore detached to occupy Bordeaux and preparations were made to follow Soult up the Adour. His position at this moment was both dangerous and disheartening. To his losses in battle and by desertion was added that of his magazines, while his troops plundered on all sides. Soult, however, could always rise to the occasion, as becomes a great commander, though his army was in confusion. During the 3rd and 4th of March he continued his retreat calling in the various detachments including the National Guards and trying to arouse the energies of the people and the army by proclamations.

Beresford's detachment to Bordeaux was soon known to Soult, and believing rightly that the Allies had thus become weakened he seized the opportunity to advance against them and prepared to attack their right; over ground which was suited to the action of all arms. A number of long and nearly parallel ridges, whose sides were often covered with vineyards and their summits open while between the ridges were small rivers with muddy fords, decided the order of the French Commander's march. A skirmish took place on the 13th March in which the Portuguese cavalry suffered some loss and Hill on the allied right occupied that night the strong position between Aire and Garlin, which Soult had decided to seize.

Wellington now brought the 3rd and 6th Divisions across the Adour to support Hill, and the French retired again. Beresford with the 4th Division was recalled from Bordeaux and a general advance of the Allies took place on the 18th March.

Soult had missed his chance and now prepared for a rapid retreat on Toulouse, whither the Allies with 40,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry and 60 guns followed him.

During the night of the 18th the French retired and on the 19th Picton and the 3rd Division came up with their rearguard at Vic Bigorre where a smart affair took place costing the Allies about 250 casualties. Further fighting occurred on the 20th at Tarbes, but the next day Soult marching all night was thirty miles away. The Allied cavalry, however, quickly regained touch and fell upon the French soon after they began their march on the 22nd, taking 100 prisoners.

On the 24th Soult entered Toulouse having by the rapidity of his march and by breaking down the bridge quite outdistanced the main body of the Allies who did not come up until the 27th, taking seven days to march a distance which the French covered in four. This has been unfairly criticised by French writers, but it is only another proof that the French were as superior in marching and manœuvring as the Allies were when hard fighting occurred. Wellington at once proceeded to reconnoitre the French position at Toulouse which was indeed formidable.

The town surrounded by its old walls stood at the junction of the Languedoc canal and the river Garonne, covered on the east and north by the canal and on the west by the river now deep and rapid. A fortified suburb protected the southern side while the western side was further protected by another suburb which had been strengthened by recent entrenchments.

These fortifications were, however, even then considered antiquated; at all events the French Commander did not care to trust to them and throwing a strong garrison into the fortified suburb on the western side, St. Cyprien, took up a position on a range of heights east of the town between the canal which protected that side and the river Ers. The natural strength of this ridge Mont Rave was increased by the construction of five redoubts connected by entrenchments.

The two armies were, once more, face to face and the curtain was about to rise on the last act of this long drama.

The selection of Toulouse as a strategic post once more proved Soult's capacity as a commander. The town was the chief military arsenal of the south of France; it commanded the principal passage up the Garonne and was the centre of a great number of roads; and finally it offered him the choice of several lines of operations. The advantages of the position did not escape Wellington, but he could not now, with the tide of invasion flowing into France, afford to call a halt till reinforcements reached him.

He decided to try and reach the south side of the city because it was less strongly defended than other sides, and because the presence of the Allies there would block the arrival of any reinforcements for Soult from Suchet's army which was still in the field.

But this project involved crossing the Garonne, deep and swollen from the recent rains. The attempt to throw pontoons across on the 28th March at Portel above the town failed on this account, but it was renewed on the 31st higher up the river, and this time Hill succeeded in getting over. His movement was unopposed and the reason for this neglect was soon revealed; the country and the roads south of the town had been rendered quite impassable for artillery by the rains, and Hill had to return.

The next attempt was made some fifteen miles below the town on the 4th April, and the 3rd, 4th and 6th Divisions of infantry with three brigades of cavalry, the whole under Beresford, passed over by pontoon bridge. The news of the crossing reached Soult quickly and a determined attempt to break the bridge was made. The French loaded a barge full of stones and sent it down stream against the bridge while Wellington and his staff looked on helplessly. But the barge had been overloaded and though it struck the bridge sank without doing any harm, yet the floods which came down two days later were more effective and swept away the pontoons. Once again was the allied army divided by a river as at the Nivelle and at the Nive; but here the position was more serious, for Beresford's 18,000 men were completely isolated without the possibility of help in the presence of a vastly superior force. This position of affairs endured for two days, and Soult would appear to have missed a golden opportunity. Keeping his army close on the heights east of Toulouse he allowed the Allies to repair and relay their bridge when the floods subsided on the 8th. Some Spaniards crossed to Beresford's support that day and the bridge was taken up again and relaid nearer the town to communicate with Hill's troops opposite the suburb of St. Cyprien; the Allies were still divided but communication was possible. They were now but five miles from Toulouse which Wellington decided to attack on the 9th. But matters were not quite in order and the attack was deferred till the next day.

Soult's left held the suburb of St. Cyprien on the west, his centre occupied the canal along the north; his right held the heights of Mont Rave on the east, while the reserves were on the ramparts of the town.

Wellington though he approached from the north still meant to attack the town from the south, where the defences were weaker. But the circumstances which had failed him after Hill had crossed the Garonne above the town on the

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31st March again spoilt his plans. The country to the south was still so heavy as to be impassable for artillery.

There remained then only the northern and eastern sides; of these the northern was covered by the canal of Languedoc with all its bridges protected by works and under musketry fire from the ramparts; while the formidable nature of the position on Mont Rave has already been described.

The northern section being out of the question it was against the heights of Mont Rave that the Allies moved on the 10th April. These heights were some two miles long and direct approach to them involved the passage of the river Ers and an advance across steep and marshy country to the assault. There were, however, no bridges across the Ers except that of Croix d'Orade which was seized on the 8th, and a crossing by this bridge entailed a flank march under fire from Mont Rave. It was to this end that Soult had designed his defences and it was this line of operations which Wellington was compelled to adopt. His plans for the battle assigned to Hill with the allied right the task of threatening St. Cyprien and keeping the French left occupied; to Picton with the 3rd Division, and to the Light Division fell the duty of demonstrating against the line of the canal on the northern side. Some Spaniards were to carry a hill-top at the northern end of the Mont Rave and afterwards to cover the flank march of Beresford, who, with the 4th and 6th Divisions was to cross by the bridge of Croix d'Orade, move to his left and then at a certain point form line to his right and assault the Mont Rave. The cavalry were to protect his left during the attack. It was a bold scheme at any time and particularly so when the two armies were of nearly equal strength. We are able to learn the instructions given to the 3rd and Light Divisions in this battle in fuller detail than has often been the case. "The point of attack," of the 3rd Division we read: "is to extend from the river Garonne to the great road which leads from the village of La Lande to Toulouse (the road from Montauban) inclusive of that road. The Light Division will be immediately on the left of the 3rd Division and it will extend its point of attack from the great road above mentioned until it connects its left with the right of the Spanish troops. The operations of these two Divisions are meant more as diversions than as real attacks, it not being expected that they will be able to force any of the passes of the canal which covers Toulouse. The line of the canal is to be threatened chiefly at the bridges and at the locks or at any other points where the form of the ground, etc., favours the troops; a considerable part of the 3rd and Light Divisions must be kept in reserve."

The bridge of Jumeaux was the bridge particularly referred to.

At 2 a.m. on the 10th April the Light Division crossed the Garonne and about 6 a.m. the whole allied army moved forward. Picton drove the enemy's advanced posts behind the works at the bridge; the Spanish troops reached the position assigned to them, and Beresford with the 4th and 6th Divisions crossing the Ers at Croix d'Orade began his flank march in three columns.

But before he could form line and come into action the Spaniards began their assault with great resolution. The enemy's fire increasing in volume became so tremendous that the attackers broke in disorder and retreated down the hill pursued by the French. The Spanish troops rallied on a brigade of the Light Division but their attack had cost them 1,500 casualties.

Picton also had met with a temporary check. His impetuous nature led him to turn his "demonstration" along the canal into a real attack on the bridge of Jumeaux. The French defending a work which was too high to be reached with scaling ladders repulsed Brisbane's Brigade (1/45th, 74th, 1/88th) of the 3rd Division with a loss of nearly 400 officers and men, and the Allies in the centre were held up. Hill who had carried the first line of entrenchments at St. Cyprien was stopped by a stronger second line and the allied right was consequently at a standstill. Victory for the Allies now depended on what Beresford's left wing could do.

Profiting by his success on his left and centre Soult withdrew a division and then a brigade to reinforce his right where a stiff fight was in progress.

Beresford had suffered severely in his flank march and found the ground so heavy that he was compelled to leave his artillery behind. But having reached a turning position he formed line and carried a redoubt covering the French right beating off a strong counter-attack and repulsing their cavalry. His success now changed the aspect of affairs and the French were once more on the defensive. But the force which Wellington had in hand for the final assault was perilously small, comprising a Scottish Brigade (Pack) of the 6th Division and the Portuguese of the same Division, all the remainder of Beresford's two Divisions being engaged in keeping in check the enemy on the left of Pack. It was about 2.30 p.m. when the final advance was made. Pack's Brigade hitherto sheltered in a hollow road carried the French entrenchments in gallant style. A vigorous counter attack cost the 42nd about 4/5ths of their numbers, yet the Scottish Brigade prevailed and the French abandoned the position.

During this fight the Spaniards had again attacked their hill and had been again repulsed.

Observing that they were now forming for another assault, that Picton was again menacing the bridge and line of the canal and that Beresford was advancing along the summit of Mont Rave, Soult considered further resistance useless, and about 5 p.m. withdrew his columns behind the canal while the Spaniards occupied the abandoned works.

In this manner ended the last battle of the Peninsular War. Wellington expressed the opinion that never in the whole of his experience had he seen an army so strongly posted as the French at this battle; yet this very position was carried against a French army of nearly equal numbers with a loss of about 4,600 officers and men. The French losses were considerably less, about 3,000 altogether. Yet all this slaughter was useless for Paris had capitulated to the Allies on the Continent on the 30th March, the Emperor had abdicated and couriers were hurrying southwards. The news, however, did not for a few days reach the combatants round Toulouse, and the opposing commanders made all preparations for renewing the fight next morning. Soult replaced his ammunition and re-organised and added to his artillery from the arsenal at Toulouse and wrote to Suchet appointing a *rendezvous* on the Upper Garonne.

Wellington, however, realising that the new French position behind the canal was as difficult to attack as their former one, and that it would be a big affair calling for fresh dispositions and more ammunition, which could only be obtained from the ammunition park at the other side of the river Garonne, and desirous also of giving Hill fresh instructions crossed to St. Cyprien on the 11th. The day had passed before arrangement had been made and fresh ammunition distributed and the attack was deferred to the 12th.

The Allied Commander had intended to surround the French army in Toulouse but Soult forestalled him. Leaving 1,600 wounded and eight pieces of heavy artillery the French general moved out of the place during the night of the 11th and made a forced march of 22 miles. Next morning Wellington and his staff entered Toulouse which had declared for the Bourbons and the same evening a French and an English officer arrived from Paris with the news of the capitulation and abdication. The Peninsular War was over.

"Do you call this a park?" the American who was over for the Coronation asked when he went into Hyde Park. "Why, in America our parks are so big that if a boy seven years old starts to walk across one of them he is a grandfather by the time he has got over it."

That night at the hotel they put up a little job on the American. They placed a live crab in his bed. When it pinched his big toe he got up and screamed.

"What's the matter?" they said when they went into his room. "That's nothing; that is only one of the smallest of our English fleas."

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TO THE BITTER END.

(*Continued from page 26*).

Chapter III.

WANTED.

In a room furnished only with the barest necessities, Detective-Inspector William Forrester sat at a table reading a document with close attention. His appearance did not at all coincide with the popular conception of members of the Criminal Investigation Department; no writer of "Feuilletons" for the halfpenny press would have taken him for a model, yet there was no smarter man in the Department. Round-faced and inclined to be stout, William Forrester's features were redeemed from being commonplace by the twinkle of his blue eyes. He was indeed a pronounced optimist, as many a criminal tracked from the slightest clue had reason to remember in his hours of enforced leisure.

When he had finished reading the report Forrester remained for a few minutes in deep thought, and then picking up a telephone directory began turning over the pages. Finding the page he wanted he ran his finger rapidly down the names, "Here we are," he said, "Balmain, Captain Richard, 50 Down Street, that's the man," and folding up the report rose to his feet.

Early as it was he had no difficulty in picking up a taxi. Bidding the man to drive to Down Street he leant back in the cab and considered the case which had been placed in his hands. Murder, though uncommon, was not altogether unknown in London, but this promised to be a difficult case to unravel. From the report, there seemed only one definite clue, but then had he not often been faced with a similar lack of evidence to go upon?

When he reached Down Street, Forrester was surprised to see a constable entering No. 50, accompanied by an individual whose appearance denoted a state of great excitement. At the sight of the detective's warrant-card the constable stood aside, and Forrester followed by the excited individual entered the hall and pressed the lift-bell.

"Captain Balmain's flat?" he said to the hall porter.

"'E ain't there," broke in the man who had followed him. "I went to call 'im ten minutes ago, an' 'e ain't there," he repeated. "Ain't been—"

Forrester held up his hand.

"You can tell me all about it later," he said quietly, "just open the door for me."

Ex-Private Springer, late of the Blankshires, flung open the door of the flat, and Forrester passing through the tiny hall with a glance at the hats and coats hanging up found himself in Balmain's sitting room.

The cause of the man's excitement was now manifest. The place had been ransacked from top to bottom. Chair cushions were on the floor, the drawers of a writing-table were open and books taken hastily from a bookcase littered the room.

Forrester looked at the confusion with a slight smile.

"Somebody anxious to find something," he muttered; and then turned quickly to the servant. "Is this room as you found it a few minutes ago?"

"I never touched nothin'!" answered Springer. "When I opened the door an' found the place like this 'ere, it made me come all over queer like. An' there's 'is bedroom too, bed ain't been slep' in an' the captain ain't been 'ome; else where's 'is dress-soote? 'An' so I ses to myself, 'It's burglars,' and I run out to find a cop."

Then after a pause he added. "You ain't a cop?"

Forrester smiled. "No, I'm not a cop, I'm a detective."

At the mention of this mystic word, Springer brightened visibly.

"Then you'll soon find who done it," he said.

"I hope so," answered Forrester enigmatically, and went into the bedroom, which was in the same state of utter confusion.

Suits of clothes and underclothing lay about the floor, chests of drawers and wardrobe were open, and the room had evidently undergone a thorough search. Returning to the sitting-room the detective took a seat.

"How long have you been in Captain Balmain's service?"

"Ever since I put in my twenty-one," was the reply. "I was 'is servant in the Blankshires until 'e went to the War Office"—Forrester made an entry in his pocket book—"an' then I took 'im on again when I left the Army."

"Had the Captain any relatives or friends who were frequent visitors?"

"Yes 'e 'ad; there was a young leddy an' an old gentleman, a general, I b'lieve 'e was from the look of 'im, Thornhill, the name was, an' there was a young chap, a cousin I b'lieve, Corbould was 'is name."

"What was Corbould like?"

"A smart soldier-looking chap! 'E was in the Blankshires with the Captain."

"Do you know what his Christian name was?" asked Forrester thinking of the report.

"Arthur, or Archie, I think it was the Captain used to call 'im, but I don't rightly remember."

"Do you know where the Captain went last night?"

"Yes, leastways I over'eard somethink. This 'ere Mr. Corbould calls for the Captain, and I 'eard 'im say somethink about the theayter, and the Captain 'e asks me for a clean pair of white gloves; so I suppose 'e gone to one of them dances."

Forrester rose and began a systematic examination of the room. The position of everything was entered in a notebook and carefully described. The papers were examined, drawers searched, and books turned over. As the detective passed a table from which the table-cloth was hanging partly on the floor he trod on a corner of the cloth. Curiosity is ever a detective's weakness. Forrester bent down, pulled aside the cloth and found underneath it an ordinary dogskin glove, which he picked up. Turning back the inside of the glove he saw that it bore stamped on it the name of a foreign firm and the place of their factory; without paying at the moment any particular attention to the glove the detective placed it in his pocket. When he had finished his examination of the room Forrester turned again to Springer.

"What I am going to tell you will be a shock to you I'm afraid. Captain Balmain was found murdered in the street early this morning."

"Good God," explained Springer staggering back, and after a pause added, "then that's why 'e didn't come 'ome?"

The servant, much upset at the news of his master's tragic death, remained silent, whilst Forrester gave another glance round the room preparatory to leaving. His eye fell on the open drawers of the writing table.

"I suppose the Captain kept these drawers unlocked?" he remarked.

Springer started at the question, crossed the room quickly and examined the drawers.

"The Captain always kep' these drawers locked, 'cos I've often tried 'em to see," he said. "Somebody's been monkeying with these 'ere locks."

"Is there anything of value missing from the flat?"

"Nothink as I knows of," was the reply, "the Captain never kep' anything like that, and whoever come 'ere come to the wrong shop for valuables."

Forrester turned to go. As he crossed the room he caught sight of some letters on a side table partly hidden by a newspaper. Picking them up he opened them one by one while Springer watched him in amazement.

"Begging letter . . . . somebody's coals . . . . moneylender's circular . . . . a bill—" he was just folding it up again when something of the contents caught his eye. It was an account from a firm of Jermyn Street hosiers, and one item read, "To 3 pairs grey suede gloves." The detective pulled the glove he had found from his pocket, looked at it for a moment curiously and put it back again.

There remained one letter which he now opened. It was very brief, was headed "War Office," and ran as follows:—

"Dear Balmain,

Thinking over what you told me to-day I consider it would be as well if you destroyed the rough notes of your recent trip.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE FORTESCUE."

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The detective replaced the letter in its envelope and turned to Springer.

"When did these letters come?"

"First post this morning, I brought 'em up myself."

"By-the-bye, have you got yesterday's paper?" he said, placing the letters in his pocket-book.

The servant opened a cupboard and produced *The Times*.

"The Captain always 'ad the papers kep' a few days," he answered, as he handed it over.

With practised eye Forrester scanned the columns. "Here we are," he said, with a note of triumph in his voice. "Arrangements for this day . . . . General Thornhill's dance at Cavendish Square. Useful things, newspapers; save one a lot of trouble." Then ushering Springer from the room, he locked the door and sealed up the flat. As the detective walked towards Cavendish Square he puffed his pipe vigorously, and his plump face wore a look of satisfaction. "Not a bad half hour's work," he thought. "Lucky I got there before the bobby had time to mess things about. But how these old soldiers do talk." He had no difficulty in finding General Thornhill's house; some workmen were removing the awning, and a sleepy butler, answering his ring at the bell, informed him that General Thornhill was not up yet and not likely to be. Forrester stepped inside the hall and showed his card to the man, who, though he had led a blameless life, became obviously uncomfortable.

"I want to ask you a few questions; now, tell me, was Captain Balmain here last night?"

"Yes."

"Did you happen to see him leave the house?"

"Yes, I saw him leave with Mr. Corbould."

"What's Mr. Corbould like?"

"A smart looking gentleman with fair hair and moustache, about middle height," and then with his confidence restored when he found that he personally was not the object of the detective's visit, added:—

"They're great friends, those two, but there's one thing that's going to cause trouble between 'em."

Forrester raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"And that's our young lady; I believe they're both sweet on her," he said, with a wink.

The detective thanked the man and left the house. Crossing over the road he paced slowly round the square on the narrow pavement. Things were beginning to take shape, he reflected and proceeded to go over the case point by point. The evidence was all in one direction and against one person, but there was a want of motive for such a crime. The detective continued his walk for some time, smoking furiously, then turning abruptly said aloud, "Perhaps, I'd better see this Mr. Corbould," and left the square.

The door of Archie Corbould's flat was opened by a wiry sallow-complexioned man of foreign appearance, with shifty eyes.

"Is Mr. Corbould at home?" asked Forrester.

"No, sir," replied Lucien.

"I have an appointment with him and will come in and wait."

Lucien hesitated; then stepped aside and admitted the detective.

"Mr. Corbould has gone away," he said with a slight trace of foreign accent.

"I suppose he'll soon be back again; when did he go?"

Lucien made no reply, and Forrester stepped into the smoking room.

"Your master has very comfortable quarters here; do you know where he has gone?"

Lucien replied in the negative, adding after a pause, "Unless he has gone for a flight in his aeroplane."

"So Mr. Corbould has taken up flying, has he? Come, come, man, you must know something about your master; was he here last night?"

"No."

Forrester regarded the man for a moment and then went into the adjoining bedroom. The room was tidy, the bed made and everything appeared to be in order.

The detective turned.

"I am a police officer," he said, "and I want to know where your master is; tell me what you know."

Lucien's pale face flushed; he hesitated, then said slowly:—

"I will tell you what I know. Mr. Corbould went out to dinner early last evening, and I have not seen him since. After he had gone a telegram came for him which I placed on his table. This morning when I came to wake him, I found his bed had not been slept in and the telegram had disappeared. That is all I know."

"Can you think of any reason why he should go away like this?"

"No."

"Your master's a rich man, isn't he?" asked Forrester, with a glance round the luxurious apartment.

Lucien shrugged his shoulders. "Mr. Corbould is not rich, but he can't get along without plenty of money, and he has to have it."

"Ah," said the detective thoughtfully, "he's a young man, isn't he? How does he spend his time?"

The other did not answer at first; then with a show of reluctance, he said:—"Racing and gambling are Mr. Corbould's chief amusements."

"And expensive ones, too; where does the money come from, eh? moneylenders I suppose. You're quite certain about that telegram? Didn't Mr. Corbould leave a note for you?"

"He left nothing."

By-the-bye, has Mr. Corbould's cousin, Captain Balmain been here lately?"

Lucien flushed again.

"He was here two nights ago; ah, if Mr. Corbould could have the money which Captain Balmain will have one day, there would be no more need for moneylenders."

"So Captain Balmain is coming into money, is he? From whom?"

"An uncle, and if anything happens to Captain Balmain the money comes to Mr. Corbould."

"How do you know all this, eh?"

"It is a servant's business to know all about his master," replied Lucien cynically.

"Well, you're wonderful people you valets, just see if your master has taken away any clothes with him?"

Lucien went into the bedroom.

Forrester crossed the room quickly to the writing table and opened the blotter. Turning over some loose papers, one of them caught his eye. He read it with a slight smile on his cheery face, placed it in his pocket and returned to his place as Lucien re-entered the room.

"A brown suit is missing, so he must have taken that."

Forrester nodded and left the flat. As he ran down the stairs his face was wreathed in smiles, and he was still smiling as he seated himself at his table again and drew out the report on the case.

"Corbould's the man I want."

He seized a pen and for the next few minutes with knitted brows wrote furiously with many corrections. Next morning there appeared in the London and Provincial papers the following notice:—

Metropolitan Police.

£150 Reward

Archibald Corbould,

lately living in Seymour Street, W.,

wanted for

MURDER.

Description—Age about 35; height about 5ft. 10in.; complexion, fair; thin features, fair hair and moustache; upright soldierly bearing, wearing a brown suit and soft felt hat.

The above Reward will be paid to any person (other than a member of any police force in the United Kingdom) who gives such information as will lead to the apprehension of the above named person.

Information to be given at the Metropolitan Police Office, New Scotland Yard, S.W., or at any police station.

(To be continued.)

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 376.] **Thursday, 30th April, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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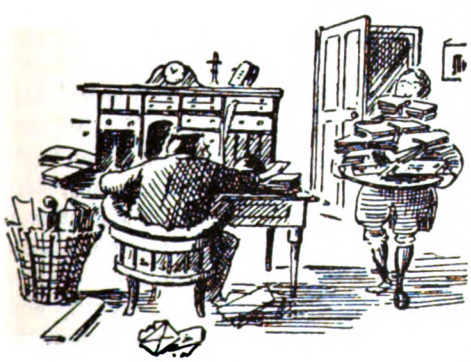
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
30th April, 1914.



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Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Antelope"
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
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"The Green Tiger"
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"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Mr. Wilby	... to 31/12/14	Captain Temperley	... to 31/12/14
J. I. Benson, Esq. ...	... ,, 31/12/14	Captain Spence ...	... ,, 31/12/14
Mr. W. E. Franklin	... ,, 31/12/14	Colonel Rowland ...	... ,, 31/12/14
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Lieut.-Colonel Orde	... ,, 31/12/14	Mr. J. Dalzell	January Adverts.

MARRIAGES.

HALL—ROWDEN.—On the 3rd April, at Durham Road Presbyterian Church, Gateshead, by the Rev. G. Reid, of Wooler, Robert Scott Hall, second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Hall, Earle Hill, Wooler, to Marion (Minnie) Rowden, only daughter of ex-Colour-Sergeant-Instructor G. Rowden, late 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, and Mrs. G. Rowden, 5, Fenwick Terrace, Gateshead.

ROWSELL—ROBINSON.—On the 4th April, at St. Paul's, Alnwick, No. 632 Lance-Sergeant J. H. Rowsell, the Depôt, to Amy, eldest daughter of Mr. W. R. Robinson, of Alnwick.

THORNTON—THORNTON.—On the 14th April, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, by the Rev. E. Y. Orlebar and the Rev. E. Hill, Charles Edward Thornton, youngest son of the late Captain E. B. Thornton (49th Regiment) and Mrs. E. B. Thornton, to Mary Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Colonel H. C. Thornton, Grenadier Guards, and the late Mrs. H. C. Thornton, St. John's, Muggerhanger, Bedfordshire.

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DEATHS.

NIGHTINGALE.—On the 2nd April, at Portsmouth, Derrick George, son of No. 7811 Lance-Corporal W. Nightingale, 1st Battalion.

QUINN.—On the 28th March, at Fort Gomer, No. 3481 Private M. Quinn, 1st Battalion.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

SPECIAL RESERVE.—Supplementary to Regular units or corps:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Cadet-Corporal C. J. McK. Thompson, from Durham University O.T.C., to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation) (dated 18th April, 1914).

TERRITORIAL FORCE:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. M. Joicey to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 17th March, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant R. W. Nicholson resigns his commission (dated 22nd April, 1914).

1st Battalion Notes.

CAMBRIDGE BARRACKS,
PORTSMOUTH,
25th April, 1914.

THE second stage of the year's training began on the 30th March with the departure of B and C Companies to Fort Purbrook, one of the dismantled forts that line the Portsdown Hills to the north of Portsmouth. These forts were part of an elaborate scheme of land defence initiated by Lord Palmerston, the then Secretary of State for War, in the middle of last century. Their construction is said to have cost the sum of £3,000,000. B and C Companies returned to Headquarters at the end of their platoon training, on the 18th inst., on which day they were replaced by A and D Companies who are still there. The War Department land round Fort Purbrook is reasonably varied and extensive, and the fine sunny weather which, in common with the rest of the country, we have been enjoying has been very favourable to outdoor work. Brigadier-General Capper, the new Inspector of Infantry, paid our Detachment a visit there on the 21th.

Platoon training ends on the 6th May. The next day we shall all be in camp at Wool, Dorset, there to do our annual musketry, company and battalion training. We shall not see Portsmouth again till the end of June.

St. George's Day passed off without a hitch of any kind. The sky was overclouded in the morning and a little rain fell, but not more than enough to lay the dust, and the succeeding hours were bright with sunshine. It was in fact a perfect day for a military ceremony. Our own barrack square being unsuited to any large gathering, the Colours were trooped on the spacious Clarence Barracks parade ground adjoining. The officers' mess room and three marquees outside held the officers' guests at luncheon. The parade, which began at noon, took just 35 minutes. The Drummers' Colour, though the bearer of it was not so diminutive as in some past years, attracted the usual attention, and the steadiness of all ranks in movement or saluting was generally praised.

Colonel Hart-Dyke, as the senior old officer present, took the salute at the "march past," while the salute following the "advance in review order," was acknowledged together by Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux and Brigadier-General Shaw.

For the first time in the history of the Regiment a guest for St. George's Day flew to his destination. This was Mr. Cogan, of the Royal Flying Corps, brother of Lieutenant Cogan, who came over from Netheravon in this very up-to-date fashion. "How else should he come?" will perhaps be the comment of some future reader of old volumes of our paper when he lights on this paragraph. "Surely not in those funny old motor-cars our forefathers were so fond of!"

Among the officers and non-commissioned officers, past and present, of the Regiment there were present Major Bett, Captain Bevan, Captain Wreford Brown, Lieutenant Blackett Ord, Major Caulfield, Captain Clifford, Mr. Collins, Colonel Darley, Captain Douglas, Lieutenant Garnier, Major Harding, Colonel Hargreaves, Colonel Hart-Dyke, Colonel Heathcote, Lieutenant Holderness, Major Isacke, Colonel James, Colonel Kilgour, Colonel Lambton, Sir H. Miles, Lieutenant Platt, Captain C. W. Ritson, Captain Sant, Captain Sarel, Captain Stobart, Colonel Sturges, Lieutenant-Colonel Shoubridge, Lieutenant J. C. Trench, Major Wood, Major Wright, Captain Young, Mr. Wallace, Serjeants-Major Simms, Redhead and Morgan, and Messrs. Ford, Millward, Bex, Redmond, Seed, McKim, Aitken and Harvey.

Among others present were Mrs. Enderby, Mrs. Bett, Mrs. A. C. Girdwood, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Caulfield, Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Garnier, Mrs. Hart-Dyke, Mrs. Sarel, Mrs. Shoubridge, Mrs. Ainslie, Colonel and Mrs. Atherley, Sir Graham, Lady and Miss Bower, Lieutenant Boisier, Mrs. Stephen, Captain and Mrs. Butt, Mrs. and Miss Bassett, Mrs. Ovans, Commander Brook, Sir Cecil and Lady Brett, Major Baker, Mrs. Forster, Mrs. and Miss Boyd, Mrs. Borrer, Mr. Buckley, Mrs. Bonham Carter, Sub-Lieutenant Bucknill, Miss Brêton, Captain and Mrs. Campbell, Captain and Miss Crookenden, Engineer-Commander and Mrs. Croisdale, Colonel Cox, Colonel and Mrs. Fegen, Mrs. Yatman, Captain Clutton, Sir R. and Lady Colleton, Mr. St. Clair, Miss Campbell, Mr. Courage, the Masters Clifford, Mr. Cogan, R.F.C., Major and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs St. John, Rev. G. and Mrs. Colbeck, Mr. and the Misses Durnford, Mr. Drewitt, Captain and Mrs. Ellison, Miss Garsit, Mrs. Gatehouse, Mother Emma, Colonel and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gunner, Colonel, Mrs. and the Misses Godley, Mrs. and the Misses Grenfell, Major and Mrs. Gordon, Miss Booth, Miss Gatehouse, Mr. and Miss Garrett, Mrs. and Miss Giles, Sub-Lieutenant Gunner, Mr. and Mrs. C.

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R. Gunner, Miss Gunner, Captain and Mrs. Hordern, Mr. A. F. Hordern, Major and Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. and Miss Harkness, Major and Mrs. Hill-Whitson, Captain Harrison Smith, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Hoffman, Lieutenant-Commander Hardman Jones, Viscountess Hardinge, Mrs. Howe, Captain and Mrs. Inglis, Miss Jones, Rev. and Mrs. Jarvis, Brigadier-General, Mrs. and the Misses Kelly, Colonel and Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Lawson, Miss Lamb, Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, the Hon. the Misses Cadogan, Captain and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Maudsley, the Nursing Sisters Married Families Hospital, and of the Alexandra Hospital, Cosham, Colonel and Mrs. Pym, Colonel, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Powell, Miss Phillips, Mrs. and Miss Platt, Rev. and Mrs. Pulling, Mrs. Rowe, Colonel and Mrs. Swaine, General and Mrs. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Dorman Smith, Mr. V. Dorman Smith, Captain and Mrs. Stapleton Cotton, Mrs. and Miss Corbet-Singleton, Rev. and Mrs. Saleeby, Colonel Twyne, Captain and Mrs. Traill, Captain and Mrs. Tower, Mr. and Miss Vachell, Mr. and Mrs. Worke, Miss and Master Cracroft-Wilson, Colonel and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Watkin, Mr. and Mrs. Wace, General Sir Jocelyn, Lady and Master Woodhouse, Mr. and Miss Ward, Mrs. Brian Walker, Miss Marett, Mr., Mrs. E. and Miss Yatman, the Officers, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, H.M.S. *Excellent*, the Lincolnshire Regiment, R.M.A., 3rd Reserve Brigade R.F.A., 3rd R.A.M.C., Royal Naval Barracks, R.M.L.I., R.G.A., R.E., Scots Fusiliers, H.M.S. *Vernon*, A.S.C., and many others.

Telegrams were received from Colonel Binny, Captain and Mrs. Evans, Major Buckley, Colonel Robinson, General and Mrs. Bigge, Major Armstrong, H.M.S. *St. George*, Captain Jackson, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitaker, Captain Warwick, Lieutenant Sutherland, Colonel Graeme, Colonel Beamish, Colonel Pollock, Colonel Lonsdale Hale, Colonel Money, Royal Society St. George, Lieutenant Forsyth, Captain Spence, Captain Cruddas, Colonel and Mrs. Cherry, Major Percival, Captain and Mrs. Kershaw, Mrs. Malet and Mr. Guy Malet, Captain Blair Imrie, Captain Shafto, Captain and Mrs. Gordon, Captain Nicholls, Colonel Pocklington, Captain Athill, Colonel Pearse Hobbs, Colonel Heard, Captain Foljambe, Captain Festing, Colonel Armstrong, Captain Thornton, Major and Mrs. Thomson, Captain Larpent, Captain Carthew, Captain Gibbes, Colonel Ritson, Captain Lynch Staunton, Colonel Riddell, Captain E. P. A. Riddell, Lieutenant Salier, Lieutenant Milne Home, Colonel Roddam, Mr. Kemeys Tynte, Colonel Stewart, Captain Douglas, Captain Spence, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Leach, Captain Rickman, General Sitwell, the Depôt, and the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions.

The Trooping of the Colours is being shewn this week on the cinematograph at the Picture House, Commercial Road, and is reported by all who have seen it to be a most successful reproduction.

One very sad event occurred on St. George's Day. This was the sudden death of Mr. Aitken in barracks. He had seemed in perfect health up to the last. We offer our sincere condolences on this old 1st Battalion soldier's death to his family and friends.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Once more St. George's Day has come and gone. It was a memorable day for us inasmuch as it was the first St. George's Day any of us had spent, as members of the mess, with the Battalion at home. It is unnecessary to refer at length to the day's celebrations, which are dealt with in another column. We were more than delighted to see so many of our old friends turn up to spend the day with us, and we wish them all the very best of luck till we meet again. Amongst them were Sergeant-Majors Redhead, Simms and Morgan, Bandmaster Wallace, Messrs. Redmond, Ponton, Bex, Devlin, Ford, Hatto and Harvey.

Congratulatory telegrams were received from Major Thomson, Messrs. Kirkland, Williamson, Rowland, Parish, Railson, Fisk, Down, Lendon, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Haddon, and Sergeant Laws.

We were very pleased to see Major Bett who called in during the afternoon, and were sorry he could not make a longer stay. We also welcomed Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Fisk, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Millward and Mrs. Ford.

Prior to the officers' luncheon several of our members had the honour of a chat with several old officers of the Regiment.

The Ball was held at the Assembly Rooms, Clarence Pier Hotel, and much praise is due to Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Lewis and his energetic committee for the way in which everything was prepared. The decorations and arrangements in general reflected great credit on them. Our guests numbered about 450. Amongst those who we were glad to welcome was Colonel the Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O. Dancing was kept up till the early hours of the morning, and the complete success of the evening cannot be questioned. The committee, under Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Lewis, consisted of Sergeants Cameron, Gillborn, Poole, Grundy and Truscott. The first four of these were the M.C.'s.

We are sorry to have to lose one of our oldest members in Sergeant Payne who is leaving us on discharge through ill-health. We all wish both him and Mrs. Payne every success and prosperity in civil life.

We held our first monthly dance on the 3rd inst., which was largely attended and proved a great success. We are sorry that we will not be able to hold many of these dances during our stay in Portsmouth owing to the limited accommodation in Cambridge Barracks. On this occasion we had to borrow the R.G.A. Recreation Room, Clarence Barracks.

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeant:—

No. 1203 Lance-Sergt. E. M. Bradford from 15/4/14

To be paid Lance-Sergeant:—

No. 2206 Corporal H. Towler from 15/4/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 2412 Lance-Corporal J. White from 4/4/14
„ 1491 „ J. Drayson „ 15/4/14

To be Bandsman:—

No. 9615 Private J. Gibbon from 19/3/14

No. 4607 Sergeant-Major W. Cobban has been awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal with gratuity, *vide* A.O. No. 99, dated April, 1914.

No. 4169 Drummer F. Casey has been permitted to continue in the Service beyond 21 years. Authority, Officer i/c Records, No. 7863/1/a, dated York, the 8th inst.

No. 1555 Sergeant-Shoemaker J. H. Budd has been permitted to continue in the Service beyond 21 years. Authority, Officer i/c Records, No. 7878/1/a, dated York, the 17th inst.

No. 1263 Private A. J. Lundy extended his service to complete 12 years with the Colours. Authority, O.C., 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, dated the 18th inst.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

No. 2407 Private A. Davis awarded 1st Class, dated February, 1914.

No. 3788 Private J. Ashdown awarded 3rd and 2nd Class on the 17th September, 1913, and 9th October, 1913, respectively, whilst serving with the 3rd Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment.

No. 3819 Private G. Williams awarded 3rd Class whilst serving with the 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, dated 2nd March, 1912.

No. 3696 Private C. Colls awarded 2nd Class at Newcastle, dated the 17th ult.

No. 3388 Private T. Marsden awarded 3rd Class on the 28th September, 1911, whilst serving with the 3rd Battalion East Yorks Regiment.

No. 3697 Private H. Cartwright and No. 3715 Private G. Rayment awarded 3rd Class at Newcastle, dated the 17th ult.

Twenty-four recruits have joined during the month.

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

No. 2185	Private J. West	2	from	20/2/13
„ 2213	„ L. Pitt	2	„	21/5/13
„ 2288	Lance-Corporal C. Pilgrim	2	„	20/7/13
„ 2392	„ W. White	2	„	19/8/13
„ 3291	Private H. Whitton	1	„	3/1/14
„ 3321	Lance-Corporal G. Allen	1	„	25/1/14
„ 2517	„ J. Lamb	2	„	18/2/14
„ 3328	Private W. Rutherford	1	„	12/3/14
„ 3393	„ J. Marshall	1	„	21/3/14
„ 3396	„ A. Clowery	1	„	23/3/14

2nd Battalion Notes.

AMBALA,

22nd March, 1914.

AT the time of writing these notes, everyone is busy preparing for our departure for the hills. On the night of Monday, March 23rd, we start our march to Sabathu. Captain Hart and Second-Lieutenant Legard left here with H Company on the morning of the 19th inst. to march to Jutogh where H Company is to do detachment duty. This is only a few miles from Simla where these officers hope to get some good polo. Lieutenant Rushbrooke with G Company went up to Sabathu a fortnight in advance of the Battalion to help in the construction of a field-firing range there, while A Company have gone to Dagshai where we have to supply another detachment.

It is very unfortunate that we should again be split up in this way.

Two Regimental Tours took place here at the end of February under the direction of Major Turner.

On the 26th February, several of the officers were the guests of H.H. The Maharajah of Patiala, when they enjoyed a very good morning's pig-sticking. Unfortunately, although sows were abundant, boars were not so easily found. However, three good pig were speared before we adjourned for a very excellent luncheon, which was prepared for us in one of the Maharajah's shooting boxes. In the afternoon we watched a cricket match, Patiala v. Ambala, and later on in the evening some of us played polo with the Patiala players. Altogether, we had an extremely enjoyable day, thanks to the kind hospitality of the Maharajah and his officers.

On the 12th March the Ambala Spring Week started with the Horse Show in the morning and races in the afternoon. In the former, the total entries from the FIFTH numbered over thirty. Captain Auld's ch. a. g. "Gold" was awarded 1st prize in the Arab and Country bred Polo Pony Class, and in the class for English and Colonial ponies his ch. e. mare, "Waltz Dream," gained third prize. Lieutenant Leverson's b. waler mare, "Molly," carried off the 2nd prize in the English and Colonial Polo Pony Class. There was a large attendance at the Show and, we believe, a record number of entries. The Horse Show continued all day on the 13th and was followed by two more days' racing.

The Ambala Spring Polo Tournament, for a cup presented by the 9th Hodson's Horse and 30th Lancers, took place on the 17th, 19th and 21st March. On the first day, the Ferrets beat the Fifth Fusiliers Subalterns' Team

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by one goal. The 8th Hussars' "A" Team were beaten by the 9th Hodson's Horse and the 8th Hussars' "B" Team defeated the "Kilts and Cannons." Our Captains' Team were beaten by the 30th Lancers. On the second day, the Ferrets were defeated by the 9th Hodson's Horse and the 8th Hussars' "B" Team beat the 30th Lancers. On the 21st March, in the Final, the 8th Hussars' "B" Team were again successful winning from the 9th Hodson's Horse by three goals.

We are glad to say that Captain Auld has quite recovered from his accident at Bareilly, and was playing in great form for our Captains' Team in the Ambala Tournament.

Major Crispin is due to arrive at Sabathu shortly and will take over command of E Company.

Second-Lieutenants Corbet-Singleton and Markham are expected to join us on the 2nd or 3rd April.

The Regimental Teams entered for the Ambala Tournament were composed as follows:—

CAPTAINS.		SUBALTERNS.	
(*1*)	Captain Auld	(*1*)	Mr. K. G. Williams
(*2*)	,, Gibson	(*2*)	,, W. H. C. Brownlow
(*3*)	,, Hart	(*3*)	,, G. R. F. Leverson
(*Back*)	,, Lamb	(*Back*)	,, G. P. Legard

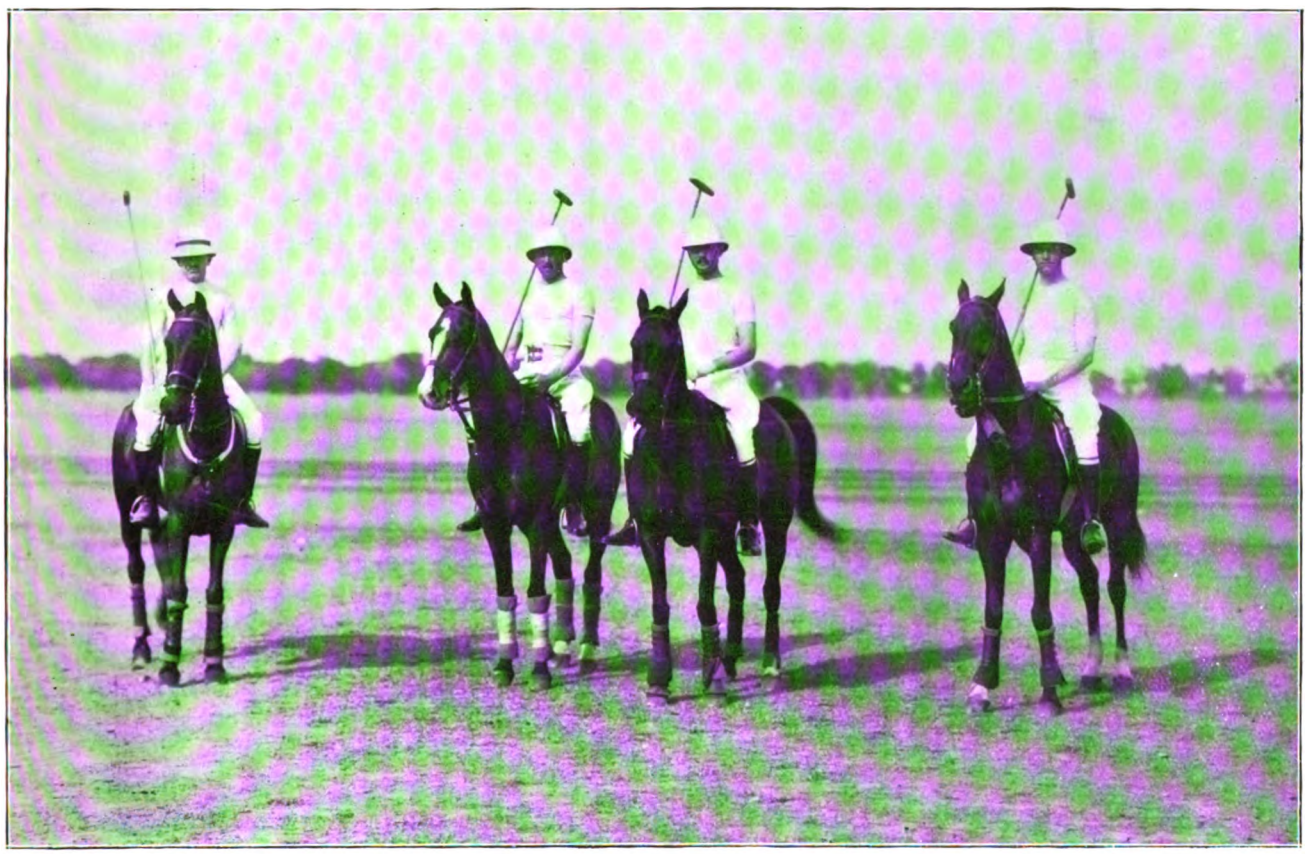
The following promotion and appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeant:—

No. 1434 Lance-Sergeant F. Watson.

To be paid Lance-Sergeants:—

No. 931 Corpl. W. H. Kennett (*vice* Kenning, dis.) from 5/2/14
,, 69 ,, G. Prophet (*vice* Watson, pmtd.) ,, 18/2/14



Capt. Auld. Capt. Hart. Lieut. Brownlow. Lieut. Sutherland.

2ND BATTALION REGIMENTAL POLO TEAM.

To be Corporal:—

No. 3023 Lce.-Corpl. F. Honeyball from 5/2/14
,, 5174 ,, T. Watts (*vice* Watson, pmtd.) ,, 18/2/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 3532 L.-Cpl. M. Turner (*vice* Honeyball, pmtd.) from 5/2/14
,, 3100 ,, L. Speight (*vice* Watts, pmtd.) ,, 18/2/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2651	Private	W. Shaw	from 20/2/14
,, 2653	,,	J. Sheppard	,, 20/2/14
,, 2934	,,	J. Camamile	,, 25/2/14
,, 2593	,,	J. Bradford	,, 13/3/14
,, 2892	,,	A. Pollard	,, 13/3/14
,, 2980	,,	W. Rowley	,, 13/3/14

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No. 3179 Lance-Corporal C. Massey has been awarded an Assistant Instructor's Certificate in Physical Training, dated the 6th ult.

No. 3310 Lance-Corporal Chapman was transferred to the Royal Garrison Artillery on the 28th ult.

No. 862 Private F. Burt proceeded home on the 12th inst. on discharge on payment of £18.

Private S. Forrest transferred from the 2nd Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment on the 1st inst.

FOOTBALL.

PUNJAB-BENGAL TOURNAMENT.

2ND ROUND.

5TH FUSILIERS v. 4TH BATT. K.R.R. CORPS.

This match was played in the heat of the afternoon, the kick-off being fixed for 2.45 p.m. The FIFTH played a smart game up to half-time, and at the interval were only down one goal, which was an excellent performance when one considers that we are at present only building a team from the remnants of the 1st and 2nd Battalions. The result of the game was a win for the K.R.R. by 3 goals to *nil*. The defence of the FIFTH was very good, the play of Privates Ridley and Challis at back and Lance-Sergeant Morris at half being exceptionally good. We, however, missed (through injuries) the services of Private Lynn and Bandsman Cunningham.

Below will be found the various Games Leagues up to date:—

FOOTBALL.

1ST LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
H	...	11	4	3	4	12
A	...	9	4	2	3	11
B	...	5	3	1	1	7
G	...	5	3	1	1	7
D	...	6	2	1	3	7
E	...	5	1	3	1	3
C	...	6	0	4	2	2
F	...	3	0	2	1	1

2ND LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
B	...	5	3	1	1	7
A	...	6	3	2	1	7
C	...	3	2	0	1	5
F	...	3	2	1	0	4
H	...	6	1	3	2	4
D	...	2	1	1	0	2
E	...	3	0	2	1	1
G	...	2	0	2	0	0

HOCKEY.

1ST LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
A	...	6	5	0	1	11
D	...	7	2	1	4	8
H	...	7	2	1	4	8
E	...	7	3	3	1	7
F	...	8	2	3	3	7
G	...	7	1	3	3	8
B	...	5	2	3	0	4
C	...	7	1	4	2	4

2ND LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
C	...	4	3	1	0	6
H	...	2	2	0	0	4
A	...	2	1	0	1	3
F	...	3	1	1	1	3
B	...	2	1	0	1	3
G	...	3	1	2	0	2
D	...	3	0	3	0	0
E	...	2	0	2	0	0

TUG-OF-WAR.

FINAL LEAGUE TABLE—110 STONE TUG-OF-WAR.

Coy.	Pulled.	Won.	Lost.	Pulls For.	Pulls Agst.	Pts.	Pts. for Athletic Shield.
G	14	14	0	28	2	28	14
F	14	11	3	24	7	22	10
A	14	9	5	19	11	18	6
H	14	8	6	16	12	16	4
B	14	6	8	13	16	12	0
C	14	6	8	12	16	12	0
D	14	2	12	4	24	4	0
E	14	0	14	0	28	0	0

E Coy. failed to turn out a team against B twice, C once, D once, G once. D Coy. failed to turn out a team against C and G Coy. B Coy. failed to turn out to H Coy.

Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
26th April, 1914.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY was celebrated by the dutymen and recruits of the Depôt at a dinner. Several old Fusiliers were welcomed and did ample justice to the fare. Telegrams of congratulations and good wishes were received from the following, to whom we offer many thanks:—1st Battalion, 2nd Battalion, 3rd Battalion, 6th Battalion, 7th Battalion, Colonel Stewart, Colonel Armstrong, Colonel Ritson, H.M.S. *St. George*, Majors Buchanan and Wood, Captains Festing, Thornton, Douglas, Gibbes, Lieutenant Chenevix-Trench.

Congratulations to Captain Thornton on his marriage.

We were very pleased to see Captain Wreford Brown on his way to and from Norway.

On Sunday, the 26th April, the nearest Sunday to St. George's Day, wreaths were placed on the Old Colours of the Regiment, now in St. Nicholas Cathedral, and also on the War Memorial at Barras Bridge. The Depôt attended Divine Service at the Cathedral, where they were joined by the 6th Battalion of the Regiment, detachments of the 136th and 137th Batteries R.F.A., Durham Light Infantry, the Northumberland Brigade Company A.S.C., Allen's School Cadet Corps, and some 80 members of the Northumberland Veterans' Association, led by their Chairman, Councillor Vincent. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle also attended in state. The service included the Vicar's

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hymn, specially writted for the Regiment. A suitable sermon was preached by the Rev. J. T. Inskip. After service the troops proceeded through densely crowded streets to the War Memorial, where they took up their positions. Wreaths were then placed on it by Major Fishbourne on behalf of the Depôt, Colonel Spain on behalf of the 6th Battalion, and Councillor Vincent on behalf of the Veterans. The National Anthem was then played by the band of the 6th Battalion and the troops returned to Barracks.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

2nd Class :—

(dated 17/3/1914)

No. 3696	Pte. C. Colls	No. 3752	Pte. E. Weaver
„ 3739	„ B. Partleton	„ 3738	„ J. Hall

3rd Class :—

(dated 17/3/1914)

No. 3783	Pte. C. Dipper	No. 3778	Pte. G. Saunders
„ 3793	„ T. Warr	„ 3798	„ S. Brown
„ 3742	„ D. Wright	„ 3715	„ W. Rayment
„ 3844	„ W. Hall	„ 3784	„ E. Preen
„ 8295	„ W. Brownsword	„ 3799	„ A. Rigby
„ 3697	„ H. Cartwright	„ 3730	„ W. Dix
	No. 8303 Pte. J. Brady		

(dated 7/4/1914)

No. 3679	Pte. J. Blair	No. 3803	Pte. B. Williams
„ 3801	„ L. Stein	„ 8201	„ R. Davidson
„ 3811	„ R. Dedman	„ 3727	„ F. Stacey
„ 3791	„ C. Watts	„ 3807	„ A. Gunn
	No. 8309 Pte. W. Holmes		

No. 3890 Sergeant J. Mitcheson was discharged on termination of his second period of engagement on the 26th ult., and has been awarded a pension of 2/3 per diem.

FOOTBALL.

RESULT OF GARRISON LEAGUE.

	Plyd.	Won.	Dwn.	Lost.	Goals For.	Goals Agst.	Pts.
137th Battery, R.F.A.... ...	10	6	1	3	23	13	13
No. 2 Coy., Northd. Fus. ...	10	5	2	3	24	18	12
No. 1 Coy., Northd. Fus. ...	10	4	1	5	21	23	9
No. 1 Coy., Durham L.I. ...	10	3	2	5	20	27	8
No. 2 Coy., Durham L.I. ...	10	2	2	6	21	26	6
136th Battery, R.F.A.... ...	10	2	1	7	22	24	5

RESULT OF KNOCK-OUT COMPETITION.

1st Game.

136th Battery, R.F.A., v. No. 2 Coy., 5th Fusiliers. Lost 6—2.

2nd Game.

No. 1 Coy., 5th Fusiliers, v. No. 1 Coy., D.L.I. Lost 2—4.

Semi-Final.

3rd Game.

136th Battery, R.F.A., v. No. 2 Coy., D.L.I. 3—2.

4th Game.

137th Battery, R.F.A., v. No. 1 Coy., D.L.I. 2—1

Final.

136th Battery, R.F.A., v. 137th Battery, R.F.A. 0—2.

The 137th Battery, R.F.A., have won both Garrison League and Knock-Out Competition.

4th Battalion Notes.

Hexham,
21st April, 1914.

WE are very pleased to welcome Mr. Clive Joicey, the son of our Honorary Colonel, who has taken a commission as Second-Lieutenant in the Battalion.

Our Prudhoe Detachment held their annual "St. George's" Church Parade on Sunday, the 19th inst., and were favoured with glorious weather. About 80 members of the Detachment attended.

We congratulate Captain E. C. Dixon on obtaining his Company.

Captain W. Robb has been attending an Advanced Musketry Course at Hythe, from the 6th to the 18th inst., and Lieutenant and Quartermaster W. H. Wynnsford a Course at the Ordnance Depôt, York, from the 23rd to the 28th March.

Regimental Instructional Exercises were held at Corbridge on the 14th March, and at Bardon Mill on the 28th March, and were well attended.

5th Battalion Notes.

Headquarters, Walker-on-Tyne,
25th April, 1914.

ON the 1st inst. our Battalion stands—Officers at full establishment, and 908 other ranks. Recruits have been coming in freely this month, and we hope to be very near full strength by camp.

On the 21st the Brigadier (Colonel Riddell) paid Headquarters and the Detachments a visit for inspection.

The officers of the Battalion held their Annual Dinner at Messrs. Tilleys, on St. George's night, when about 50 officers and guests were present.

The sergeant-major, staff sergeants and sergeants of the Battalion held their St. George's Ball at Walker, on Friday, the 24th inst., when a large company was present, including many of the officers.

Musketry at Ponteland is making satisfactory progress, large numbers turning up each Saturday, and the weather has been all that we could desire.

We expect that our new recruiting poster will be displayed in a day or two ; this is considered one of the best designs that has been seen, and is the work of one of our own officers—Lieutenant J. C. Leask.

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WALLSEND,
24th April, 1914.

The N.C.O.'s and men of the Detachment held a successful dance on Wednesday, 22nd inst.

GOSFORTH,
24th April, 1914.

H Company had a recruiting scheme during the first 16 days of this month, which resulted in 24 being added, which now makes the Company full strength. At a dance held on the 17th inst. at West Moor the special prizes for recruiting were handed to the winners.

Walker and Wallsend are to hold their St. George's Church Parade on Sunday, the 26th inst., and H Company are to hold theirs at West Moor, on Sunday, the 3rd prox.

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th April, 1914.

COLONEL J. F. Riddell, Commanding the Northumberland Infantry Brigade made his Annual Inspection in Quarters on the 22nd inst.

Congratulations to Lieutenant W. B. Noble on his promotion. We regret the resignation of Lieutenant R. W. Nicholson.

Drills have begun again and recruits are coming in briskly. Possibly the bounty of £1 granted to all efficient soldiers of the Territorial Force is having some effect.

The Corporals' Mess gave a fancy dress ball on the 11th inst., in the Drill Hall.

The men are having a dance on Saturday, the 25th inst. This is a new venture which, if successful, will probably become an annual function in connection with our St. George's Day Festivities.

On the 24th inst. the Sergeants' Annual Ball was held in the Grand Assembly Rooms, Barras Bridge, instead of in the Drill Hall as formerly. There was a large attendance and many of the officers were present with their wives and friends.

The Battalion will attend Divine service at St. Nicholas' Cathedral on the 26th inst. After service the Battalion will march to the War Memorial and the C.O. will place a wreath thereon.

Scene:—Orderly Room of the Old——
C.O.: "Were you drunk, Private Davey?"
Private D.: "Yes, sor."
C.O.: "Disgraceful! Fiftieth chalk."
Private D.: "Yes, sor, my jubilee, sor."

7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
22nd April, 1914.

ASHINGTON Company celebrated St. George's Day by Church Parade on the preceding Sunday, the 19th inst.

Alnwick and Morpeth Companies are parading on Sunday, the 26th inst., and these three Companies are holding dances on St. George's Day.

Editorial Notes.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
25th April, 1914.

WITH regard to the Obituary notice in the February issue recording the death of Mr. S. C. Bishop, we regret that an error has been made in the announcement. Mr. S. C. Bishop was the author of "Eleven Years' Service," which appeared in our columns during last year, and it was his death and not his brother's which should have been recorded.

His brother, Mr. A. E. Bishop, is, we understand, alive and well.

All readers of the *Gazette* will unite in offering their sympathy to Mr. S. C. Bishop's surviving relatives.

We are asked by Colonel Hart-Dyke to correct a sentence in the article dealing with the laying up of the old Colours in Newcastle Cathedral which appeared in the March number.

Colonel Hart-Dyke writes that he did not carry the Colours the last time they were in action, as they were never taken over the frontier in 1878-79-80.

The Editor regrets that there is no pictorial supplement, coloured or otherwise, presented with the St. George's number of the paper. Efforts have been made to provide one and a picture was selected, but the firm who should have carried out the work seem to have been placed *hors de combat* for the moment, either by illness or by a prolonged Easter holiday.

We are unwilling to refer again to the subject of overdue subscriptions, partly because the subject unfortunately has become a hardy annual in the pages of the Regimental paper and partly because any reference of the kind gives us more trouble in the end than the subscribers whose subscriptions are overdue.

But we feel that we ought to mention—in the forlorn hope that this paragraph may catch the eye—that there are now more overdue subscriptions than at any time since the present Editor took over the paper. No less than 75% of these overdue subscriptions belong to the 10/- variety.

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The Regimental Dinner has been arranged to take place on Thursday, 28th May, at the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, at 8 p.m. There is a private entrance in Glasshouse Street.

Letters to the Editor.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AID SOCIETY,
8, HIGHAM PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
14th April, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—The Executive Committee Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society beg to acknowledge with thanks the following subscriptions for 1914 :—

	£	s.	d.
The Hon. F. W. Lambton	1	0	0
Major G. M. Harding	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Robinson	1	1	0
Colonel C. H. L. James	2	2	0
,, C. F. Pollock	2	2	0
Miss Booth	2	2	0
Captain Hon. N. Gathorne Hardy	1	1	0
Colonel E. S. Heard	2	2	0
Major W. C. Wright	1	0	0
,, C. M. A. Wood	1	0	0
Captain F. L. Festing	1	0	0
,, A. Duncombe-Shafto, D.S.O.	1	0	0
,, Hon. J. C. W. S. Foljambe	1	1	0
,, F. Bevan	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel M. W. Biddulph	5	0	0
Brigadier-General F. C. Carter, C.B....	1	1	0
Colonel H. A. Cherry	1	0	0
Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Darley	2	2	0
,, G. Hart-Dyke	2	2	0
Colonel Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O.	5	5	0
Lieutenant-General Sir G. B. Milman, K.C.B. ...	5	0	0
Sir H. R. W. Miles, Bart....	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Hargreave	2	2	0
Mrs. Harkness	1	1	0
Colonel F. Pocklington	5	0	0
,, T. Rowland, C.B.	1	1	0
Major F. W. Saunders	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Pagan	1	1	0
Brigadier-General W. H. Sitwell, C.B., D.S.O. ...	2	2	0
Colonel J. F. Riddell	2	2	0
Major Hon. M. O'Brien, M.V.O., D.S.O.	2	0	0
Captain G. H. L. White	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Whitaker	5	0	0
Captain M. L. Sant...	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. C. Somerville	1	1	0
Colonel D. Sapte	2	0	0
Colonel T. G. L. H. Armstrong...	3	3	0
Mrs. Herbert Armstrong	1	1	0
Colonel E. W. Dashwood...	1	1	0
Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Heathcote...	1	0	0
Major-General T. S. Bigge, C.B.	5	5	0
Major F. B. Morley	1	1	0
Total ...	£81	8	0

Yours truly,
JAS. THOMSON, Major,
Secretary, Northumberland Fusiliers Aid Society.

R.A.T.A. (ST. GEORGE'S) BRANCH,
2ND BN. 5TH FUSILIERS,
AMBALA,
11th March, 1914.

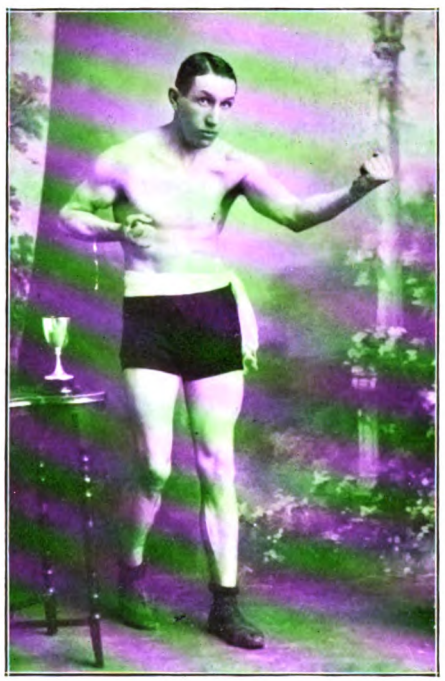
DEAR SIR,—This month our branch of the R.A.T.A. presented Private Falcus with a framed photograph of himself as a means of appreciation and encouragement to him as a boxer. Private Falcus has a record that does him every credit and at a recent meeting of our branch the members requested me to send a photograph and an account of his chief successes to you, hoping you would publish them in our regimental paper.

The photograph and list are attached.

Yours faithfully,
J. TINDLE, Q.M.-Sergt.,
Secretary, R.A.T.A., 2/5th Fusiliers.

List of some of the successes of Private Falcus, 2nd Battalion, during 1912-13-14 :—

1. Won Light-Weight Competition, open to 18th Infantry Brigade, Manœuvres in Wales.
2. Beat Private Woodward, K.O.Y.L.I., at Wakefield, in five rounds, in a contest between the best men of a competition held there.
3. Knocked out Shoeing-Smith Northrop, R.F.A., in a six-round contest at Hartlepool.
4. Beat Private Finley, 18th Hussars (winner of the Irish Army Light-Weight Competition), in 10 rounds at Hartlepool.
5. Won the Open Middle-Weight Competition, open to the Northern Command.
6. Knocked out Jack Davy in four rounds at Newcastle-on-Tyne and won a special 10-rounds contest.
7. Beat Private Hart, Coldstream Guards, eight rounds, in a special 10-rounds contest.



PRIVATE FALCUS, 2ND BATTALION.

8. Beat Barney Kirk (Champion Welter-Weight of Yorkshire) on points in 15 rounds at Newcastle-on-Tyne.
9. Won the Open Middle-Weight Competition on board the H.T. *Dongola*, *en-route* to India, 1913.

Since arriving in India :—

10. Beaten by Lance-Corporal Christian (Welter-Weight Champion of India)
11. Lost in final, Open Welter-Weight Competition, at Jullunder.
12. Won Open Welter-Weight Competition, Mhow, 1914. (Open to all India).

The cup in the photopraph was won at Mhow.

In addition to the above Private Falcus has won many other fights and in other cases lost to some of the best men. He has been awarded several medals and purses.

At the time of sending this Private Falcus is fighting in the All-India Tournament and has reached the semi-final of the Welter-Weights in which he meets Lance-Corporal Christian, Lancashire Fusiliers, the present champion.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30TH APRIL, 1889.

COLCHESTER, TUESDAY, 30TH APRIL, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—Race meetings have been all the go at Colchester lately. The 12th Lancers had their annual race meeting at Reed Hall, on the 11th April. Crowds of people attended to witness the racing, which was very good. The weather was luckily fine although the rain had fallen in torrents the day before.

On Easter Monday there was the Colchester Pony and Galloway Race Meeting at the same place. The attendance was not so large as at the 12th Lancers' meeting, but the racing was just as enjoyable. Unluckily a heavy thunder shower came on about 4.15, and the shelter was not found sufficient for the crowd of lookers-on. The back of the grand stand was found to be uncommonly leaky, and unless "your 'at covered your family," as Mr. Jorrocks said, and that very completely, the rain drops were apt to run races down your neck. The "Old and Bold" came to the front in the shape of Captain Whitaker's "My Queen," who won the "Reed Hall Steeplechase" in a canter.

We were glad to hear of some more victories in the racing line connected with the Regiment. Captain Lambton won the Maiden Military Race with "Bob," at Fairy House, near Dublin, on Easter Monday, and also the Vice Regal Cup with an own sister to "Diana." Captain Whitaker's "Maggie D" the same day won the Doddington Steeplechase for ponies at Whitechurch, in Shropshire, so all round the Regiment did well that day.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.—The annual Assault-at-Arms for the Rawal Pindi District was held on the 5th, 6th, and 7th March. The 1st prize "Transport Loading" competition was won by the 5th Fusiliers 1st team (Private Clark's); Sergeant Blavins, instructor. Marching Order Race (half-mile), 1st, Private Angus, 5th Fusiliers; 2nd, Private Hewitt, 5th Fusiliers. Private Day, 5th Fusiliers, came in first but was disqualified. The "Tug-of-War" was won by the Seaforth Highlanders, who had pulled over the 5th Fusiliers' team in the first ties.

"AT TIPNOR."

(Where the 1st Battalion have a small Detachment).

(With apologies to Mr. A. H. Paterson, author of "On Kiley's Run.")

THE roving breezes come and go
At Tipnor;
The breezes blow you to and fro,
While wheeling far one may discern
The sea-gull and the arctic tern.
Beyond the maze of tow'ring masts
The Iceland wind expends its blasts
On Tipnor.

'Tis many days since first I came
To Tipnor:
More days than I should care to name
Since first I passed its iron gate,
And knew that I had got to wait
For thirty days, in isolation,
Wand'ring on the desolation
Round Tipnor

I see my rotting quarters now
—At Tipnor—
Just standing blatant on the brow
Of one small mudbank, by the sweep
Of river-bed—where pewits peep,
And aged whelks a-floating nigh
Wheeze to the sentries:—"Why, oh why
Do you in idleness stand by,
At Tipnor?"

We lived the good old barrack life
At Tipnor,
With little thought for outside strife:
You see, we never had to roam—
There was a "pub" within our home;
And no one ever turned away
With empty paunch at close of day
From Tipnor.

We kicked a football, now and then,
At Tipnor;
But had to give the sport up when
The Ordnance people cursed around
Because we'd used their cricket ground.
At last we took to sails and boats,
And studied every tide that floats
Round Tipnor.

The "civvies" were our friends, I wot,
At Tipnor:
A feckless merry-hearted lot,
All aged pensioners over eighty,
Figures to match, mellow and weighty.
In their discourse upon the sea
I fear they often "kidded" me
At Tipnor.

There are no neighbours anywhere
Near Tipnor.
The verdant fields and shores are bare:
The crofter's gone: for no pretence
Must hinder cutting down expense.
The fields and shore belong, you see,
To Winston and the Admiraltee,
Round Tipnor.

And when my thoughts in reverie trend
To Tipnor,
The perfume of that subtle blend
Of dying shell-fish, sea-weed rotted,
Makes me feel like one besotted
In the fumes of vintage wine!
The air was simply *superfine*
At Tipnor.

Tho' hours dance and bards may sing
To Tipnor
I cannot tell what fate will bring:
Perchance a stouter soul than I
Will set a fuse—and straightway fly
Out of the danger zone—and "dekho,"
Tipnor——blown to every echo!

"THE SPROUTER."

Tipnor Fort, 1914.

Scene:—Hyde Park.

Temperance Orator: "Let us now take the case of Dives when in Hell. We are told that in his agony he called for something to drink. Did he call for stout? No. Did he call for bitter? No. Or for brandy or champagne? He only called for a cup of water. Ha! my friends, what does that prove?

Red-nosed man in crowd: "Why, it proves where all you bally teetotallers go to."

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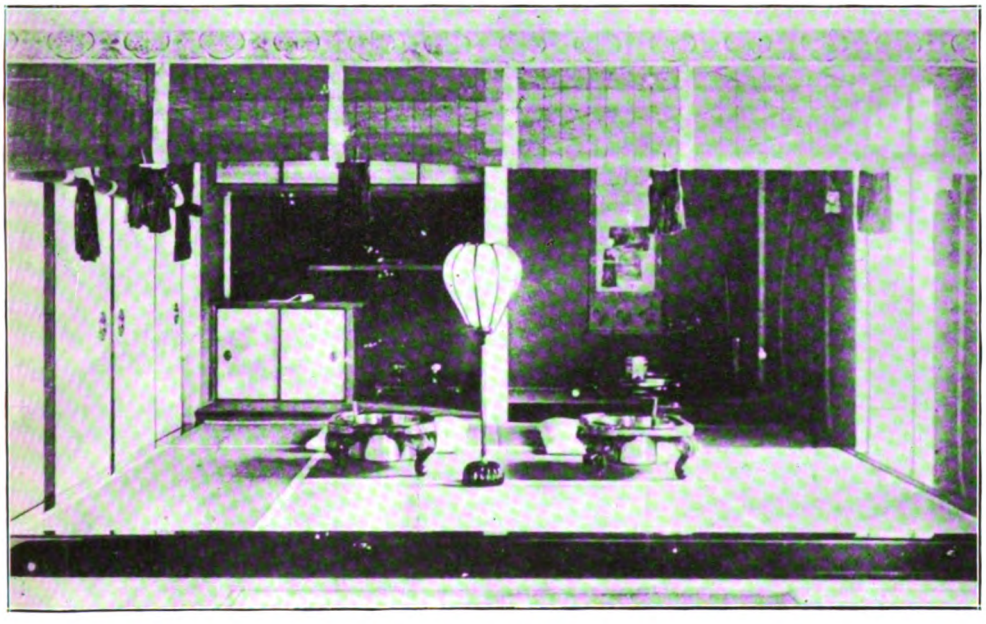
A JAPANESE DINNER.

THE leading lights of commerce in Osaka, one of the largest and wealthiest cities in Japan, were giving a dinner to greet M— on his arrival from England. To this H— and I were also asked.

About 6 p.m. on the appointed day we three were met by one of our hosts and taken by him to the teahouse where the dinner was to be held. It is a Japanese custom to do their entertaining, particularly to foreigners, in teahouses and not at their own homes. Their wives are not present, and take no part in the entertainment of the guests, except on the rare occasion when the guest is dining at his host's private residence. Then the wife performs the duties of head waitress, and never sits down to dinner with Man, her lord and master.

This custom does not mean that women are entirely absent from the feast. Far from it. They are very much there, only in a manner quite different to our western habit. Not only do they look after one's comfort and requirements, but they converse and generally cater for one's amusement.



INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE ROOM.

When we reached the teahouse we removed our shoes and entered, to be immediately greeted by some of our hosts. We were then led to a room where the remainder of them were waiting, sitting on small cushions on the floor. On our arrival all heads were lowered to the ground and much "bobbing" took place. It was all I could do not to laugh at the sight of several men on their hands and knees knocking their heads on the matting before them, though it was, in truth, the politest form of greeting.

When these salutations were over, I saw an empty cushion and sat on it. Nobody appeared to take much notice of us at first. They continued to talk amongst themselves in Japanese, smoking the country's cigarettes and drinking green tea. The majority were in Japanese dress, that is, a dark coloured "kimono" over which was the "havri," or cloak of ceremony, a threequarter length cape of black silk with the weaver's crest embroidered in white in three or five places. A pair of short socks, white or very dark grey, with a division for the big toe, completed the visible part of their clothing. Some were in frock or morning coats with particularly misshapen trousers, due to their habit of sitting either on their heels with their knees on the ground before them, or with their legs and feet crossed beneath them.

One or two late arrivals soon appeared, dropped on their hands and knees and began "bobbing," with an eye always on the object of their salutation, who was doing the same thing. I believe they do not like to be outdone in the courteous profuseness of their greeting. Whether in foreign or Japanese dress they all behaved in exactly the same manner. Having greeted those nearest them some would move across the matting on all fours and repeat the performance in other corners of the room.

When everybody was assembled we trooped off to dinner. This was held in a long, low-ceilinged room, whose floor was exactly and evenly covered with rush mats, six feet by three and about three inches thick, bound round the edges with black cloth. Cushions were arranged round three sides of the room with name cards before them in the form of long narrow slips of paper covered with Japanese ideographs written or painted with a brush. The fourth side of the room was open, to admit the passage of serving maids and for dancing.

When we were all seated as comfortably as the cushion and this cramped position would allow, the *karakami* or the paper screens, were slid aside to admit a string of gaily dressed and stately geisha and serving maids, all carrying wooden boxes. These girls, after bowing to the floor, placed a box before each of us. Luckily, H— had previously warned me not to touch these boxes; for in Japan each partaker of a feast carries away what he fails to eat at the time, and the box was a promise of what was to come. They were only left before us for a few seconds, and then taken away.

The next move was made by the chief host, Mr. Fujino who rose from his cushion and walked to the open end of the room. There he sank on his knees, folded his hands before him and proceeded to make a speech in Japanese. Unfortunately my short stay in the country made his remarks quite unintelligible to me, but my neighbour gave me their gist. The spectacle of this gentleman in a frock coat, sitting on his heels and punctuating his speech with a curious hissing sound, due to drawing breath in through his teeth, was again almost too much for my natural gravity.

Following him was Mr. Nakamura. He sat in the middle of the room with his back to me and seemed to be suffering from nervousness. His words were hardly audible, but the hissing sound was again predominant.

All this was far more interesting and amusing to me than to M—, for on his shoulders lay the burden of reply. After-dinner speaking is bad enough at any time, even in English circles, where the speaker has a table before him, round which his audience is seated on chairs, as well as food and wine inside him, that wine which has so often overcome reticence and made shy ones wondrous bold. On this occasion M— had space before him, his audience on the floor, and only a cup of green tea to stir his courage and stir his fluency. He came through the ordeal remarkably well.

When M— had finished, a small lacquer table on legs about five inches high was placed before each of us. On it there were chopsticks and small china bowls and plates, containing various articles of diet. The meal was served in three courses and consisted chiefly of soups, fish, and finally, rice. With

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each course there were one or two different kinds of soup and fish. There was soup made of bean-curds, of sea-weed, of fish and mushrooms. There was fish pounded and baked in balls, minced raw fish, slices of raw fish served with vinegar and cold stewed vegetables, and bits of fish boiled with lotus roots in a sort of liqueur called mirin. Besides this there were sweet chestnuts, sea slugs, pickled cabbage leaves, sea-weed and other things that I wot not of. Generally on the little table there were four or five dishes at a time which could be tasted quite indiscriminately and in no prescribed order.

This sounds as if one's hunger would soon be satisfied, but everything is served in small quantities except rice, the staff of life in lotus land. The Japanese raise the bowl to their lips and literally ladle the rice into their mouths at a rate which often impairs their digestion.

Some of the dishes were really quite good and palatable, but others ——! Raw fish was one of the worst; in thin slices, clammy and "fishy." I remember getting great joy out of two very small chestnuts, three strawberries and a poached egg. For some time I had looked longingly at that egg and at the two unwieldy bits of wood between my fingers before hope materialised and I swallowed it. Perhaps it is as well not to give too many details of that egg. Let it suffice that it did not fall on the cushion or mattings, but its consumption can only be described as barbaric.

Whenever I was compelled to use chopsticks I found that the process of eating was considerably lengthened, for they have an awkward way of slipping out of the regulation grip; but on this occasion they showed up in a new and hitherto unexpected light. With the most alluring geisha in the room willing to explain their use and place them correctly in one's hand, what lesson could be more delightful? I am afraid I made a bad pupil; they frequently required re-adjustment.

Until the arrival of the rice we drank *sake*, alcoholic liquor made from fermented rice. It is taken hot in very small cups, and its taste has been compared to that of weak sherry which has been kept in a beer bottle. To Europeans it is not at all potent, but it has the reputation of easily making the Japanese quite hilarious.

To our minds there is little conventionality about these feasts. One is not tied to one's cushion throughout the evening, but at perfect liberty to get up at any time, move about, take a cup of *sake* or smoke a cigarette with somebody else without giving the slightest offence to one's original neighbour. What a privilege that would be at some English dinner parties. One may even walk out of the room without attracting notice and remarks.

At intervals towards the end of the evening everyone's attention was fixed on the dancing girls who gave us of their best at the open end of the room. Singly or in pairs they danced to the accompaniment of the *Samisen* or "three-strings." It is not dancing in our sense of the word. There are no rapid glides, no pirouetting on the point of the toe, and certainly no high kicking. Most of the movements consist of slow posing, and are made by the upper part of the body, arms and hands, frequently aided by a fan, maple leaf, sprig of cherry blossom or something else equally suitable and artistic. To the Japanese every posture in all its details, even to the curl of the little finger and the curve of the eyelid, expresses some sentiment or emotion quite hidden from us. Though we do not understand we can certainly admire their grace and charm, their perfect "schooling."

When we left, the boxes to which I have alluded were placed in our rickshaws. Later I found that they contained Japanese sweet-meats, bean cakes and bean paste. The sweets were good and wholesome, but the remainder were far more pleasing to the hotel "boy" than to me.

"TIM WAPITI."

Servant (to crowd after a vote): "Which are you?"
"Liberal."
"Oh! you needn't call here, master's a conservatory."

A SENTRY, 5TH JAPANESE REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, AT WIJU, KOREA.

The poor struggling literary pauper was trying to concentrate his thoughts upon a sparkling par, but his eldest boy, just in from school, kept shuffling about.

At last he fairly yelled:

"Why the devil don't you sit down?"

"This mornin' I asked you, father, how many made a million, and you said d——d few. I told teacher that, in the 'rithmetic class to-day, and—that's why I can't sit down."

"I don't quite understand," said the prisoner to his solicitor.

"Well, it's this way. His worship said that the promiscuous way in which you went about provoking peaceful citizens by striking them was disgraceful, and he has bound you over under a penalty of fifty pounds to keep the peace towards all His Majesty's subjects?"

"I mayn't fight with His Majesty's subjects?"

"No."

"Then Heaven help the next foreigner I come across!"

A sudden heavy shower—a new hat—and we ducked into a building occupied by a detachment of the Salvation Army. The oratory was as vehement and stirring as of old, and the "brother" in charge, winding up a peroration asked:—

"And, *now*, who's for 'eaven? Them that wishes to go to 'eaven let 'em stand up?"

So we all stood up—all but one man—looked like a cabman—who was half dozing.

"And now," continued the preacher, "who wants to go to 'ell?"

The solitary man rose, and, steadying himself, remarked:—

"I dunno as I want to go to 'ell particularly, but I wont see you standin' *alone*, sir."

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TO THE BITTER END.

(*Continued from page 40*).

Chapter IV.

A Fresh Clue.

The grounds of Trevenna Park surrounding the big, silent house were still bright in the sunshine of a perfect summer's evening. But lowered blinds, darkening the severely furnished room, created an atmosphere of gloom. A grandfather's clock in the corner by the door ticked the seconds, while the distant roar of the sea breaking on the Cornish coast was muffled to the sound of a long-drawn moan.

The clock struck six. On the first stroke Archie Corbould, seated haggard and tired at a heavy oak writing table in the centre of the room, started.

"Six o'clock; that means another train arrived without him."

He addressed a grey haired, dignified man of about sixty years old, seated opposite to him. For thirty years John Dixon had served as solicitor and close friend to John Balmain, of Trevenna Park, to whom he was now performing a last service in settling the affairs he had managed so long and so faithfully.

"I can't make it out," said Corbould hopelessly, for the twentieth time.

"Are you sure the letter would have been found?" asked the other.

"I left it on the mantelpiece, together with a note for my servant, instructing him to take the letter to Dick. He could not have failed to see them in the morning. I was naturally much upset on reading your telegram, in which you made clear the urgent need of haste if I wished to see my poor uncle again in this world. The time table showed a train I might just catch. There was no time to search out and rouse my servant. I hurriedly wrote out the letter and note, threw a few things into a bag, found a taxi by chance just outside the house, and caught the train with three minutes to spare. Dick, I felt certain, would arrive yesterday afternoon."

"I should, of course, have wired to him had I known he had returned to England."

"Quite so. I realised that and explained it in my letter."

A bell rang.

"That's the post," exclaimed Mr. Dixon. "It may bring a letter from Dick Balmain."

A tap at the door, and the butler quietly entered and placed a budget of letters and papers on the table before Corbould.

He sorted them eagerly.

"Nothing from Dick," he said with a sigh, "they are all addressed to my uncle; should I open them?"

"Most certainly," replied the lawyer. "They may contain matters which require urgent attention."

Corbould started to open the letters, then picking up one of the newly arrived papers:—

"To-day's *Morning Post*, Mr. Dixon, if you want to see it," he said, throwing it over, and resumed his work with the letters.

The lawyer leisurely opened the paper and started reading. Tick-tick, Tick-tick; the clock recorded five minutes with the monotonous regularity it had maintained for sixty years; a page of the *Morning Post* turned. A sharp gasp, and the reader's hand tightened on the paper as a look of horror came over his blanched face. He controlled himself, glanced at Corbould, who continued listlessly to open and examine the pile of letters, and read on. Then, placing the paper on his knees, he sat and quietly watched Corbould for full two minutes. At length he spoke.

"Archie!"

"Yes?" replied Corbould, opening another envelope without looking up.

"Who is the greatest friend you possess?"

"Why, Dick Balmain, but why do you ask?" he questioned.

"After Dick, do you realise who is heir to your late uncle's property?"

"I myself, I suppose."

"Has this ever interfered with your friendship?"

"It has never worried me," replied Corbould calmly, "but it sometimes disturbs Dick, generous soul, so I never mention the subject."

"Archie, I have known you and Dick since you were children, regarded you almost as nephews of my own. There is terrible news; my God, it is fearful."

The old man had broken down, Corbould turned to him abruptly.

"What is it, Mr. Dixon, give me the paper," he cried and snatched it from his hand and read:—

"Dick murdered!" he exclaimed hoarsely, and looked vacantly with staring eyes at the old lawyer.

"Read on, read on," whispered the old man.

Corbould read. Then suddenly white to the lips, he sprang up.

"Great God, this is monstrous," he cried. "Do you realise what this means, Mr. Dixon?"

"I realise; it is monstrous!"

"But, by your questions, do you believe that there is foundation for this suspicion?"

"I wished to hear from you, how under Heaven they had come to entertain so foul a suspicion. In the investigation of a crime motive is sought."

"Do you for a minute suppose——?"

"That you should immediately surrender yourself to the Police? Yes."

Corbould took a swift pace forward, then, as the old man raised his hand, checked himself.

"Calm yourself, Archie, and reflect for a moment how the case must present itself, not to one who has known you and your cousin from childhood, but to the outside world. In addition to the already strong circumstantial evidence against you, and your sudden and mysterious disappearance, motive will be presented. There is a train to London at seven o'clock, you must take it."

"You are right. But I have other mournful duties here, I will leave to-morrow after these are performed. They can cling to their preposterous theories till then."

"You must leave those duties to me, Archie, the oldest friend of your uncle and yourself. In London you have a double duty, to clear your own honour and find the murderer of your cousin. You must leave to-night."

"My honour can wait, and for the rest——." Corbould stopped abruptly as a sudden thought struck him, and then cried out—"Order the car, Mr. Dixon, I must catch that train at all costs," and flew from the room to see to his baggage.

Ten minutes later Corbould had left the silent house in charge of the old lawyer, and, his mind filled with the appalling tragedy which had made him master of the stately park he dashed through, drove madly to the station to meet in London the terrible charge against him.

But it was not to clear himself that he made this desperate haste. Sickened by the foul suggestion he yet treated it with contemptuous scorn. It was the second duty, laid upon him by John Dixon, which made the first part of his journey on the little branch line, with its frequent halts, so maddening. Then came the long wait for the London express. Corbould entered the waiting room. Ten minutes passed, and going out, he walked to the end of the platform and strained his eyes for the train. In a fever of impatience he re-entered the waiting room, seated himself at the table and buried his face in his hands. At last a distant whistle, and a few minutes later the London express dashed into the station. Once in the train the rush of cool night air through the open window brought a sense of speed and gave relief, but Corbould lay awake through the long night hours haunted by the words—"Archie, I am being shadowed, I am sure of it," and again and again he thought—"Cursed fool that I was to have left him."

Day broke, and an hour later, the train entered the still sleeping suburbs of London. As it drew up at Paddington platform Corbould sprang out and dashed with his suit case for the first taxi on the rank.

"Nice morning, sir," said the cabman, cheerily, as he proceeded to start up his cab.

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"Scotland Yard as fast as you can," replied Corbould brusquely.

"Beg pardon, sir?" inquired the man.

"Scotland Yard, man! Are you deaf?"

"Oh, very good, sir," adding to himself, as he mounted the box; "No, nor blind neither. You're in a fix, governor, that's clear." Obedient to his orders and regardless of the law, the driver had broken all records through the empty streets when he pulled up at the door of Scotland Yard.

Corbould paid him liberally and turned to the constable on duty at the door.

None can read the emotions of the London policeman. At the sight of this wild-eyed, dishevelled young man, the constable on duty remained quite passive.

"I want the Chief of the Police," cried Corbould, selecting a high-sounding title.

"Beg pardon, sir, might I ask your business?" asked the constable, still unmoved.

"Murder!" cried Corbould desperately.

"Murder, sir? Yes, will you please step inside? Your name, sir?"

"Archibald Corbould," he replied, handing his card, "and if any poor devil on the Embankment wants £150 bring him along to surrender me."

"Oh, yes, the gentleman we have issued the notice about. Take this gentleman into the waiting room, Evans, while I 'phone to the inspector of his arrival."

Corbould was conducted into the waiting room by another constable.

"Nice morning, sir," he remarked genially.

"Oh damn the morning!" replied Corbould, adding, "Excuse me, constable, but I am a bit worried."

"That's all right, sir. We're used to seeing gentlemen a bit shaken like in this place. Like a cup of hot coffee, sir?"

"Thanks, it's good of you, I should."

The constable touched a bell, and gave the order.

"How long shall I be kept waiting?"

"Not above fifteen minutes, sir, they're 'phoning Mr. Forrester now. He's not the one to dally as you might say, sir?"

"Who's he?"

"Detective in charge of the case," then lowering his voice, "it ain't strictly regular for me to say so, but if you're all right put yourself in Forrester's hands; he may make a wrong start, but he ain't ashamed to admit it. Consequently he makes a right finish."

After this possible indiscretion the constable dropped the subject and drew Corbould into a discussion on football.

What with the efforts of this good fellow and the stimulant of a cup of hot coffee Corbould's nerves were again strung up when he was at length summoned to the office of the Detective-Inspector. As he entered the office, Inspector Forrester half rose from his seat at a writing table and motioned him to a chair.

Corbould seated himself and the constable who had conducted him to the room, withdrew, and posted himself outside the closed door. Forrester looked at Corbould narrowly, there was no twinkle now in his stern eyes as he asked:—

"You are Mr. Archibald Corbould, cousin of the late Captain Richard Balmain?"

"I am."

"You are aware that a warrant has been issued for your arrest?"

"I had concluded so from a pleasing paragraph I read in the paper yesterday evening."

"Yesterday evening?" Forrester raised his eyebrows.

"I was in Cornwall."

"Might I ask the reason of your sudden departure for Cornwall?"

"I was summoned to the death-bed of my uncle, Mr. John Balmain, by his solicitor, Mr. Dixon."

Corbould drew from his pocket a telegram and handed it to the detective. Forrester glanced quickly at the time of dispatch and receipt.

"The uncle also of the late Captain Balmain?"

"Yes."

"He is dead?"

"He died an hour after my arrival at Trevenna."

"Captain Balmain was his heir, was he not?"

But Corbould's patience was exhausted.

"Oh enough of this," he exclaimed, "why beat about the bush, Inspector? Another has pointed out to me the foul idea that must have occurred to you."

Forrester narrowed his eyes.

"Murder is a foul thing, Mr. Corbould, we look for foul motive. No man can assert motive if it is denied. But there are other points in connection with this case that denial will not disprove; facts require explanation."

"I will answer your questions, if you wish, but I have come here not only to prove my own innocence but to assist you to place the guilt on the right party. State your case against me and I am confident of shattering it in two minutes."

"I trust you will, Mr. Corbould, but the case is strong, I warn you. If you really have information to supply I will hear it; since the warrant has not yet been served I will take the line you suggest and will not charge you, but continue the investigation of the case to determine the guilty person. Firstly, will you account for your movements on the night of the 16th and the morning of the 17th."

Corbould related how he had dined with Balmain on the fatal night, accompanying him afterwards to the theatre and the Thornhill's dance.

"On leaving General Thornhill's house," he continued, "I walked part of the way home with him. I left him at the corner of Grosvenor Street and New Bond Street, after arranging to call for him in the afternoon, and went back along New Bond Street and Oxford Street to my flat in Seymour Street. It would be about a quarter past three when I left him. I had scarcely turned back when I passed two men walking close under the shop windows." Corbould broke off. "Fool that I was, blind fool!" he muttered.

Forrester's eyes remained on him, "And then?" he queried.

"On returning to my rooms I found the telegram which I have handed to you; you will recognise as I did its urgent nature."

He went on to detail the action he took to notify Balmain, whom, he realised, had probably not been acquainted with the news, and his rush for the train which he just managed to catch.

"I establish an alibi, Inspector, do I not?" he concluded.

Forrester did not reply to the question but produced an opera hat from a drawer in the table.

"Do you recognise that hat and those initials, Mr. Corbould?"

Corbould examined it.

"Mine," said he in obvious astonishment.

"Found at the scene of the murder." "Is this letter addressed to you?" Forrester handed him a letter. Corbould flushed and hung his head.

"You were in the hands of the Jews, then?"

"I was pressed for money," he admitted. "I was in debt to money lenders. My man gave you this, I take it?"

"Lucien Laroche, you mean, why do you suppose that?"

"I had difficulty in raising money. Lucien acted as intermediary for me, and brought me this letter from the blood-suckers three nights ago."

Corbould had grown pale as he now for the first time realised the case against him. Forrester in the meantime had taken out a map of London and was measuring distances with a pair of dividers. At length he looked up.

"You claim an alibi, Mr. Corbould?"

"I had thought to be able to," replied Corbould dejectedly.

"You say you returned to your rooms on foot. Can you prove it?"

"How can I?"

"Prove it, and your alibi is established."

Corbould sat miserably in his chair looking at the ground while Forrester watched him. Suddenly he looked up.

"Yes, I have a witness if he can be found."

"Who is he?" inquired the detective, a trifle sceptically.

"A road cleaner I met in Oxford Street going to his work."

"Did you speak to him?"

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"He spoke to me first. He bade me 'good morning,' and added: 'You gentlemen go to bed when we folk get up, perhaps I ought to say good-night.'"

"Did you reply?"

"Yes, as far as I remember I said, 'You get the best of the day, my friend, which we waste in bed,' or something of the sort.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Corbould. I fear I must detain you but I trust it will not be for long."

Forrester wrote a rapid note, touched the bell on the table, and the constable entered; he handed the note to the constable who, at a sign from the detective, conducted Corbould to an adjoining room. The door closed behind them.

"A superb liar," muttered the detective, "or Forrester on the wrong track. We'll soon see."

He started to work on the telephone.

Some thirty minutes later the tramp of heavy feet outside was followed by a knock at the door.

"Man from the Marylebone Borough Council, sir," announced the constable who entered.

"Ah, show him in."

A strongly built man entered, twisting in his hand a cap of the type known in the Army as a "Brodrick."

"Morning, sir, was you wantin' to speak to me?"

"Yes, my man, just a few questions."

"Not going to jug me, sir, I hopes."

"Not if you answer straight, my friend. What time do you go to work?"

"'Bout three in the mornin' this time o' year."

"How do you go to work?"

"Oh, pretty cheerful as a rule."

"No doubt, but by what road? Do you go down Oxford Street?

"Yes."

"Don't meet many people at that hour?"

"Only them as has got no 'ome, or is afraid to go back to their missus at that time o' day.

"Now can you remember if you met anyone on Wednesday morning?"

"Can't say as I do."

"Think." The man scratched his head but it brought nothing to it.

"A young gentleman in dress clothes?" suggested Forrester.

"Oh, ah," said the man, illumined.

"Pulled up a taxi and got out just before he met you," prompted Forrester.

"No, no, that wouldn't be 'im. Bloke I met I saw a' comin' the whole way along the street towards me."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes, I gave 'im a bit of chaff about the likes o' him turnin' in just as we poor blokes was turnin' out."

Forrester took up the receiver of the telephone.

"Hullo! Identification in my office, now."

Replacing the instrument he turned again to the man. "Some men will be brought in here. Look well at each man but say nothing. When I ask you if you recognise any of them, if you see this gentleman of whom you have spoken, touch him with your hand."

These instructions were barely finished when there was a knock at the door and a constable conducted a number of well-dressed men into the office. Each looked painfully self-conscious and seemed to feel the hangman's rope already tightening on his neck. Second from the right stood Archie Corbould. Forrester watched the road cleaner closely. He was clearly embarrassed at the idea of convicting the pleasant wayfarer whose acquaintance he had made. A minute passed. The detective broke the silence. "Do you recognise the man?"

The man on the right of Corbould looked up, another of the men shuffled with his feet. The road cleaner hesitated, then took a pace forward and touched Corbould on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I got to do it," he said hoarsely.

To his surprise, Corbould seized him by the hand. "You've done me a real good turn, my friend, so cheer up."

Forrester, characteristically, instead of displaying chagrin at the breakdown of his case, beamed with good humour. His passion was to get at the bottom of things, conviction in itself was nothing to him.

"Thanks, my man, that'll do. Smoke? Here's a packet of baccy for you."

The bell rang again and the man was ushered out, richer by two ounces of Negro's Head.

A sudden metamorphosis had converted the well-dressed agitated criminals into cheerful plain-clothes detectives.

"Alibi established," said Forrester as they left the room. "I am extremely sorry for the inconvenience to which you have been put, but hope you appreciate our difficulties. Experience has long since taught me to base investigation on the assumption that the world is peopled by potential criminals; to excuse no one."

The relief to Corbould was so great that he was prepared to extend beyond forgiveness to thanks.

"I received advice, 'if you are all right put yourself in Forrester's hands.'"

"Who told you that?" asked the Inspector sharply.

"A true friend," was Corbould's reply.

"Now, sir, we're ready for a fresh start. We will hear what you have to say." Forrester was the cheery, smiling optimist once more.

"You know that Captain Balmain has recently returned from abroad?" Corbould felt he was dealing with secrets not his own and moved cautiously.

"And roughly what he had been doing there?"

"Yes, I know that."

"He told me on the night he returned that he was being shadowed by foreigners."

Forrester gave vent to a low whistle.

Corbould related all that Balmain had told him on his visit to him.

"The men you passed after you left him on the fatal night?" said Forrester, when he had finished.

"Exactly. It all stood clearly to me at a suggestion that I should seek out the scoundrels who had done this. If I had not been so bound up in my own rotten affairs I should have realised at the time who these men were. What were they doing in the street at that hour? They were neither waifs nor revellers, I could see that."

"Humph! This is something a bit beyond Scotland Yard, worse luck. I like to play my own game, unhampered; but we can't identify gentlemen of this persuasion. I must send up Whitehall way to see if they can help us. Call in again about twelve o'clock."

Corbould was about to leave when Forrester stopped him.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Corbould, in your story of your movements you left out two most important details. Firstly, you did not mention that you and Captain Balmain gathered your hats and coats together after the dance. Secondly, you forgot to say that, before you rushed to catch the train at Paddington, you discarded your opera hat and took another hat in its place."

"You state facts but how have you learnt them?" said Corbould, in some astonishment.

"My first theory with regard to the discovery of your hat close to the body of Captain Balmain having failed, I found the only explanation for its being there. The mistake in taking each other's hats would partially explain this, but not entirely, since it is incredible that you would not have discovered the mistake before you arrived here this morning, if you had gone away to Cornwall with Captain Balmain's hat. That will be found, or I am greatly mistaken, in your flat. I blundered in not looking for it there, but rashly concluded that as no dress clothes were there, there would be no opera hat. Did you leave it lying about?"

"Yes, chucked it down on the bed."

"Somebody must have put it away," said Forrester, and hummed a tune.

"That note you wrote to Captain Balmain?"

"Yes?"

"I went through his correspondence, I did not find it."

"Didn't you?" said Corbould in surprise.

"Things will clear up, things will clear up," said Forrester, confidently. "Come along again at twelve o'clock, sir."

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"Very well," and Corbould was glad to be out of Scotland Yard again, but reflecting that, for all London knew, £150 was still on his head, he sought the seclusion of a cab to drive to Cavendish Square.

Under different circumstances the startled face of the butler at No. 120, on opening the door to him, would have amused Corbould vastly.

"Is the General at home, Bates?" he asked.

"No, sir, but Miss Margaret is in."

"Ask her if she can see for a few minutes."

"Very good, sir."

Bates was a married man with three children and did not fancy being followed upstairs to the drawing room by a dangerous criminal, so he hastily ushered Corbould into the library on the ground floor.

"If you will wait here, sir, I will inform Miss Margaret," he said, and, regardless of dignity, closed the door and made off as rapidly as a portly figure would permit.

A few minutes later the door quietly opened and Margaret Thornhill appeared. For a second she paused, then, stretching out both hands, came forward and silently took Corbould's hands. Her sad eyes were full of tender sympathy.

"My poor Archie," she murmured, "This has been terrible for all of us, what must it have been for you, his greatest friend."

"It is fearful, Margaret. But do you know all? Have you learnt what they suspected?"

Margaret uttered a strange, mirthless laugh.

"The fools!" she cried, in bitter scorn.

"So thought I. But I have since learnt the strength of the evidence against me."

"The fools!" repeated Margaret, unconvinced. All that can be said is that the very accusation offered to my father some relief from his grief. Devoted to poor Dick, he was crushed by the first terrible news. But the folly of the police threw him into such a fury that it took his mind off the main tragedy. He has even now gone storming to his club. But Archie, where have you been since that fearful night?"

Corbould related all that he had told Forrester, omitting only his suspicions as to the origin of the crime.

"I have never heard even a harsh word against poor Dick. Who can have done this hideous thing? Why, why?"

"His work was always dangerous, Margaret. A man in his position must have many enemies."

"This last venture of his about which he was so reticent, you think ——."

"I think this. That till the dastard has been found I shall not touch one penny of the fortune that has come to me through his foul work. I shall devote myself to running him to earth even though it take a life time."

"But, Archie, take care," said Margaret, and her voice trembled. "You must not endanger your life. Leave it to the police, it is their work, and work which they understand."

"Never fear, Margaret, I will take care of myself."

"No, no, I am afraid," she cried.

"But be reasonable. I shall not proclaim my mission from the housetops, none will suspect me."

Margaret was little reassured, but realised his determination and remained silent.

"I fear I cannot wait to see the General, Margaret, as I have to meet the Inspector again at Scotland Yard. You will tell your father all that I have told you and say I will call to see him to-morrow afternoon." Corbould took her hands.

"Good-bye, Margaret, and God bless you for your sympathy."

"Good-bye, Archie. You will take care, I hold that promise sacred."

As Corbould drove to Scotland Yard he reflected that his interview with Margaret had been other than he had anticipated. He realised that, from the start, he had had no fear of Margaret's faith in him. But where he had dreaded the pain of meeting a broken-hearted lover he had found the tender sympathy of a woman, stricken with grief, whose one thought was the consolation of his sorrow.

On arrival at the Police Headquarters, he was immediately shown to the Inspector's office.

"Good," said Forrester, as he entered. "Trust the Army to be punctual. Sit down, Mr. Corbould."

The detective appeared to be in great good humour.

"What luck?" asked Corbould.

"Tolerable, very tolerable. Here is what I've dug out at the War Office. Listen attentively. "KORLOWITZ—Polish nationality, aged 37, height 5ft. 9in., fair hair, close cropped, moustache brushed up in German fashion—thick-set powerful build—short neck—heavy jaw—speaks German, Russian and English fluently, frequently poses as traveller in cheap Swiss watches. Employed in own country in watching movements of foreign agents, whose acquaintance he tries to cultivate. Believed not to be employed in outside espionage. Visited this country June, 1901, October, 1905, July, 1907. Objects of visits not discovered." What of that Mr. Corbould?"

"Might well describe the man, I should say. Though I confess to not being able to corroborate the detail from what I saw of the two men following Captain Balmain, the figure of one tallied with that description and every point mentioned by Captain Balmain with regard to his fellow traveller is included."

"Right. Now listen to this note. June 16th. "Report received this morning that Korlowitz had been seen in London on the previous evening. Place of abode not ascertained and all trace of man lost."

"He will have left England by now, the scoundrel!"

"I think not. I understand that since the report of his arrival the ports have been watched to *note* his departure. The ports are now watched to *prevent* his departure.

(*To be continued.*)

SOLDIER ANECDOTES.

HE GAVE THE GENERAL THE BAYONET EXERCISE.

"Now, remember your salutes," said the corporal when posting the Irish recruit on sentry. "If you see a lieutenant, he wears two stars, slope arms. If you see three stars, slope arms. If you see a major, a crown, present arms. If the Colonel, stars and crown, present and turn out the guard." Pat pondered over his orders carefully; but presently he was awakened from his reverie by the approach of the general. The worthy son of Mars surveyed the cross swords on the gallant officer's shoulder, and as he was not included in the corporal's category, simply nodded cheerfully. "Well, my man," said the genial general, "and who are you supposed to be?" "I'm supposed to be a bit of a sentry," said Patrick; "and who are you supposed to be?" "Oh, I'm supposed to be a bit of a general," said the latter. "A general is it?" cried the startled Pat. "Then you'll want something big. The corporal told me about the others, but nothing about yourself at all, at all. But hould hard a minute, and I'll give you the bayonet exercise."

"HE FIRED TWICE."

An Irish Corporal of a Territorial regiment, who was a good shot, was going to the range one day to have a few rounds at 1,000 yards, as he was to represent his battalion at Bisley. On the way he met some of the other men returning. "Well, Corporal," said one of the men, "what are you doing down here to-day?" "I'm going to have a few shots at 1,000 yards," he said. "But," exclaimed the other, "you can't, man, the limit of the range is 500 yards." "Shure, I can fire it twice," was the reply.

WHY HE MADE HIM A PRISONER.

"I made him a prisoner, sir, for talking disrespectful about you." "Ah!" said the junior captain, "what had he to say about me?" "He said you was a rotten drill and couldn't form fours with four ducks." I said to him, "Casey, I'll give you a chance, if you "withdraw them words and apologise I won't crime you with it. "And he looked at me with dumb insolence and said slowly, 'when "I said as how he couldn't form fours with four ducks I made a "mistake, I meant to say that he couldn't form fours with "three.'"

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THE DIGEST OF SERVICE.

(Continued from December, 1913, Supplement).

On the 21st Headquarters and 5 Companies with 2 guns and 1 squadron I. Y. marched to Ottos Hoop (12 miles) with an empty convoy to fill up with supplies. Had been out of postal communication for so long that we received our English mails here.

On the 22nd the Volunteer Company left for Mafeking, *en route* for England, but it was detained at Kimberley for duty. Marched to Buffel's Hoek (6 miles) with the supply column and joined Lord Methuen.

On the 23rd constant sniping at the outposts.

On the 24th Lord Methuen and most of the troops started on a two days' expedition to intercept some Boers, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Money in command of the camp; they captured 26 prisoners and 23 waggons and inflicted some loss on the Boers. On the 29th Headquarters and 5 Companies with most of Lord Methuen's force went on a similar expedition to Kafferkraal and three miles beyond returning to bivouac at Kafferkraal. The Boers rode off hotly pursued by our mounted troops, who could not get near enough to do much damage. We took 3 or 4 prisoners.

On the 30th to Jacobsdaal (10 miles) and remained a few days destroying the crops, while some of the Companies were employed on convoy duty to and from Mafeking and to and from Zeerust.

November 8th.—Started at 5.30 p.m., with the greatest secrecy that has been observed as yet during the campaign (orders having been previously issued to go in quite the opposite direction) to Kafferkraal (10 miles); after only an hour or two's rest left at 1.20 a.m. on the 9th for a 17 mile march to Klipkuil. Mounted troops had a little fighting and took some waggons and prisoners in conjunction with a force from Ottos Hoop.

November 10th.—Left at 4 a.m. for Lichtenburg, *via* Manana (17 miles), and completed 44 miles in 42 hours. The Companies occupied some empty buildings in the town. The rest of the Companies joined us here with a convoy from Ottos Hoop.

November 16th.—The force evacuated Lichtenburg for about the fourth time. The Boers usually re-occupy it as we leave.

		to Elands Putte	11 miles
November 17th	...	march to Nauwpoort or Malmani ...	11 miles
November 18th	...	„ to Ottos Hoop	5 miles
November 19th	...	„ to Vergenoeg	15 miles

Remained a few days for the destruction of crops.

November 25th.—Headquarters and 4 Companies marched with Lord Methuen's force to Ottos Hoop (15 miles). Mounted troops had a skirmish near Buffles Hoek. Left A, C, D and E Companies, under Captain Percival, at Vergenoeg with orders to take all supplies Lord Methuen had left at Zeerust.

November 26th.—Lord Methuen's force started in the early morning towards Lichtenburg. Headquarters and 4 Companies were left at Ottos Hoop to form part of the Garrison.

December 5th.—Two-and-a-half Companies of the FIFTH and other troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Money, took a convoy of supplies to Lord Methuen who was then at Jacobsdal (10 miles), returning to Ottos Hoop same day. A, C, D and E Companies came to Jacobsdal from Zeerust. Two Companies remained with Lord Methuen's Column and the rest went on to Ottos Hoop.

December 7th.—Headquarters and 4 Companies marched from Ottos Hoop with a convoy of supplies to Lord Methuen at Kafferkraal (14 miles) where he arrived that morning. Two Companies, under Captain Turner, were left in the Garrison at Ottos Hoop.

December 8th.—Headquarters with the Left-Half Battalion, 100 Imperial Yeomanry, and 2 pom-poms, under Lieutenant Colonel Money, marched towards Lichtenburg. This force became engaged with the Boers near Wonderfontein (10 miles) and Lieutenant-Colonel Money sent back to Lord Methuen for reinforcements. On being reinforced by 2 guns, 4th Battery R.F.A., and 80 Yeomanry in the afternoon, Lieutenant-Colonel Money pushed on and fought most of the way to Klipkuil (7 miles) where the force bivouacked.

On the 9th December this force marched to Lichtenburg (14 miles). It was constantly harrassed by the Boers on the left flank (the guns were brought into action 3 times) and once the rear guard was attacked by General Zemmer and a small body

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of the Boers. General Zemmer was killed in the attack, shot by the Yeomanry rear guard. The force arrived at Lichtenburg, having had only two casualties (2 Yeomen wounded), 3 horses killed and 3 wounded. Colonel Money took over the post of Commandant of Lichtenburg and the troops settled down in different buildings. The former Garrison of 350 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment and 1 Company of the 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, which had been here for a few days under Major Bolton, 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire, left for Mafeking with an empty convoy in the afternoon. A, C and D Companies came to Lichtenburg with the return convoy on the 15th, B Company having come in with Lord Methuen's Column on the 13th. Lord Methuen's force encamped outside the town. The Battalion was now together. In a few days Captain F. C. Turner was appointed Staff Officer to the Commandant.

On the 15th December Major E. W. Fletcher and Lieutenant G. R. Wake joined the Battalion on promotion and from the seconded list respectively.

On the 16th December the Left-Half Battalion, under Captain F. C. Turner, proceeded as part of an escort to an empty convoy for Mafeking and returned on the 22nd accompanied by Major E. W. Dashwood who was wounded at Belmont, rejoining from England, and by Second-Lieutenant H. F. Blair joining on appointment. B, C and D Companies left the same evening with Lord Methuen for Ottos Hoop under Major E. W. Fletcher and returned on the 28th December.

On Christmas Day the Boers appeared to be active in the neighbourhood and the Garrison was kept on the alert throughout the night, but no attack was made. The Garrison of Lichtenburg was finally settled to consist of:—

2 Squadrons of Paget's Horse
1 Squadron, 3rd Imperial Yeomanry
2 guns, New Zealand Battery
6 Companies, 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers

On the 29th December A and E Companies, under Captain A. J. Percival, left to join Lord Methuen at Mafeking. Captain F. C. Turner left on transfer to the 3rd Battalion, and Captain A. C. Girdwood was appointed Acting Staff Officer to the Commandant.

1901. From the 1st January the Regiment was continually employed in making defensive works, entrenchments, wire entanglements, clearing, etc.

On the 17th January a wagon containing our mails was captured by the Boers about 12 miles from Lichtenberg. Our mounted troops went out to attempt to recover it but failed, being attacked by a stronger force of Boers who killed 2 and wounded 3 of our force and took about 30 prisoners, including Major Paget of Paget's Horse.

On the 29th January the sad intelligence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's death (on the 21st) was received by a special runner from Mafeking.

On the 2nd February a small force of Boers appeared on the S.W. of the town but were quickly driven off by our shell fire.

On Sunday, the 3rd March, at 3 a.m., about 1,500 Boers, under Generals de la Rey, Smuts, Smit and Celliers, attacked Lichtenburg on three sides, and some got into the town between our picquets and the inner line of defence. We had 2 Companies on outpost at the time, distributed in small trenches around the town which is about 5 miles in circumference. The remainder of the troops at once manned the inner lines and a hot fire was kept up all day, though the Boers managed to hide themselves among bushes, up trees, and in houses. The Boers in many cases entirely surrounded the picquet trenches and often called on our men to surrender, but they only succeeded making prisoners of 5 men after all their ammunition had been expended. Lieutenant Larpent shot the Boer who called upon him to surrender. The picquets stuck to their posts in a most creditable manner, though they were unable to receive reinforcements all day, and only retired at nightfall, and then under fire, to the inner lines, when orders were sent them to do so. The whole Garrison, except Lieutenant C. W. Wreford-Brown's picquets, which could not be communicated with, occupied the inner lines during the night expecting at any moment a renewal of the attack, but by next morning the Boers had cleared from the vicinity of the town. They must have received a warmer reception than they expected, for they abstained from visiting the houses or looting the storekeepers. Their casualties were reported at about 100, General Celliers being among the severely wounded. We captured several prisoners. Our losses were 2 officers, Major E. W. Fletcher and Second-Lieutenant H. D. Hull, and 12 N.C.O.'s and men killed, and 20 N.C.O.'s and men wounded, and 2 died subsequently. Of other Corps there were 2 N.C.O.'s and men killed and 6 wounded.

The Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. C. Money, C.B., in his report of the action specially mentioned the following:—Major E. W. Dashwood, Captain A. C. Girdwood (Acting Staff Officer), Lieutenants C. Wreford-Brown, G. M. James, J. W. Nelson and L. de H. Larpent, and Second-Lieutenant H. D. Hull; No. 4222 Sergeant W. Smith; No. 3758 Corporal W. Holmes; No. 4830 Lance-Corporal J. Davis; and Privates No. 3540 W. Cooper, No. 4389 T. Rea, No. 4538 E. Timmons, No. 5581 S. Walker.

On the 7th March Lord Kitchener telegraphed as follows:—"To Colonel Money, Lichtenburg. Congratulate you and the Garrison of Lichtenburg on your gallant defence. Report by wire names of any who specially distinguished themselves."

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The G.O.C. in Chief, by telegram, on the 18th March, ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Money to promote Corporal Holmes to Sergeant, and Lance-Corporal Davis and the 4 privates to Corporal for "gallantry in action," and by Army Order, South Africa, Sergeant Smith was awarded the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field.

On the 12th April No. 3 Volunteer Service Company arrived at Capetown consisting of three officers, 5 sergeants, 5 corporals, 2 drummers, and 101 privates.

On St. George's Day, 23rd April, the Battalion paraded, wearing red and white roses, marched past and advanced in review order. Lieutenant-Colonel Money took the salute.

On the 28th April No. 1 Volunteer Company embarked for England consisting of 4 officers, 5 sergeants, 5 corporals, 98 privates.

On the 3rd May Lord Methuen's Column arrived in Lichtenburg and A and E Companies, under Captain S. H. Enderby, rejoined Headquarters. These Companies had marched, since leaving Lichtenburg on the 29th December, 806 miles. They had also collected some 167 of our N.C.O.'s and men from various rest camps, including 77 of the men who had been left unable to march on the 12th August, 1900, through having no boots.

The following is a diary of A and E Companies:—On the 29th December left Lichtenburg and arrived in Mafeking on the 31st December, having marched 36 miles from 4.30 p.m. on the 29th December till 10 a.m. on the 31st December.

January 1st	... ...	Mafeking to Vryburg (by train)		
January 13th	... ...	Vryburg to Taungs (by train)		
January 14th	... ...	to Koe	17½	miles
January 15th	... ...	to Schietfontein...	20	miles
January 16th	... ...	to Reitfontein	20	miles
January 17th	... ...	to Blikfontein	8½	miles

Slight engagement. Some dynamite found by Corporal Quayle and destroyed.

January 18th	... ...	to Grootfontein	12	miles
January 20th	.. ...	to Lotlakani	20	miles
January 21st	... ...	to Sterkdoorns	16½	miles
January 22nd	... ...	to Poddafontein	17	miles
January 23rd	... ...	to Baviaane Kloof	5½	miles
January 24th	... ...	to Pudimoe Siding	10	miles
January 25th	... ...	to Taungs Station	12	miles

(159 miles in 11 marches).

On the 31st January Second-Lieutenant F. G. Quinn joined on appointment.

February 1st	... ...	to Taungs Village	3½	miles
February 2nd	... ...	to Pudumong	16	miles
February 3rd	... ...	to Uitvals Kop	9	miles

Slight engagement

February 4th	... ...	to Ebenezer	7	miles

E Company on outpost were sniped all day, no casualties.

February 5th	... ...	to Leliefontein	6	miles

Soon after leaving Ebenezer advanced cavalry screen were driven in by snipers from thick bush. E Company were then detailed as advanced screen of skirmishers and drove the enemy out of the bush, and followed them up and captured 10 wagons.

February 6th	... ...	to Vryburg	18	miles

Second-Lieutenant A. C. Temperley joined on first appointment.

There loaded up supplies and marched at 12 noon.

February 7th	... ...	to Leliefontein	18	miles

arriving on the 8th after a most trying trek, very heavy rains and bad roads. The advance guard arrived at 6 a.m. and the rear guard about 4 p.m.

February 9th	... ...	to Doornbult	7½	miles
February 10th	... ...	to Schweitzer Reneke... ...	15	miles
February 11th	... ...	to Makouws Pan	13	miles
February 12th	... ...	to Katboschfontein	10	miles
February 13th	... ...	to Wolmaranstadt	15½	miles
February 15th	... ...	to Syferfontein	12	miles
February 16th	... ...	to Reitfontein	14	miles

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February 17th ... ... to Paardeplaats ... ... 15 miles

Surprised a Boer laager at daybreak, capturing 80 wagons, 29 prisoners, and a large number of cattle.

February 18th ... ... to Haartebeestefontein ... 6 miles

On the 18th February the Boers were driven out of their position after 6 hours' fighting. The Detachment was not engaged.

February 19th ... ... to Klerksdorp ... ... 16 miles

The Column rested here until the 24th February.

February 25th ... ... to Doornfontein... ... ... 16 miles
February 26th ... ... to Klippaatdrift ... ... 16½ miles
February 27th ... ... to Kromdraai ... ... 15½ miles
February 28th ... ... to Eleazar ... ... 10 miles
March 1st ... ... to Palmietfontein ... ... 12 miles
March 2nd... ... ... to Klerksdorp ... ... 8 miles
March 4th ... ... to Yzer Spruit ... ... 13 miles
March 5th ... ... to Haartebeestepan ... ... 21 miles
March 6th ... ... to Wolves Spruit ... ... 11 miles
March 7th ... ... to Commando Drift ... ... 8 miles

Tried to cross the drift, but found it impassable owing to the late heavy rains.

March 8th ... ... to Rondevlei ... ... 12 miles
March 9th ... ... to Vlakkraal ... ... 15 miles
March 10th ... ... to Bloemhof ... ... 17 miles

Again tried to cross the Vaal, but the drift was impassable.

March 11th ... ... to Karee Pan ... ... 15 miles
March 12th ... ... to Christiana ... ... 16 miles

Tried the drift here, but could not get across.

March 13th ... ... to Catherina ... ... 16 miles
March 14th ... ... to Fourteen Streams ... ... 5 miles

On the 18th March Second-Lieutenant D. F. Mitford joined Lord Methuen's Staff as A.D.C.

On the 20th March Captain S. H. Enderby joined from England and took over command of the Detachment.

On the 24th March crossed the Vaal to Warrenton.

March 28th ... ... to Wegdraai ... ... 13 miles
March 29th ... ... to Boesmans Put ... ... 15 miles
March 30th ... ... to Leeuwfontein ... ... 12 miles
March 31st ... ... to Steenboks Pan ... ... 18 miles

A party of Boers attacked the camp at about 9 p.m. and succeeded in stampeding some cattle, but did not press the attack home. Private Hogg, of the Detachment, was mortally wounded. Several casualties in other Corps.

April 1st ... ... to Krom Vallei ... ... 10 miles
April 2nd ... ... to Neikerk Kuil ... ... 6 miles

The Column was joined by the Hoopstadt Garrison, which included the M.I. Company of the 2nd Battalion under Captain Hon. M. O'Brien.

April 3rd ... ... to Grootganna Pan ... ... 18 miles
April 4th ... ... to Present Pan ... ... 10 miles
April 5th ... ... to Boesmans Put ... ... 8 miles
April 6th ... ... to Wegdraai ... ... 15 miles
April 7th ... ... to Warrenton ... ... 13 miles

Between the 18th and 23rd April the Detachment proceeded to Mafeking by train, and on the 1st May left for Lichtenburg, 36 miles, arriving on the 3rd.

On the 4th May F and G Companies, under Captain A. C. Girdwood, left Lichtenburg with Lord Methuen's Column.

The following is a diary of their movements:—

May 4th ... ... to Truerfontein... ... ... 16 miles
May 5th ... ... to Brak Pan ... ... 23 miles

(Led by guides wrongly, 14 hours on march. Mounted troops engaged, captured a gun and 7 prisoners and killed 4 Boers).

(To be continued).

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 377.] **Saturday, 30th May, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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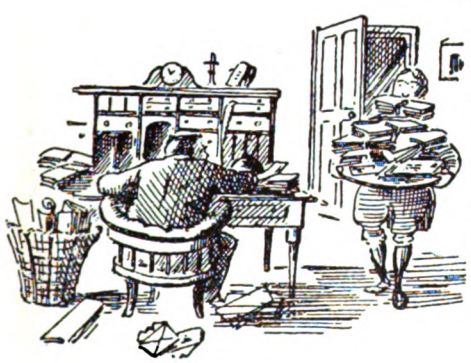
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
30th May, 1914.



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Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.
All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental [Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Major R. J. T. Stewart	to 31/12/14	Major Isacke	to 30/ 4/15
Mr. H. Smith	,, 31/12/14	Mr. J. Terrill	,, 30/ 4/15
P.M.C., 6th Battalion	,, 31/12/14	Major D. Myles	,, 30/ 4/15
Major-Gen. Sir E. Leach	,, 31/12/14	Captain Ritson	,, 31/12/15
Colonel Beamish	,, 31/12/14	Qrmr. Sergt. Purcell, Depôt	March *Gazette*
Major Thomson	,, 31/12/14		
O.C., Prudhoe Detachment	,, 31/12/14	P.R.I., 1st Battalion	*Gazettes*
Captain Sarel	,, 31/12/14	P.R.I., 2nd Battalion	February and March *Gazettes*
Mr. J. Lillycrop	,, 31/12/14		
Sergeants' Mess, 6th Batt.	,, 31/12/14	Miss Robinson	Bound Volume
Mr. G. Hitchiner	,, 31/12/14	P.M.C., 5/68th R.D.	Bound Volumes
Captain M. Lloyd	,, 31/12/14	Capt. Sandilands	Bound Volume and Subscription
Captain Rickman	,, 31/12/14		
Lady Bertha Dawkins	,, 30/ 4/15	Mr. J. Dalzell	February Adverts.

BIRTHS.

AHRONSON.—On the 19th April, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 4339 Colour-Sergeant R. Ahronson, Permanent Staff, 3rd Battalion, of a son.

BIRD.—On the 13th April, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Corporal T. Bird, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

BROOKS.—On the 24th April, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Sergeant Brooks, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

CRUDDAS.—On the 22nd April, at the Lea, Riding Mill, the wife of Captain B. Cruddas, Adjutant, 4th Battalion, of a daughter.

HERBERT.—On the 13th April, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Sergeant H. Herbert, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

PINCHER.—On the 29th March, at Ambala, India, the wife of Sergeant-Drummer Pincher, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

SIMPSON.—On the 23rd March, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of No. 5205 Colour-Sergeant R. Simpson, the Depôt, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

BEARMAN.—On the 24th April, at Hounslow, No. 3758 Private A. C. Bearman, 1st Battalion (of pneumonia).

COX.—On the 29th April, at Wolston, No. 1129 Private O. Cox, 1st Battalion (accidental death).

SOMERVELL.—On the 9th May, at a nursing home at St. Leonards-on-Sea, Major William Somervell, late 5th Fusiliers, eldest son of the late William Somervell, of Hendon, and Mrs. Edward Kynaston, of 54, Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore, S.W.

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MAJOR-GENERAL T. S. C. BIGGE, C.B.

IT is with great regret that we have to record the death of Major-General T. S. C. Bigge, one of the senior surviving officers of the Regiment, on the 14th May.

Thomas Scovell Charles Bigge was born in July, 1837, and entered the Army in 1854, in time to see service in the Crimea with the 23rd Fusiliers from November, 1854, to June, 1856, during which period he was twice wounded. He received at the close of the campaign the medal and clasp for Sebastopol, the Turkish war medal and the Order of the Medjidie.

The outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857, found him serving with the Regiment as a Captain, and with the FIFTH he went through the whole campaign from July, 1857, to 1859, including the Relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell, and the defence of the Alum Bagh by Sir James Outram. For this campaign he held the medal and clasps for the relief and capture of the city.

A period of service in Ireland and the East Indies followed the Mutiny, and in 1877 General Bigge succeeded to the command of the 2nd Battalion.

Further distinguished service ensued for he was in 1879 appointed a member of Lord Airey's Committee to reorganise the Army, and for his earnest work in this connection received the thanks of the Secretary of State for War.

Early in 1881 General Bigge exchanged commands with Colonel Rowland and took over the 1st Battalion at Portsmouth. Shortly afterwards he lost the sight of his right eye which had been affected for some years by an old injury, and as a consequence he retired in 1882.

In addition to his other decorations Major-General Bigge received the C.B. on the occasion of the King's Birthday in 1905, the jubilee of the Crimean War.

As a C.O. he was very popular with all ranks, and his interest in and care for his Regiment was reflected in the high state of efficiency which it attained under his command.

General Bigge's funeral took place on the 18th May, at St. Alban's, with military honours, and was very largely attended. The 1st Battalion was represented by Major Yatman and a detachment of N.C.O.'s, and many of General Bigge's former comrades in arms followed his remains to their last resting place.

The sympathy of the Regiment is with the late General's relatives in their great sorrow.

MAJOR W. SOMERVELL.

THE news of Major Somervell's death will come as a shock to his many friends among the officers past and present of the Regiment; for it seems but a year or so since he left the FIFTH to become Recruiting Staff Officer in London. Starting life as a Planter in Assam and Ceylon William Somervell's love of soldiering led him to enlist ere long in the 93rd Highlanders with whom he served some six years. In October, 1889, he was selected for a commission and gazetted to the FIFTH joining the 2nd Battalion at Rawal Pindi in the same year.

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After a tour of service in India at Nowshera, Peshawar and Sitapur, he proceeded with the 2nd Battalion to Singapore, where he became Adjutant of the Battalion.

Two or three years at home followed, and then on the outbreak of the South African War Somervell proceeded to the Cape with the 2nd Battalion.

His services here gained him a Brevet-Majority which indeed was well earned, and the Queen's and King's medals. During this long campaign he never left the 2nd Battalion, and was one of the few officers who were never sick or sorry throughout the war. Those who served under his immediate command will always remember the "O.C. Zwaartelaagte."

Home service at Gravesend, the Depôt, Aldershot and Dover, followed the war till the end of 1907, when Somervell became Recruiting Staff Officer in London and severed his connection with the Regiment.

During his eighteen years' service in the FIFTH his heart and soul were in the Regiment and its well-being. In his encouragement of *esprit-de-corps* he set a high standard indeed while his kindness to "young officers" on joining was proverbial.

In his death the Regiment loses a real friend, and the sympathy of the officers of the Regiment, past and present, goes out to his relatives.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant R. C. Roddam is seconded (dated 25th December, 1913).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Private F. W. Smail, from the Lothians and Border Horse Yeomanry, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 27th May, 1914). F. R. Cowen to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 27th May, 1914). Captain G. S. Jackson resigns his commission under granted permission to retain his rank and wear the prescribed uniform (dated 27th May, 1914).

1st Battalion Notes.

THE CAMP,
WOOL,
May 25th, 1914.

THE Battalion, less some details left at Portsmouth under Lieutenant Sloper, moved by train to Wool in Dorset on the 7th inst., that is to say on the day following that on which A and D Companies returned to Portsmouth from Fort Purbrook. For we live in very strenuous days.

The camp is a good one and lies about two miles north-west of Wool on the upland heath that divides the rivers Frome and Piddle. The musketry range is at our doors. The training area is chiefly to the north, and within reasonable distance, except for one section of it which is five miles away. Here we shall be till the end of June, by which time musketry and Company and Battalion Training will be over.

The 1st Battalion Lincolnshire Regiment lie alongside, to be succeeded early in June by the 2nd Battalion 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, now quartered at Portland.

This is a beautiful and interesting part of the south of England, with great variety in scenery between the rich green meadows of the valleys and the dark heather and pines of the moorland. We began our stay here with days of cold windy weather and nights of almost wintry chill, but these were succeeded by a fortnight of perfect summer conditions in which lovers of nature could hear or see most of the pleasantest sights and sounds of a seasonable spring. Nightingales sang in the woods around, and the cuckoo, heron, nightjar, owl, curlew, goldfinch, and swan have all been seen by one Company or other while out training. A pied wagtail has successfully hatched her nest-full of eggs in an archway under the 300 yards firing point, where firing has been going on nearly every day and where in particular the "mad minute" of rapid fire is carried out.

We had not been here many days before we were visited informally by the G.O.C.-in-Chief of the Southern Command, Sir H. L. Smith-Dorrien, our Divisional Commander, Major-General Sir H. S. Rawlinson, and Brigadier-General Shaw, commanding our (9th) Brigade. Indeed, the Staff miss few opportunities of seeing the troops during the training season, and no place, in these days of motor cars, can be described as isolated or out of reach of higher control.

The results of the Regimental Rifle Meeting, for which the weather conditions were all that could be desired, were as follows:—

CLASS I.—MARKSMEN AND 1ST CLASS SHOTS.

600 Yards Slow.—1st, Private Barnett, D Company; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Quinn, B Company, and Private Thorburn, C Company; 4th, Private Naish and Lance-Corporal King, D Company, Private Jackson, A Company, extra prize.

500 Yards Rapid.—1st, Private Clarke, C Company, and Bandsman Gibbon, D Company; 3rd, Company-Sergeant-Major Hone, B Company; 4th, Private Kitchen, C Company.

300 Yards Snap Shooting.—1st, Private Coxon, A Company; 2nd, Private Tillotson, D Company; 3rd, Sergeant Gilborne, D Company; 4th, Drummer Wray, D Company.

Running 600 Yards and Firing 15 Rounds Rapid in 50 Seconds.—1st, Lance-Corporal Radforth, C Company; 2nd, Private Baines, C Company, and Private Poole, D Company; 3rd, Private Pitt, D Company.

500 Yards Slow.—1st, Sergeant Gilborne, D Company; 2nd, Sergeant Crouch, A Company; 3rd, Bandmaster Windram.

CLASS II.—2ND CLASS SHOTS.

500 Yards Slow.—1st, Drummer Stoneham, A Company; 2nd, Private Arkless, C Company; 3rd, Private Bird, A Company; 4th, Private Dorward, D Company.

400 Yards Rapid.—1st, Drummer Stoneham and Private Mustill, A Company; 2nd, Private Foy, C Company; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Allen, A Company; 4th, Private Evans, C Company.

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200 Yards Snap Shooting.—1st, Private Eastman, A Company; 2nd, Private Simmons, A Company; 3rd, Private Mustill, A Company.

300 Yards Timed.—1st, Lance-Corporal Fisk, D Company; 2nd, Private West, D Company; 3rd, Private Absolam, D Company.

CLASS III.—3RD CLASS SHOTS.

400 Yards Slow.—1st, Private Johnson, B Company; 2nd, Private Hotchkiss, C Company; 3rd, Private Robshaw, A Company.

300 Yards Slow.—1st, Drummer Hickson, B Company; 2nd, Private Rowan, A Company; 3rd, Private Hotchkiss, C Company.

200 Yards Rapid.—1st, Private Brown, A Company, and Private Lundy, D Company; 2nd, Private Johnson, B Company; 3rd, Drummer Hickson, B Company; 4th, Private Blackburn, A Company.

200 Yards Timed.—1st, Drummer Hickson, B Company; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Ayre, D Company; 3rd, Private Hotchkiss, C Company; 4th, Private Penrose, D Company.

200 Yards Snap Shooting.—1st, Private Jones, D Company; 2nd, Private Hotchkiss, C Company; 3rd, Private Lamb, A Company; 4th, Private Scales, C Company.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of Major-General Bigge's death. Major Yatman attended the funeral from the 1st Battalion, as from various quarters did Colonels Darley, Hargreave, Hart-Dyke, Armstrong, Dashwood, Sapte, and Majors Buckley and Wood.

Captain Forster has presented the Officers' Mess with a complete edition in twenty volumes of Burton's "Arabian Nights." We thank him heartily for the gift.

Lieutenant Bonham Carter is going through a flying course at Upavon, and will soon, we hope, take out his certificate as an expert aviator.

Captain Toppin has joined and taken over command of B Company.

The last Levée of the season takes place at St. James' Palace to-day and is being attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, Major Yatman, Captains Sandilands, Gatehouse, Herbert, Fletcher and Selby, and Lieutenants Ovans, Stephen, Cogan, Watkin, Vachell, Barrett, Swaine, Boyd, Gunner, Buckley and Dorman-Smith.

The news of Major Somervell's death has just reached us and is received with great regret by all, especially by those who knew him in old days.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeants:—

No. 1224	Lance-Sergeant	G. Ashton	from 26/4/14
„ 9522	Corporal	A. Woodhead	„ 8/5/14
„ 9360	„	D. Redhead	„ 18/5/14

To be paid Lance-Sergeants:—

No. 2352	Lance-Sergeant	G. Wood	from 2/5/14
„ 162	Corporal	G. Raison	„ 26/4/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 3058	Lance-Corporal	G. Fulton	from 20/2/14
„ 2412	„	J. White	„ 21/3/14
„ 1491	„	J. Drayson	„ 4/4/14
„ 2613	„	F. W. Lote	„ 15/4/14
„ 9280	„	C. Vandepeer	„ 26/4/14
„ 614	„	R. W. Thornton	„ 2/5/14
No. 2607	Lance-Corporal	F. Carter	from 6/5/14
„ 2372	„	J. G. Clarke	„ 8/5/14
„ 1273	„	J. Howard	„ 8/5/14
„ 3063	„	I. Lee	„ 10/5/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 3467	Lance-Corporal	H. Mylitt	from 29/4/14
„ 2866	„	W. Sadler	„ 29/4/14
„ 3474	„	W. Gledhill	„ 29/4/14
„ 3655	„	J. Stamper	„ 29/4/14
„ 2005	„	H. Gibbs	„ 29/4/14
„ 3459	„	A. Ayre	„ 2/5/14
„ 2385	„	A. Moore	„ 6/5/14
„ 3318	„	R. Burkett	„ 6/5/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2759	Private	J. Bennett	from 16/5/14
„ 3628	„	E. Edwards	„ 16/5/14
„ 3357	„	H. Oldfield	„ 16/5/14
„ 3313	„	H. Wiltcher	„ 16/5/14

To be Drummer:—

No. 9688	Private	J. Moore	from 8/3/14

To be Bandsmen:—

No. 9381	Private	J. Carter	from 26/4/14
„ 2515	„	J. Cotterill	„ 3/5/14

Forty-four recruits have joined the Battalion during the month.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

3rd Class:—

No. 3572	Private	Peppiatt	from 7/ 2/12
„ 3833	„	P. Jackman	„ 2/ 8/12
„ 3834	„	J. Atkinson	„ 31/ 1/13
„ 3841	„	A. J. Challoner	„ 19/ 6/13
„ 3828	„	W. Wilkins	„ 13/12/13
„ 3826	„	W. S. Brownswood	„ 17/ 3/14
„ 3866	„	L. Woollard	„ 4/ 4/14
„ 3865	„	W. Haddon	„ 4/ 4/14
„ 3702	„	F. Callaghan	„ 29/ 4/14
„ 3709	„	J. Afford	„ 29/ 4/14

No. 8033 Private E. Hebron re-engaged at Portsmouth for the Northumberland Fusiliers to complete 21 years' service. Authority, O.C., 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, dated the 5th May.

2nd Battalion Notes.

SABATHU,
7th May, 1914.

THE Battalion arrived at Sabathu on the morning of the 27th March, having left Ambala on the 23rd. It was a long and tiring march and everyone was glad when they arrived in Sabathu. Two Companies have gone on Detachment, H Company to Jutogh (near Simla), and A Company to Dagshai. The former seems from all accounts a very nice place though the same cannot be said of the latter, which lacks the one necessity in this part of the world, *i.e.*, a flat piece of ground on which to play games.

We might be very much worse off than in Sabathu. The parade ground is a great boon, not perhaps so much in its military capacity, as a polo, football, and general recreation ground. It is as hard as a rock and rather small for the former game, but still does very well and we are all very grateful for it.

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Incidentally Sabathu has provided our first houses since we have been in India, and the change is very welcome. The bungalows are quite comfortable, though some are perhaps rather a long way off.

Games have been many during the past month. Polo, three a side, is played three times a week, and our players are increased by a few Rifle Brigade officers who come over from Dagshai and play in some of the chukkers.

The Tug-of-War League was finished in Ambala, and the final result appeared in our last notes. We append the results, up-to-date, of the Football and Hockey Leagues.

Matches have been played practically every evening and have provided great interest, and in many cases enthusiasm. The Cricket League will soon be starting now and practice games are already being played. Bayonet fighting and boxing competitions have also been arranged.

Though "India is not a foxhunting spot" still Captain Auld and Mr. Leverson have started a pack of hounds, consisting of about seven couple, with which they intend to hunt the wily jackal if we go back to Ambala.

Several officers have been shooting, but nothing of note has been shot. Some are out now, two at Dehra Dun and one on his way to Tibet. We wish them all the best of luck.

It is now getting quite hot, but the temperature is lowered now and again by a thunderstorm, one of which chose the day on which the Viceroy was to have presented the new Colours. Everything was ready including police all the way to Simla, a distance of over 20 miles, and several guests had already arrived, but the weather was so bad the Viceroy decided to put it off. It is believed that he is coming later in the month. We however take this opportunity of thanking the 1st Battalion for their telegram of good wishes.

We have much pleasure in welcoming Major Crispin on his return to the 2nd Battalion, and Second-Lieutenants Corbet-Singleton and Markham on their first appointments.

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No. 9154 Sergeant E. Vines and No. 9762 Sergeant H. Moody qualified at the Rifle Course, Rawal Pindi, 1st Course, 1914.

No. 9154 Sergeant E. Vines has been appointed 2nd Class Instructor at the School of Musketry, Changla Gali, from the 16th April, 1914, to 31st March, 1915.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

To be Sergeant :—

Lance-Sergeant Morris from 27/ 3/14

To be paid Lance-Sergeants :—

No.	231	Corporal W. Kennett	from	5/ 2/14
„	69	„ G. Prophet	„	18/ 2/14
		„ O. Musgrove	„	27/ 3/14

To be Corporals :—

No.	5174	Lance-Corporal T. Watts	from	5/ 2/14
„	2894	„ E. Abbott	„	27/ 3/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—

No.	3532	Lance-Corporal M. Turner	from	5/ 2/14
„	3100	„ L. Speight	„	18/ 2/14
„	2276	„ P. Raymond	„	27/ 3/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—

No.	2593	Private J. Bradford	from	13/ 3/14
„	2892	„ A. Pollard	„	13/ 3/14
„	2980	„ W. Rowley	„	13/ 3/14
„	1904	Bandsman L. Willson	„	1/ 4/14
„	2743	Private J. Hall	„	1/ 4/14
„	3208	„ J. Day	„	1/ 4/14
„	1762	„ G. Barnard	„	14/ 4/14
„	1258	Bandsman H. Fowler	„	29/ 4/14
„	9848	„ T. Fowler	„	29/ 4/14
„	3188	Private R. Barnett	„	2/ 5/14
„	2843	„ W. Fearnley	„	2/ 5/14
„	2657	„ C. Thompson	„	2/ 5/14

The undermentioned men have been awarded Nursing Certificates, dated Ambala, the 19th March :—

No.	2740	Pte. G. Fawbert	No.	3044	Pte. T. Almond
„	3152	„ E. Bryan	„	2341	„ J. Adcock
„	2898	„ L. Clappen	„	2918	„ J. Chaney
„	2542	„ G. Bowes	„	3003	„ J. Bailey
„	2269	„ J. Sanderson	„	3269	„ J. Bradley

No. 2748 Pte. J. Paradise

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under, dated Ambala, the 14th March :—

2nd Class :—

No.	2839	L/Cpl. W. Steele	No.	2892	Pte. J. Pollard
„	2756	„ D. Whelan	„	2386	„ A. Reavell
„	2729	„ A. Adcock	„	2339	„ A. Wurston
„	3472	Drmr. C. Hughes	„	3067	„ F. Marott

3rd Class :—

No.	3347	Pte. H. McDonald	No.	2509	Pte. J. Hunter
„	3025	„ R. Rogers	„	3421	„ G. Young
„	2083	„ A. Wilkinson	„	3174	„ T. Walker
„	3001	„ F. Atkinson	„	2204	„ F. Collins
„	3210	„ E. Haigney	„	2537	„ W. Moulder
„	3271	„ G. Gardham	„	2834	„ J. McKae
„	2937	„ W. Webster	„	3152	„ E. Bryan

No. 3083 Pte. J. Taylor

St. GEORGE'S DAY.

After the rain which had been our portion during the preceding week it was a pleasant surprise when St. George's Day was ushered in by faultless weather.

The parade, which appeared strange to many of us with the white uniforms, took place at 9 o'clock, and was followed by a "dejeuner" to which all the guests were invited. The band and drums played selections after the parade.

Many company and other photographs were taken in the morning, unfortunately, however, with very varying success.

There was polo in the afternoon.

In the evening the sergeants held their Annual Ball which was, without doubt, a great success, and congratulations are due to all those who had any share in the organising of it.

We have much pleasure in thanking the following for their telegrams :—1st Battalion, Colonel Stewart, General Pilcher, Colonel Heard, Lieutenant Foljambe, Lieutenant Heyder, 3rd Battalion, Captain Douglas, Lieutenant Douglas, Lieutenant Holderness, Lieutenant Baxter, Detachment Jutogh, Lieutenant Sutherland, Captain Bevan, Captain Leslie, Colonel Whitaker, Colonel James, Colonel Sitwell, Major Percival, Sir H. Thornhill, Major Wood, Major Buckley, Major Armstrong, General Wilkinson, Captain De Calry, Lieutenant Brooke, Lieutenant Lawson, Lieutenant Powell.

THE St. GEORGE'S VARIETY PARTY.

In spite of the fact that a dance was being held in the Sergeants' Mess on the evening which this talented band of artistes chose for their first performance in Sabathu the audience was both numerous and appreciative, and it must have been encouraging for all concerned to see the two front rows almost entirely filled by officers.

After a selection of popular airs on the piano, very ably performed by Bandsman Wade, the curtain rose on the time-honoured chorus of "Old King Cole" followed by an excellent Rag-time duet, for the production of which Privates Forrest and Gardham deserve the highest praise.

Drummer Langtry (an old favourite of the Battalion) was recalled twice after his impersonation of King Charles II., and Private McCorkindale also scored an encore, in spite of a sore throat which had been giving him a lot of trouble at rehearsals.

Lance-Corporal Arnold and Private Ferguson made a very creditable show in "Swank," especially considering the short time they have had to rehearse in, and Albert Chevalier's "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" met with the reception common to Chevalier's songs.

The turn which followed this must indeed have mystified the audience ; the lack of any name on the programme, as well as the astounding make-up and voice, combining to make the name of the "lady" who sang "Let me kiss those tears away" an impenetrable secret.

The trouble which Lance-Corporal Tait had taken over his two dresses found its reward in as ludicrous a figure as heart could desire and in our humble opinion he deserved even more applause than he actually received.

Pioneer-Sergeant Avery and Bandsman Wade concluded

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the first half of the programme with a banjo duet which left no doubt as to their being complete masters of the negro's "National Instrument."

After an interval of 10 minutes Private Gosman treated us to a conjuring exhibition which would have made Mr. Devant green with envy, had he been present, and which derived no little benefit from the capital fooling of Private Ferguson.

Sergeant Fletcher, who has a fine bass voice, sang "The little grey home in the west" in addition to another song, while Corporal Watts supplemented the classical element on the programme from a repertoire which we believe to be as extensive as his song of last night was excellent.

Private Forrest made a welcome reappearance in "That rag-time sea" and Private Jordan's "Cubanola glide" and dance received a well earned encore. The last, but by no means the least, item on the programme was a clever sketch entitled "The Blue Hungry Band," produced by a most talented party. We will not attempt to comment on the several excellence of their performances, though we cannot resist congratulating Drummer Davidson on the manner in which he carried through the longest part in the play without any previous knowledge of acting. Finally, thanks are due to Lieutenant E. H. Baxter, the director, and to Sergeants Walker and Lee, the two managers, also to Sergeant Ireland and Bandsman Wade, who rendered such yeoman service at the piano.

The St. George's Variety Party are giving another performance to-night, the 7th May, which we hope will be as successful as the first.

A programme of the concert is appended.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture ... ..."OoooooooooO" S.-M.-Tailor IRELAND
2. Chorus ... "Old King Cole" ... ... By His Staff
3. Rag Time Duet "Ill be satisfied for life" ... ... Privates FORREST and GARDHAM
4. Comic Song ... "Charles II." ... Drmr. LANGTRY
5. Light Comedian "All through the wedding march" Pte. MCCORKINDALE
6. Comedy Duo "Swank, swank, swank" ... ... Lce.-Corpl. ARNOLD and Pte. FERGUSON
7. Coster Song "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" Lieut. MARKHAM
8. Female Impersonation "Let me kiss those tears away" ?
9. Comic Song "The old top hat my grand dad used to wear" Lce.-Corpl. TAIT
10. Banjo Duet ... "Bonnie Scotland" ... ... Pr.-Sergt. AVERY and Bdsmn. WADE

PART II.

1. Sleight of Hand Exhibition ... ... Pte. GOSMAN
2. Song ... ... Selected ... Sergt. FLETCHER
3. Rag-time Song "That rag-time sea" ...Pte. FORREST
4. Song ... ... Selected ... Corpl. WATTS
5. Song and Dance "Cubanola glide" ... Pte. JORDAN

Concluding with Sketch, entitled

"THE BLUE HUNGRY BAND."

CHARACTERS:—

Herr Musicelli, musical agent ... ... Pte. MCCORKINDALE
Billy Binks, coster ... ... Lce.-Corpl. ARNOLD
Prof. Mark Time, the world renowned ... Drmr. LANGTRY
Phillipus Phipps, a dude musician ... Lce.-Sergt. BOSTEN
Octavius Musicus, an old time actor ... Sergt. FLETCHER
Adolphus Buttons, out of work page ... Drmr. DAVIDSON

GOD SAVE THE KING-EMPEROR.

CAPTAIN AULD'S AND MR. LEVERSON'S PACK OF HOUNDS AT EXERCISE DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

FOOTBALL.

1ST LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals. For.	Agst.	Pts.
G	...	14	9	2	3	29	14	21
B	...	14	8	5	1	22	16	17
F	...	14	5	4	5	16	16	15
H	...	14	5	5	4	12	13	14
D	...	13	4	4	5	11	9	13
A	...	11	4	3	4	14	14	12
C	...	14	2	9	3	13	30	7
E	...	12	2	7	3	9	14	7

2ND LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals. For.	Agst.	Pts.
B	...	13	9	1	3	21	7	21
A	...	11	6	2	3	17	11	15
C	...	10	5	2	3	14	11	13
D	...	9	4	1	4	9	4	12
G	...	12	3	6	3	16	17	9
H	...	14	2	8	4	12	27	8
F	...	10	3	5	2	10	13	8
E	...	7	0	5	2	4	11	2

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HOCKEY.

1st League.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
H	...	12	7	1	4	26	18
A	...	6	5	0	1	14	11
E	...	12	5	6	1	16	11
D	...	8	3	1	4	12	10
B	...	7	4	3	0	18	8
F	...	9	2	4	3	8	7
G	...	9	1	5	3	10	5
C	...	11	1	8	2	11	4

2nd League.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
H	...	10	5	3	2	13	12
B	...	7	5	0	1	21	11
A	...	5	4	0	1	11	9
C	...	6	3	1	2	7	8
D	...	5	1	3	1	5	3
F	...	4	1	2	1	6	3
G	...	6	1	4	1	4	3
E	...	7	0	5	2	2	2

Depôt Notes.

The Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

27th May, 1914.

DAY has been a very quiet month here, though recruiting has been quite brisk. The duty-men have been away at Strensall for three weeks doing their Annual Musketry Course under command of Captain Williams and Lieutenant Platt.

On the 29th the recruits go to Alnwick, under command of Captain Gordon, for musketry, and on the 29th the 3rd Battalion training starts when we shall all be away till the end of July.

No. 4222 Colour-Sergeant W. Smith has been awarded the Silver Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct (with gratuity). Army Order 99 of 1914.

A draft of 14 recruits were posted to the 1st Battalion at Portsmouth with effect from the 25th ult.

The following have been awarded Certificates of Education at examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 8th inst.:—

2nd Class:—

No. 3783 Pte. C. Dipper
„ 3799 „ A. Rigby
No. 3793 Pte. S. Warr
„ 8309 „ W. Holmes
No. 3798 Pte. S. Broome

3rd Class:—

No. 1159 Drmr. H. Hobbs
„ 3794 Pte. H. Gunn
„ 8311 „ C. McKeen
„ 3781 „ E. Anderson
No. 8306 Pte. J. Gullon
„ 8312 „ J. McCrudden
„ 3822 „ A. Walker
„ 8308 „ A. Aldred

CRICKET.

Depôt 5th Fusiliers v. Depôt West Riding Regt.

This match was played at Strensall on the 6th May, resulting in a win for the fifth by 5 wickets after an uphill second innings fight.

Depôt West Riding Regiment.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Chambers, c Lynam, b O'Hara...	0	c Marrs, b O'Hara	7
Tennant, b Rowsell	5	c Platt, b O'Hara	5
Mr. Dewand, c Hassett, b McQuade...	7	b Rowsell ...	0
Bennett, b Lynam	61	c Hassett, b Rowsell	2
Tanner, b Lynam...	21	not out	1
Harrington, c and b O'Hara ...	5	lbw, b Rowsell ...	7
Senior, c and b O'Hara	0	c O'Hara, b Dresser	9
Watkins, b Lynam	1	b Lynam... ...	0
Hall, run out	1	b O'Hara... ...	0
Mawson, not out	5	b Lynam... ...	0
Smith, b Lynam	0	b Dresser ...	14
Extras	7	Extras ...	5
Total	113	Total ...	50

Depôt 5th Fusiliers.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Mr. Platt, b Chambers	1	b Bennett ...	43
Rowsell, b Chambers	5	b Bennett ...	31
Hassett, b Chambers	2	b Chambers ...	18
Lynam, c Bennett, b Chambers	5	c Tennant, b Chambers	8
McQuade, b Bennett	8	b Bennett ...	13
O'Hara, b Chambers	2	not out	5
Marrs, c Tanner, b Chambers ...	0	not out	0
Redhead, b Chambers	0	did not bat	
Dresser, c and b Bennett ...	1		
Taylor, not out	1		
Elcock, b Chambers	0		
Extras	6	Extras ...	20
Total	31	Total (5 wkts.)	138

BILLIARDS.

Result of a billiards handicap held during April by the members of the St. George's Branch, R.A.T.A., 5/68th Regimental Depôts:—

1st Round.

Pte. Farrell, D.L.I.	beat	Sergt. Ford, D.L.I.
„ Holland, D.L.I.	„	Drmr. Barker, 5th Fus.
„ Stanton, D.L.I.	„	Pte. Stott, 5th Fus.
Bugler Board, D.L.I.	„	„ McQuade, 5th Fus.
Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus.	„	„ Johnson, D.L.I.
Pte. Hope, D.L.I	„	„ Willoughby, 5th Fus.
„ Boulton, 5th Fus.	„	„ Blair, 5th Fus.
Corpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus.	„	„ Pickett, 5th Fus.
Pte. Moat, 5th Fus.	„	„ Anderson, 5th Fus.
Corpl. Warner, 5th Fus.	„	Drmr. Powell, 5th Fus.
Pte. Thomas, D.L.I.	„	Pte. Durham, 5th Fus.
„ Rochester, D.L.I.	„	„ Williams, 5th Fus.
„ Smith, 5th Fus.	„	„ King, 5th Fus.
„ Middlebrook, 5th Fus.—A bye		

2nd Round.

Cpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus.	beat	Pte. Farrell, D.L.I.
Bugler Board, D.L.I.	„	„ Thomas, D.L.I.
Pte. Boulton, 5th Fus.	„	„ Rochester, D.L.I.
Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus.	„	Cpl. Warner, 5th Fus.
Pte. Stanton, D.L.I.	„	Pte. Holland, D.L.I.
„ Hope, D.L.I.	„	„ Smith, 5th Fus.
„ Moat, 5th Fus.—A bye		
„ Middlebrook, 5th Fus.—A bye		

3rd Round.

Cpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus.	beat	Bugler Board, D.L.I.
Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus.	„	Pte. Stanton, D.L.I.
Pte. Boulton, 5th Fus.	„	„ Moat, 5th Fus.
„ Middlebrook, 5th F.	„	„ Hope, D.L.I.

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SEMI-FINAL.

Cpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus. beat Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus.
Pte. Boulton, 5th Fus. ,, Pte. Middlebrook, 5th Fus.

FINAL.

Cpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus. beat Pte. Boulton, 5th Fus.

EXTRA.

Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus. beat Pte. Middlebrook, 5th Fus. for 3rd place.

RESULT.

Corpl. O'Hara, 5th Fus.	...	...	1st
Pte. Boulton, 5th Fus.	...	...	2nd
Drmr. Hobbs, 5th Fus.	...	...	3rd
Pte. Middlebrook, 5th Fus.	...	...	4th

4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
21st May, 1914.

ON St. George's Day we were unable to make any display owing to our men being busily engaged in their civil avocations. We were pleased to receive telegrams of remembrance from Colonel Ritson, and the 5th, 6th and 7th Battalions.

The Headquarter Staff of the Battalion, together with A and E Companies, took part in the "Military Sunday Church Parade" at Hexham, on the 26th ult. Our men, who numbered 120, wore red and white roses as usual on the nearest Sunday to St. George's Day. Other organizations represented on the Parade were the National Reserve, Voluntary Aid Detachment (Women), Voluntary Aid Detachment (Men), the Church Lads' Brigade, the Boy Scouts, and the Boys' Life Brigade.

A Church Parade was held at Haltwhistle on the 3rd inst., about 80 of all ranks attending; the Battalion Band was present and attracted one of the largest crowds ever seen in Haltwhistle.

Recruiting, under present conditions the most important feature of a Territorial Battalion, has proceeded slowly but steadily during the past two months, our total recruits for the year to date are about 140, slightly below last year's figures; on the other hand our discharges show a considerable decrease compared with last year, and we expect when the figures are finally adjusted, to stand about 50 stronger than last year. We are glad to say that Company Commanders report that the quality of the recruits obtained is both physically and mentally above the average, an opinion which the writer from what he has seen of them can quite confirm.

The reason why this Battalion does not carry colours has long been a subject of mystery to many of our friends. We may explain that when the other Territorial Battalions in the County received colours this Battalion was clothed in grey and a War Office decision was given that this gave us the status of a Rifle Battalion and that therefore we were not entitled to carry colours. However, now that the Battalion is clothed in scarlet the necessary authority to carry colours has been given and we hope soon to exercise the right. Unfortunately, the only contribution the War Office make towards the colours is the authority; all expense has to be borne regimentally. Under these circumstances kind friends have come to the front and we are assured that the colours will materialise in due course.

B (Bellingham) Company held a Week-end Camp at Bellingham from the 16th to the 18th inst., and were favoured with delightful weather. Unfortunately, owing to a variety of reasons, the attendance was only small.

5th Battalion Notes.

HEADQUARTERS, WALKER-ON-TYNE,
25th May, 1914.

THERE is not much to record in the way of news this month, all are busy with the nightly training preparing for Camp. Recruits are still coming in and we promise to be well up to establishment before Camp.

Church Parades seem to be the order of the day. H Company held theirs at Benton Church on the 3rd inst., when there was a good attendance. On Empire Day the Battalion attended the Special Service at Newcastle Cathedral when 20 officers and about 350 rank and file were present. On Sunday, 31st inst., G Company, Gosforth, will hold their Church Parade.

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th May, 1914.

EMPIRE Day was celebrated by a parade of the Territorial Units in Newcastle-on-Tyne for Divine Service in St. Nicholas' Cathedral. About 2,000 troops took part. We paraded 400 strong in addition to our Cadet Unit, "Allan's School Cadet Unit."

A Company have formed a Shooting Club with the object of endeavouring to secure some of the trophies offered for competition at the County Meeting.

450 of all ranks have been exercised in Musketry.

The officers took part in a Staff Tour, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. B. Spain, on the 10th inst.

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7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
22nd May, 1914.

CAPTAIN E. W. Milburn attended an advanced course of musketry at the School of Musketry, Hythe, from the 6th to 18th April, and obtained a satisfactory report.

Musketry week-end camps are being arranged at Morpeth, Belford and Alnwick.

Sergeants Harvey and McCoy will attend a course in care of small arms, and Colour-Sergeant W. Blades a course in care of machine gun at Enfield on the 15th July.

The Annual Classification of Battalion Signallers was held at Alnwick on the 10th May and twenty attended. Eight were classified first and five second.

Sergeant R. W. Smith, D Company, attended a course in the School of Cookery at Aldershot on the 29th April to 19th May and obtained a satisfactory report.

Captain Hon. G. W. Liddell will attend the qualifying rifle course at the School of Musketry, Hythe, commencing 28th May.

Colour-Sergeant S. Sleath, Permanent Staff, has been awarded the medal for long service and good conduct, with gratuity.

Captain R. Dryden, Sergeant R. Hedley and Lance-Corporal J. Potter, A Company, and Lance-Sergeant T. E. Thompson, B Company, have been awarded the Territorial Force efficiency medal.

The recruiting for the Battalion has been very satisfactory, 218 men having been enlisted during the current year, and 52 men have re-engaged for a further period of two years since last training.

REGIMENTAL DINNER.

THE Regimental Dinner was held at the Imperial Restaurant, on Thursday, May 28th. The following were present:—Colonels Armstrong, Ainslie, Biddulph, Dashwood, Dyke, Darley, Pearse Hobbs, Heathcote, James, Money, Riddell, Sapte, Sir H. Thornhill, Whitaker and White; Majors Buckley, Fishbourne, Harding and Yatman; Captains Bevan, Carthew, Douglas, Evans, Festing, Gibbes, Herbert, Blair-Imrie, Jackson, Montagu, Selby, Toppin, Wreford Brown and Young; Lieutenants Booth, Chenevix-Trench, Hervey-Bathurst, Powell, Sloper, Sutherland and Doctor Collins.

Letters to the Editor.

196, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,
16th May, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—For many years past there has been a desire to get the History of the Regiment published in a suitable manner.

Major Leather took the first serious steps by getting search made in the Record and other offices and museums at very great personal expense, and has accumulated a large amount of material. Unfortunately, through press of other work, he has not yet been able to find time to attack the matter, nor could we desire to put any further expense on him personally. He would be delighted to go on with it, but at present cannot find time to undertake writing the book with all the accompanying worry. But I still hope his assistance may yet be available.

He has, however, most generously offered to place all his material at the disposal of the Regiment for the purpose of bringing out a History worthy of the FIFTH.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Ainslie has informed me that the officers of the 1st Battalion desire me to take the matter up, so as to see what can be done.

I am not qualified nor would I undertake to write the book myself, but they consider I can help by getting material together and finding out what we can do.

It is clearly no use going on unless we have the necessary funds guaranteed.

I should be glad therefore if any of your readers who are prepared to make a donation towards the cost would let me know at the above address without delay.

No money is to be sent at present, but if I find funds are likely to be forthcoming, I will ask Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Enderby and Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Ainslie to get a small committee of three or four to go into the whole question.

Meanwhile I hope everyone who has anything of interest connected with the Regiment will inform me of its existence, so that I can get together a list of the materials available.

Yours truly,
DOUGLAS SAPTE, Colonel.

WOOL CAMP,
21st May, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—In the hope that something may be done at an early date to bring out a good History of the Regiment, the officers of the 1st Battalion have asked Colonel Sapte to take the necessary steps in the matter, which he has kindly consented to do.

I take this opportunity of thanking Major Leather, on behalf of the Regiment, for his kindness in placing the valuable material he has collected at our disposal, and venture to hope that his assistance may continue to be forthcoming.

I am,
Yours truly,
H. S. AINSLIE, Lt.-Col.,
Commanding 1st Battn. 5th Fusiliers.

We have been sent the following letter:—

THE LYE-HOUSE, ST. ALBANS, HERTS,
19th May, 1914.

MY DEAR AINSLIE,—My mother and all of us wish to express our most grateful thanks to the Regiment for all they did yesterday at my dear father's funeral.

If I may say so I feel sure that he knew and appreciated to the full the presence of so many of his old comrades and he would have longed personally to have thanked the fine looking detachment of N.C.O's, men and buglers whom you so kindly selected to represent the 5th Fusiliers.

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I shall never forget him lying ill in his bed on last St. George's Day. He was suffering and in great discomfort, but my poor mother had pinned on to his pillow a red and a white rose, and he often looked at them.

For above all things during his service he was a regimental officer and he put the honour and welfare of his regiment before all personal ambitions.

Believe me to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

T. A. W. BIGGE, Lt.-Col., R.E.

P.S.—If it is not asking too much I should like this letter of thanks from us to appear in the *St. George's Gazette*, otherwise I cannot even hope to thank all those who came. I did all I could, but there was no time to thank everyone. And many of those who did come I did not have the privilege of knowing.

T. A. W. B.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST MAY, 1889.

COLCHESTER, FRIDAY, 31ST MAY, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—Polo is all the go here now and a Garrison Polo Club has been started, the members playing in Middlewick three days a week. The ground this year is properly and regularly mown and rolled, which makes it much pleasanter playing than last year. The club has eight infantry members, so that it is just possible to have a game independent of the 12th Lancers who, however, are always ready for a game.

It was only natural that, as fellow north countrymen, the two regiments of the Fifth Fusiliers and the Durham Light Infantry should during their stay in Colchester Camp become very closely associated. When the Fusiliers came to Colchester in the summer of 1887 the Durham Regiment, who had been some months stationed here, gave them a hearty welcome, a kindness which was duly acknowledged a little later when at mess the sergeants of the Durham Regiment were entertained to supper and presented with a handsome album. The friendship thus begun has all along been firmly maintained, and when the Durham men received marching orders a few weeks back general regret was expressed at their approaching departure. During the last few days of their stay in Colchester Camp various little fraternal gatherings took place, and one evening after having enjoyed the hospitality of the Fusiliers and whilst a smoking concert, in which several well-known military vocalists well sustained their reputation, was in full swing, quite a surprise was sprung upon the entertainers when Sergeant-Major Liebrecht, producing a handsome silver cup, presented it to the "Old and Bold" in the name of the 68th Light Infantry. The cup bore the following inscription:—"Presented to members Sergeants' Mess, 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers, by their comrades the members Sergeants' Mess, 68th Light Infantry, on leaving Colchester, May, 1889." Sergeant-Major Barlow suitably responded for the Fusiliers and the healths of the respective colonels of the two regiments were drunk with enthusiasm by all present. . . . . The good feeling existing was still further augmented by the fact that when the Sergeants' Mess of the 68th was closed on the 26th April a general invitation was given and as cordially accepted for the mess rooms of the Fighting Fifth to be open to the Durham Light Infantry, so that for almost ten days they existed together as one "happy family," ending in a general desire that the event should be perpetuated. This was done and in the future the grouped photographs of the sergeants of the two regiments will adorn the walls of their messes, thus constantly reviving a pleasing recollection. Before the regiment left the several companies were also entertained at breakfast by the corresponding companies of the FIFTH, as a slight return for the great hospitality and kindness the 68th Light Infantry have ever shown us. At the farewell breakfast, which took place immediately before the departure of the Durham Light Infantry, Colour-Sergeant Splain, of that regiment, in a neat speech on behalf of his brother non-commissioned officers, thanked their comrades of the Fusiliers for the generous spirit they had shown and which had so deeply impressed itself upon them that the regiment would never forget it. Cheers and counter cheers were then indulged in, and on Monday, the 6th May, on the word to march being given, the whole of the officers of the Fusiliers, including Colonel Hackett, accompanied the regiment to the railway station.

NORTH COUNTRY YARNS.

A STORY OF A PIG.

A village, not a hundred miles from Bellingham, is blessed with a very zealous policeman, who on one occasion wished to find out the owners of some pigs that were occasionally allowed to stretch their legs on the village green. Meeting a youngster, he commenced:—"D'ye keep a pig?" "Yes," was the reply. "Aa want to see't," said Robert. "Come on then," said the youngster, and, leading the way into the house, he pointed to the ceiling, saying, "Thor's yen half, and t'other yen's eaten!"

TIT FOR TAT.

A pitman, living in a colliery village near Gateshead, used to breed canaries. His efforts one season failed him, so he set about catching sparrows and painting them yellow. One of these he sold to a neighbour for 2/6. Proceeding to the "toon" to spend the money, he met a friend, who said to him: "Holloa, Geordie, why are ye luekin' se glum?" In reply Geordie remarked: "De ye knaa Bill Black? He's a real mean beggor. Why, aa selt him a canary and he paid me wiv' a bad haaf-croon. Did ye ivvor knaa the like!"

IN A DILEMMA.

The other day a simple-minded pitman received a letter from his sister who lived a great distance from him. After reading it he laid it down upon the table saying:—"Wey, aa'll be blist, aa's in a clivvor fix noo." "What's the mettor, Geordie?" queried his landlady. "Mettor!" was the reply; "Wey, here's ma married sister sent word thit she's had a bairn, an' as she hesn't said whethor its a lad or a lass, aa divvent knaa whethor aa's it's aunt or it's uncle!"

A FITTER.

A well-known minister at Tynemouth advertised through a local paper for young men to form a Church choir. Two engineer apprentices applied. The minister asked one of them to give a little stave of his voice, and he sung a verse of "My Pretty Jane." The minister clapped him on the shoulder and said—"My young man, you are a tenor." The vocalist at once replied:—"No, sor; aa'm a fittor!"

MANNERS.

Geordie was excited, he was on his way to see the real salt water ocean he had heard so much about. The train duly stopped at the Manors, and was moving off again when Geordie shouted to a porter, "What station's this?" "Manors," was the unexpected reply. "Manners, be beggared!" yelled Geordie, "If aa hadn't a darn sight mair manners than ye, aa wad gan and join them suffragists!"

THEY WAITED TO SEE IT.

During a performance at the Tynemouth Aquarium, a couple from Old Hartley were among the audience. When half-time arrived, an attendant placed on the stage a board inscribed with the word "Interval." "What's that, Geordie?" asked his wife. Geordie spelled the word. "I-n, in; t-e-r, inter; v-a-l, interval." "But what is't?" "Aa divvent knaa, lass. The foaks is aall gannin' oot; but we'll stop to see it!"

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TO THE BITTER END.

(*Continued from page 56*).

Chapter V.

A Close Shave.

It is probable that the tiny village of Pilchester would never have emerged from a well-deserved obscurity if some eminent antiquarian in the eighteenth century had not discovered the site of a Roman occupation about a mile from its outskirts. Subsequent excavations, spread over many years, and conducted in a dilatory manner, revealed further signs of an important Roman station; but it was not until the closing years of the nineteenth century that the work was seriously undertaken and a complete Roman town exposed.

The village, however, had failed to keep pace with the excavations. Its straggling street, but little changed in the last hundred years, contained the village inn, now dignified by the name of hotel, its general shop and post office combined, tiny square-towered church dating from Norman times, and a few cottages.

The inn, it is true, enjoyed a brief revival with the progress of the excavations and became the headquarters of more than one party of distinguished archæologists, until these gentlemen discovered that the Roman remains could be done comfortably by motor in a day from any reasonable distance.

Hereafter the business of the "Royal George" languished, though in the summer time occasional motorists stopped to refresh themselves and to remove the dust from their throats.

But if the village was behind the times there was no doubt that the Roman town was up-to-date, if such a term can be applied to the traces of a civilization of nearly 2,000 years ago. Many hundreds, among them not a few Americans and professors of Continental universities, came from far and wide to inspect and comment on the discoveries. The arrival, therefore, of two strangers at the "Royal George" on a fine summer's morning occasioned no comment.

Herr von Blowitz—Professor of Archæology at Heidelburg University as the visitors' book showed—and his friend, Hermann Eckstein, were enthusiastic students of Roman antiquities. There were but few encampments and villas in Great Britain from Agricola's in the Grampians to those at Dorchester which they had not visited. Herr von Blowitz was indeed—he made no secret of it—engaged in compiling a monumental work on the Roman occupation of Britain, a book which required far more particulars of Pilchester than could be acquired in the course of a few hours spent on the site.

The Professor and his friend had actually given up a hard-earned holiday to their self-imposed task. A sitting room—the only one in the inn—on the right hand side of the passage from the front door had been reserved for their use. It was not the room von Blowitz would have chosen, for the tap-room across the passage was hardly conducive to study until after closing time. Its stuffed birds, horse-hair covered furniture and wax flowers offended his artistic sense, though for want of better quarters he stifled his objections.

Hermann Eckstein, too, would not have selected the "Royal George" as a place of residence had a better one offered. As a kind of amanuensis to the Professor his time was fully occupied. They were, in fact, two very average specimens of their countrymen, von Blowitz thick-set with a stubbly beard, Eckstein fair-haired and blue-eyed; both characteristically thorough in the way they set about their work. Visits were paid morning and afternoon to the scene of the excavations, the village "fly" being their means of conveyance and their evenings were spent in work on the great treatise and in occasional gossips with their landlord. Correspondence occupied much of their time when at the inn, and Eckstein paid many visits to the village post office at the hours of arrival and departure of the post. But then, as the Professor said to the landlord, the manuscript of his work was very valuable, at least to him.

Returning one morning from the ruins, Eckstein as usual alighted at the post office and asked for the letters of the mid-day post while von Blowitz drove on to the inn. Ordering the cab again for the afternoon the Professor entered the sitting room. Shortly afterwards Eckstein flung open the door and entered the room.

His usually placid features bore a look of suppressed excitement, while he held in his hand a well-filled envelope.

"They've come," he cried.

The Professor gave a little start.

"Who?" he asked without looking up from the paper he was reading.

"The proof-sheets," replied Eckstein, and tearing open the envelope began to look through the sheets. As he did so a smaller and sealed envelope fell to the ground.

The Professor leant forward, picked it up, and with a glance at Eckstein tore it open.

Soon afterwards the sound of a motor car was heard in the quiet village street, and a large open touring car drove up to the door of the "Royal George."

"What about lunch here, General?" said Archie; "the food won't be quite up to your standard, Margaret, but it's some distance to the next village."

"All right, Archie," replied the General. "We'll see what the local butcher and an English cook can do for us."

They entered the inn and Archie ordered lunch.

This motor tour had been Margaret's idea. Her father, though he made a brave show, had felt Balmain's death terribly. He had not only lost a friend who was almost a son to him, but he could not go to any of his clubs without hearing the murder discussed. He began to stay at home but found life so dull without his particular cronies that the household in general and the butler in particular suffered. Things went from bad to worse and the blameless Bates was even contemplating giving notice and thus ending the association of years, when Margaret suggested a motor tour with the double object of getting the General away from his household and London until the murder had been forgotten.

To Archie, whom Margaret had invited to join them, the idea was most welcome. He was haunted by his cousin's tragic end and in spite of Margaret's efforts to cheer him up and her tender sympathy, his depression increased. He became morose and silent, seeing as few of his friends as possible; spending much of his time at Hendon where his state of mind led him to attempt many dangerous flights. This was an expedient which for the moment, at any rate, drove the recollection of the murder from him; though occasional interviews with Forrester always turned his thoughts to their original channel. That cheery optimist, indeed, had made but little progress with the Balmain case since Corbould's return and exoneration. Korlowitz and his gang had vanished without leaving a trace except the glove found in Balmain's flat. Without any definite clues to work upon Forrester was relying largely on news from the ports of departure for the continent; for as it was obvious that the gang would try to leave England sooner or later, some of the smartest C.I.D. men were enjoying a welcome breath of sea-air at a time when London was unusually oppressive.

In these circumstances Archie Corbould could do nothing to assist Forrester beyond supplying any funds which might be required, and he welcomed the idea of a short motor tour with unaffected delight.

While awaiting the coming of Margaret and her father to lunch Archie examined the sporting prints which adorned the walls of the narrow passage from the front door of the inn. Marvellous-looking jockeys bestrode wonderfully leggy horses, winners—in sensational circumstances no doubt—of long-forgotten races; top-hatted sportsmen with weird gaiters aimed their flint locks at illusive partridges, while their dogs pawed the air; and a meet of a famous pack of foxhounds in the "Shires" furnished an object lesson in the grouping of numbers of figures. As Archie passed from one to another, the sound of a foreign language coming through the half-open door of the room on the right-hand side of the passage caught his ear. He paused in his examination without moving his eyes from the print he was looking at; then the talking ceased and the door was firmly shut.

When Margaret and the General appeared, Archie was so

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interested in a print depicting a famous Derby winner that the latter had to call him twice to lunch.

Chatting cheerily to her father, Margaret led the way to the coffee room and was shewn to a table near the door. There was but one other table laid for lunch in the bow-window of the dingy room, whence a view of the street right and left was obtained.

"Hard tack," remarked the General as he began work on a chop which had been placed in front of him. "Killed especially for our benefit I should think," and then started on a comparison of English inns and dâk bungalows, to which neither of his companions paid much attention.

Margaret, indeed, was watching Corbould who had replied at random to the remarks which had been addressed to him.

"You're very absent-minded to-day, Archie," she said, "or has the motoring made you sleepy already?"

"Buck up, Archie," put in the General. Corbould roused himself from his reverie, as von Blowitz and Eckstein entered the room and took their seats at the table in the bow-window. Von Blowitz faced the street, presenting a profile to the motoring party, while Eckstein sat opposite to him and carried on a conversation in low tones.

The General continued his Indian experiences in which Margaret who had heard them all before evinced but little interest, while Archie showed none at all. With his eyes fixed on von Blowitz's thick-set figure and stubby beard he forgot all about his lunch.

Suddenly he turned to Margaret.

"Will you excuse me a moment, Margaret? I've left my handkerchief in my motor coat in the car; I won't be a minute," he said, and rising left the room.

Von Blowitz looked round as he went out. Archie instead of turning to the back entrance of the inn went out by the front door, and von Blowitz as he watched him enter the Post Office remarked quietly to Eckstein,

"Es ist alles vorüber."*

Once inside the Post Office Corbould dashed to the telephone box.

"I want a trunk call . . . . . City 400 . . . . . as quickly as possible . . . . . you'll be a few minutes?"

He replaced the receiver and, consumed with impatience, waited in the little room. Notices giving him every possible information about postal facilities to foreign countries and about emigration to British colonies did not attract him; nor did the list of panel doctors in the district. His replies to the post-mistress's well-meant remarks on the weather were formal almost to brusqueness. Slowly the minutes dragged along. The silence of the village street slumbering in the mid-day sun was broken by the sound of a horse trotting wearily. Corbould looked up, as the village "fly" with von Blowitz and Eckstein passed on the way to the excavations. With growing anxiety he watched it out of sight and then resumed his pacing up and down the tiny room. "Would he never get the trunk call?" he kept repeating to himself. His opinion of telephone operators had sunk very low when the bell in the little box rang. Archie hurried inside closing the door behind him.

"Hullo! Hullo! . . . Are you City 400? . . . . . Scotland Yard? . . . Put me through to Inspector Forrester."

* * * * * * * *

The smell of the wood pavement was more pungent and the dust, in spite of the water carts, more plentiful than ever as Forrester made his way to Scotland Yard, a little cast down by the failure of his men to find any trace of Korlowitz. Flinging his straw hat on a chair and mopping his brow he sat down at his table and took from a drawer the diary of the case. For the hundredth time he began to read it through.

"It's a rum show," he muttered, "I've had many hard nuts to crack, but this one beats me so far; these bally foreigners might have been spirited away by Maskelyne and Devant, and they haven't left the country except by swimming the Channel."

"And yet I'm not altogether satisfied that we're on the right track," he continued after a pause, while he relighted his pipe, "from what I've heard Whitehall-way Korlowitz is a decent sort of chap considering the dirty work he has to do for a living, and these chaps generally stick at a cold-blooded murder. Anyhow he's lying very close somewhere. Either he committed the murder and is anxious naturally to save his skin, or he's had orders to keep out of the way whether concerned or not in the business. Probably we're off the track altogether, but we're bound to hear something before long."

The door opened and a constable entered;

"Telephone message for you, sir, came about an hour ago; didn't know you'd come in, sir."

Forrester took the paper, glanced at the place of despatch and began to read.

Suddenly his air of weariness changed to one of suppressed excitement; seizing a Bradshaw he hurriedly turned up a page.

"That's no good, fetch me a map, Wilson, order me a car and tell Jameson I shall want him to go with me at once."

The constable left the room and Forrester picking up the message leant back in his chair.

"Have reason to believe" he read "Korlowitz and one of his men are staying here. If you cannot come at once please wire instructions to me at 'Royal George' Hotel, Corbould."

"Wire instructions, indeed," muttered Forrester, "it 'ud have to be something very important to keep me away from the chance of laying these gentry by the heels."

"Car there? and Jameson?" he said as the door opened again; "all right, I'm ready," and slipping a revolver into his coat pocket Forrester grasped the map and hurried from the room. The telephone message had quite restored his spirits and he chatted gaily with Jameson as the car rushed through the never-ending suburbs of London. "Got your 'gun' with you, Jameson? that's right; most of these people go armed and they're always ready to shoot, so there's no harm in being able to return the compliment."

The forty odd miles to Pilchester were covered at a speed which proved that, on that day at least, there were no police-traps working on the road.

As the car stopped at the "Royal George" Corbould came out and greeted Forrester:

"Too late," he said, "they've bolted."

The detective swore audibly.

"If it wasn't Korlowitz," continued Corbould, "it was devilish like him in spite of his stubbly beard; Dick's description of him was so clear that I feel sure it was the man. While I was waiting to get through to you on the telephone, they passed me on their way to the excavations, where they went every afternoon in the village "fly." The driver has just returned and says that as soon as they were clear of the village they ordered him to drive to the station at Hartwell, where they got out telling him they were going to buy a paper. He waited a quarter of an hour, and then, as they didn't return he asked a porter who told him that two gentlemen whom he described had just caught the train to London." At this moment the landlord of the "Royal George" came out. Of bucolic appearance, his features wore a dazed look. Indeed he scarcely realized yet that the two foreigners who had been such good customers to him had left without paying their bill. Forrester turned at once to him:—

"Does the 3.15 from Hartwell stop anywhere before it gets to London?"

The landlord looked doubtfully at the detective; then slowly his wits began to return.

"Yes," he said "I think it stops at Mayfield, but I ain't quite sure."

The local time table soon settled the point and Forrester went across to the Post Office. When he returned after a few minutes, a small crowd of villagers had gathered in front of the "Royal George." There must have been something mysterious about the motor-car; perhaps it was the dust with which it and its occupants were covered which attracted them. Corbould led the way to the coffee-room and then turned enquiringly to Forrester.

"Just wanted to make sure," the latter said, "and so telephoned to the station-master at Mayfield; they didn't leave the train there. I also 'phoned to the Yard to give them the

* It's all up.

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tip. Life must be pretty quiet down here," he added, "when I asked for a trunk call just now, the postmistress nearly had a fit." "Two trunk calls in one afternoon" she said, "lawk-a-mussey-me."

"Did she talk to you about the weather?" asked Corbould with a faint smile, and then added, "they've left some luggage, I expect."

"Ah," said Forrester, "we must have a look at that; do you know which rooms they had?"

"No, but I can soon find out for you."

Archie left the room and returned soon afterwards with the landlord.

"Which rooms did these two gentlemen occupy?" asked Forrester.

"Now, look 'ere, young man," replied the landlord, whose brain was now comparatively clear, "these two gentlemen as you call 'em, 'ave gone off without apaying me my money. What they've left behind 'em aint any concern of yourn; 'sides which you might be a friend-like of 'em and want to take away their luggage."

Forrester laughed heartily, and in a few words explained the situation to the suspicious landlord.

The rooms which von Blowitz and Eckstein had occupied differed but little from the general run of bedrooms in English country inns. There was the usual feather bed, the common lace curtains on the looking-glass, the window which opened only after force had been used, the threadbare carpet, the door with the uncertain latch; all of which were faithfully reproduced in von Blowitz's room to which the landlord first led Corbould and Forrester.

At the foot of the bed was a new trunk of obviously cheap make.

"Locked, of course," said the detective as he bent down, "but I know this brand of trunk; hardly necessary to send for a blacksmith."

He took the poker from the fender and inserting it under the lid of the trunk, used it as a lever. A sharp jerk, and the upper part of the lock came away from the trunk.

"Easier than I expected," he remarked, as he raised the lid. "Hullo?"

The trunk was nearly empty. Scattered on bottom of it were a few articles of linen and underclothing. Forrester picked them up one by one and examined them carefully.

"All brand new and none of them marked," he said quietly.

A similar trunk in Eckstein's room held out no hope of any clue to the identity of the visitors who had been so enthusiastic over the Roman remains. Eckstein too, seemed to have preferred his underclothing new and unmarked.

"This doesn't help us much—had they any other room, landlord?"

The latter led the way to the sitting-room with an expression of deep disappointment on his rubicund features. A few articles of underclothing go but a little way towards paying for several days' hotel bills.

The sitting-room promised to be a more likely field of search. The room was littered with books on Roman antiquities, and all of them, curiously enough, in the English language, and but little used; a couple of pipes and tobacco pouch were on the table, and a cap hung on a peg behind the door. Forrester took it down and examined the inside. As he made out the label in the crown, a low whistle escaped his lips. With a smile he handed the cap to Corbould for inspection and turned to the fireplace. What he saw there caused him to go down on his knees and to examine the charred paper with the greatest possible care. Slowly his fingers turned over the flimsy fragments; whoever had burnt these papers had done his work thoroughly. At length the detective reached the bottom of the pile and his search was rewarded; he picked up a small, triangular piece of paper, evidently the corner of a letter; its edges had been burnt, but the corner had escaped the flames. The detective carried it to the window and read on it the words "uber die Nord S——" and turning it over read on the other side:

"Mit helfer na—."

"Not much to be made out of this," he said rather despondently, "what do these words mean, Mr. Corbould?"

Archie took the paper; his knowledge of German did not qualify him to be an interpreter, but sufficed to translate the words.

"Across the North," he said, "as for the other bit,"—he paused for a moment in thought, "what a pity the fire touched the edge of the paper; the first two words mean 'accessory' and 'na' is evidently part of a word."

Forrester put away the fragment of paper carefully and together they strolled into the village street, whence the crowd from lack of interest had disappeared. The detective was the first to break the silence.

"It's a queer case, isn't it?"

"Most extraordinary," answered Corbould, "there's scarcely a clue to follow, and nothing seems to develop; you're pretty much where you were when the murder was discovered."

Forrester did not reply at once, but looked closely at the other: then he said:

"There's nothing to be done here, so I'm going back to town. Can I leave any message for your servant at your flat?"

"It wouldn't be much good going to my flat because you wouldn't find Springer there when I'm away; he's cracked about aeroplanes and flying generally, and spends all his spare time at Hendon. I'm bound to say that he has quite a bent for machinery, and I've taken him up with me several times lately."

"Springer? why surely he was Captain Balmain's servant? What's become of your man, Lucien?"

"Didn't I tell you?" answered Corbould; "he came to me soon after I returned from Cornwall and said he wanted to leave; he gave no reason, but I fancy he didn't like being questioned about the note which I left for poor Dick; he seemed to feel he was under some suspicion. It's really extraordinary what became of that note."

Forrester's momentary dejection had by this time vanished, and he turned smilingly to Corbould.

"I suppose you'll go on by train and rejoin the Thornhills, and in that case it's no use offering you a lift."

"Yes," said Corbould emphatically, "I'll come with you. I'll send the General a wire. While Dick's murderer remains at large I can think of nothing else."

(*To be continued*).

"No," snapped the employer on refusing an application for employment, "you'd be no use to me. You'd better go into the workhouse." "Give us a chance, guv'nor—I'm a better worker than I look."

"Bah! What can you do?"

"Well, I can mess about with a horse an' cart a bit, an'—"

"Mess about with a horse and cart? Nonsense, the horse'd be sure to tread on you."

"Then 'e'd 'ave to get into the cart to do it, guv'nor."

The question of colour is a very sore one to the nigger—"black nigger" being one of the most deadly insults which can be offered by one coloured gen'leman to another in addressing him.

Scene:—A West Indian cricket match. Two niggers engaged in violent altercation. The wool-pulling began when one of them weighed in with—

"Garn, you —— ugly nigger you; you'se black enuff to go to a funeral naked."

An old lady, most of whose teeth had gone, was chewing cracknell biscuits in a third class non-smoking compartment on the L. and S.W. Railway.

After she had munched away for a bit she saw the man opposite pulling out a large bit of tobacco.

"This ain't a smoking carriage," spluttered the old lady.

"No, mum, but I was just about to have a chew to keep you company."

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 378.] **Tuesday, 30th June, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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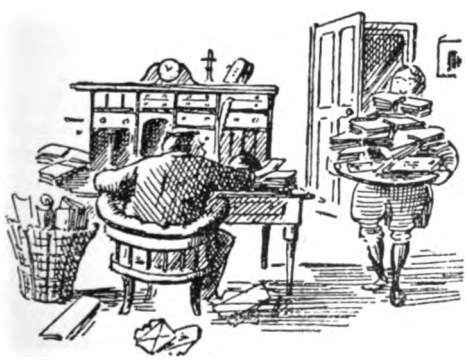
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
30th June, 1914.



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It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

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All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
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"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
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"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial
"The Snapper" Gazette"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

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Mr. J. Morgan	,, 31/ 3/15	Col.-Sergt. Pullan,	Bound Volume
Mr. Buckthought... ...	,, 30/ 4/15	Mrs. Bigge	12 copies

BIRTHS.

BROOKS.—On the 24th April, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Sergeant J. Brooks, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

LAMBTON.—On the 26th June, in London, the wife of Colonel Hon. Charles Lambton, of a daughter.

WILFORD.—On the 3rd June, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Corporal A. Wilford, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

DEATH.

HONEYBALL.—On the 11th June, at 140, Wingrove Avenue, Fenham, Robert Frederick (Bobbie), the beloved son of ex-Sergeant-Major and Mrs. F. Honeyball, aged 8 years 11 months.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

SPECIAL RESERVE OF OFFICERS.—3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant (on probation) A. F. Geddes is confirmed in his rank.

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain A. A. C. Forster resigns his commission (dated 10th June, 1914).

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TERRITORIAL FORCE.—INFANTRY:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. L. Hunting (late Cadet Colour-Sergeant, Loretto School O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 16th May, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. G. Sinclair (late Lieutenant, Ellesmere College O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (to be supernumerary) (dated 1st June, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant A. R. Garton, from the 15th (County of London) Battalion the London Regiment (Prince of Wales' Own Civil Service Rifles), to be Lieutenant (dated 28th May, 1914).

TERRITORIAL FORCE RESERVE.—INFANTRY.—Captain D. K. McComb, from the 4th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, te be Captain (dated 24th June, 1914).

1st Battalion Notes.

THE CAMP,
WOOL,
25th June, 1914.

THE following officers attended the Regimental Dinner on the 28th ult.:—Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, Major Yatman, Captain Toppin, Captain Selby and Lieutenant Booth. Company training continued in their absence and prevented a larger attendance.

Major Yatman has rejoined us after some weeks' attachment to a Field Artillery Brigade on Salisbury Plain.

Lieutenant Swaine is doing duty with a recently formed divisional cyclist company on Salisbury Plain.

Lieutenant Vachell is at Aldershot going through a signalling course.

Sergeant-Major Cobban has been presented with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Captain Toppin attended the Levée at St. James' Palace on the 10th inst., and presented the two other officers who, with him, formed the recent Peru-Bolivia Boundary Commission.

The annual Regimental Athletic Sports were held in Camp on the 22nd inst. The day was cold and windy, but this did not prevent a certain number of friends and neighbours from attending to watch the events. The Welch Fusiliers kindly lent their band so that the members of ours could take part in the Sports. The results were as follows:—

Lloyd Lindsay Race.—1st, A Company; 2nd, A Company.

Half-Mile Race.—1st, Private Kitchen; 2nd, Private Langford; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Ayre. Time, 2mins. 20 3/5secs.

Football Dribbling Race.—1st, Private Stamper; 2nd, Corporal Patterson; 3rd, Corporal Carter.

220yds. Race.—1st, Private Farrell; 2nd, Private Langford; 3rd, Private McDonald.

Long Jump.—1st, Private Farrell; 2nd, Private Langford; 3rd, Private Hewitt. Distance, 18ft. 5½ins.

Four-Legged Race.—1st, Private Murray; 2nd, Corporal King.

Corporals' and Lance-Corporals' Race (220yds).—1st, Lance-Corporal Allen; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Thorne; 3rd, Corporal Carter.

Relay Race.—1st, B Company; 2nd, C Company.

Three-Mile Flat Race.—1st, Lance-Corporal Kirkwood; 2nd, Private Kitchen; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Ayre. Time, 17mins. 48secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Private Warren; 2nd, Private Burton; 3rd, Private Oldfield. Distance, 91yds.

High Jump.—1st, Corporal Hobbs; 2nd, Private Farrell; 3rd, Private Murray and Lance-Corporal Stem. Height, 5ft. 1in.

Putting the Weight.—1st, Bandsman Brace; 2nd, Pioneer Arkless. Distance, 32ft.

100yds. Flat Race.—1st, Private Farrell; 2nd, Private Langford; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Allen. Time, 10mins. 3secs.

Sack Fight.—1st, D Company; 2nd, A Company.

Sergeants' Race (120yds.).—1st, Company-Sergeant-Major Hone; 2nd, Company-Sergeant-Major Longden; 3rd, Company-Sergeant-Major Luke.

Half-Mile Race (open to Troops in Camp).—1st, Sergeant Rowland, 2nd Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers; 2nd, Private Kitchen, 5th Fusiliers; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Farnell, 2nd Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers.

Old Soldiers' Handicap.—1st, C.S.M. Longden; 2nd, C.S.M. Hone; 3rd, Drummer Casey.

Quarter-Mile Race.—1st, Private Langford; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Allen; 3rd, Private McDonald.

Band Race.—1st, Private Hodgett; 2nd, Private Moss, 2nd Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers.

One-Mile Race.—1st, Private Kitchen; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Kirkwood; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Ayre. Time, 5mins. 6secs.

Officers' Race (100yds.) (one yard start for every year's service).—1st, Lieutenant Cogan; 2nd, Second-Lieutenant Gunner; 3rd, Lieutenant Barrett.

Tug-of-War.—Winners, D Company.

Boys' Race.—1st, Boy Ouzeman; 2nd, Boy Woodford; 3rd, Boy Windram.

Obstacle Race.—1st, Private Langford; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Wallace; 3rd, Private Gregory.

Consolation Race.—1st, Private Pitt; 2nd, Private Macro; 3rd, Private Cousins.

Seven Miles Cross Country Race.—1st, D Company Team; 2nd, C Company Team; 3rd, A Company Team; 4th, B Company Team. 1st man in, Private Kitchen; 2nd man in, Lance-Corporal Kirkwood; 3rd man in, Private Davis.

President:—Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Ainslie.

Judges:—Captains E. L. D. Forster and B. H. Selby, Second-Lieutenants B. G. Gunner and Coles.

Starter:—Second-Lieutenant B. G. Gunner.

Time-Keeper:—Second-Lieutenant Boyd.

Clerk of the Course:—Corporal Munt.

Committee:—Captains E. L. D. Forster and B. H. Selby, Lieutenant C. T. S. Cogan, Second-Lieutenant B. G. Gunner, Sergeant-Major W. Cobban, Company-Sergeant-Majors Longden, Hone, Luke, and Wilkinson, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants Haddon and Condon, Sergeant Laws.

Mrs. Ovans kindly presented the prizes.

C Company are the winners this year of the Regimental Athletic Cup, but by a small margin only over D Company.

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The following table shows the points gained by each of the four Companies in the various events :—

Event.		A	B	C	D	Total.
One-Mile Race ...	...	4	0	6	3	13
Half-Mile Race ...	...	0	0	10	3	13
Quarter-Mile Race	...	0	4	6	3	13
100yds. Race ...	...	0	9	4	0	13
Cross Country Race	...	0	0	8	16	24
Tug-of-War ...	...	0	0	0	13	13
Relay Race ...	...	0	10	6	0	16
Long Jump ...	...	0	3	3	0	6
High Jump ...	...	0½	2	3½	0	6
Bayonet Fighting	...	0	0	3	6	9
Boxing — Catch Weights	...	0	0	1	0	1
Boxing — Middle Weights	...	0	0	1	0	1
Boxing — Welter Weights	...	0	0	0	1½	1½
Boxing — Light Weights	...	0	0	0½	1½	2
Boxing — Feather Weights	...	0	0	0	1½	1½
Boxing — Bantam Weights	...	0	0	1	0	1
Boxing — Boys	...	0½	1¼	0	0¼	2
Three-Mile Race	...	6	0	4	3	13
Totals ...	...	11	29¼	57	51¾	149

The competition for the championship medal was a very close one, and ended in the unique result of a tie for first place between three men—Privates Farrell, Langford and Kitchen—who will each in due course receive the medal. The table below indicates the two who came next to them in order :—

	Name.	High Jump.	Long Jump.	One-Mile Race.	Half-Mile Race.	Quarter-Mile Race.	100yds. Race.	220yds. Race.	Cross Country Race.	Three-Mile Race.	Total.
1.	Pte. Farrell ...	4	6	0	0	0	6	6	0	0	22
1.	,, Langford ...	0	4	0	4	6	4	4	0	0	22
1.	,, Kitchen ...	0	0	6	6	0	0	0	6	4	22
2.	L.-Cpl. Kirkwood	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	4	6	14
3.	,, Ayre ...	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	0	3	9

As the result of this year's sports two Battalion records have been lowered, namely, the high jump and the mile race. Corporal Hobbs' jump of 5ft. 1in. is 1in. over the figure gained by Corporal Wadsworth and Lance-Corporal Wood who tied at Deolali in 1912, and Private Baxter's performance in the mile in the same year must be erased from the list of records in favour of Private Kitchen's time of 5mins. 6secs. Even this figure should not stand for ever, and if anyone nurses unfulfilled ambition he might well turn his thoughts to this list of records in which there are still one or two entries that seem to await displacement.

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The Paget's Cup football competition produced close and interesting games. In the first round D Company beat C Company, 2—0, and B Company beat A Company, 3—1. The final was a very even affair, and extra time was necessary before D Company were able to overcome B by 2—1.

The winning team was as follows :—

Goal :—
Corpl. Wood
Backs :—
Lieut. Barrett Pte. West
Half-backs :—
Corpl. King Corpl. Patterson Lce.-Corpl. Heasman
Forwards :—
Pte. Poole Pte. Macdonald Pte. Pitt
Lce.-Corpl. Heywood Bdsmn. Gibbon.

We are now within a few days of the end of our stay in camp so far as Wool is concerned, and can look forward to a break of some six weeks in our annual training, which we shall spend at Portsmouth. Our time here has been a busy and a happy one, and it is only necessary to think of other years in the past to be thankful for the almost unbroken period of fine weather that we have enjoyed since we came here at the beginning of May. Our Dorset neighbours have been extremely kind and hospitable, and if our lawn tennis has not improved it will not have been for want of invitations to play. One of our Battalion training days almost carried one back to the olden times when field operations were devised with an eye as much to enjoyment as to professional instruction. The battle was fought out in circular fashion round the picturesque country house of a kind-hearted neighbour whose garden afforded admirable view of the operations to the guests assembled there. What though the impetuous soldiery ran tumultuously through a well-stocked kitchen garden? What though the young pheasants, scarcely big enough to fly, were scattered in panic before the eyes of their keeper? The dummy screens and white hatbands of the enemy were brought at last to bay and there only remained an assault of a most desperate and vociferous kind to bring about the victory. Then came dinners cooked in the shade of the park trees, refreshments for the officers in a delightful garden, and a programme of music from the band. It was thus that we tempered the heat of a mid-summer day and the longish march to and from the scene of operations.

——

The Regimental Boxing Championships for 1914 were decided on the 10th inst. The entries came almost entirely from C and D Companies, the former in particular being very well represented. At present there seems little talent in the Battalion, and the few who know anything about boxing were not seriously extended. Drummer Moore is our best at the heavier weights. Private West easily won the Welters, and Bandsman Stone won both the Light and Feather Weights without any difficulty. The Bantams were won by Private Dawson, who swings fairly hard with the right. The boys' boxing was a long way ahead of the men's, and Boys Woodhead, Hickson, Hackett and Windrum all showed skill above the average. Results :—

Catch Weights.—Winner, Drummer Moore, C Coy.
Middle Weights.—Winner, Lance-Corporal Rudforth, C Coy.
Welter Weights.—Winner, Private West, D Coy.
Light Weights.—Winner, Bandsman Stone, D Coy. Runner-up, Private Blackbird, C Coy.
Feather Weights.—Winner, Bandsman Stone, D Coy.
Bantam Weights.—Winner, Private Dawson, C Coy.
Boys over 7st.—Winner, Boy Woodhead, A Coy.
Boys under 7st.—Winner, Boy Hickson, D Coy.; Runner-up, Boy Hackett, D Coy.

Referee.—Captain R. F. Gatehouse.
Judges.—Captain E. L. Douglas Forster and Captain B. H. Selby.
Timekeeper.—Second-Lieutenant D. M. Coles, 3rd Battalion.
M.C.—Company-Sergeant-Major Luke.

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SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

The Detachment at Portsmouth were very pleased to receive a visit on the 17th inst. from No. 3371 Private Gayton, an Indian Mutiny veteran, who served in the FIFTH for about ten years and was present at the Defence of Lucknow, for which he wears the medal and clasps. In spite of his advanced age he was very active in his movements about barracks, and quite enjoyed his visit throughout. Private Gayton is an inmate of Chelsea Hospital and at present enjoying a holiday at Netley, from which place he took the opportunity of paying a visit to his old Corps. We hope that he may be spared to pay many more such visits.

A CAMP OVEN.

It is with the deepest regret we have to record the death of two of our old members, Quartermaster-Sergeant A. E. Lendon and Sergeant F. Payne. The former died at his residence in Westbury, Wilts, and the latter in Leeds.

We sent a detachment of Sergeants to the funeral of Quartermaster-Sergeant Lendon and he was accorded, as far as possible, a military funeral.

Owing to being in camp we found it impossible to send a detachment to Leeds, but we were represented by Sergeant Baker, late of the third Battalion, and now a member of the Commissionaires in Leeds.

Sergeant Payne was accorded a military funeral. The Leeds Territorial Artillery furnished the gun carriage, and the firing party was found by the Leeds Territorial Battalion.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the services of our late comrades, as they are so well known, and have appeared in *St. George's Gazette* before. To their friends and relatives we beg to offer our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

During our musketry course we fired off for the 3rd Battalion cup, which was won by Sergeant Jeffs with a score of 72 points.

THE SHOEMAKER'S SHOP IN CAMP.

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A silver spoon was presented to the member making the highest score in the Annual Course. This was won by Sergeant Fenemore who scored 142 points.

CRICKET.

The home training season does not lend itself to feats in the cricket field. There has been, in addition, next to no opportunity of net practice; for we left Portsmouth almost immediately after the United Service ground was opened, and in camp at Wool there is no level sward where a net can be pitched suitable for serious play. Considerations such as these fully explain our failure to make a bigger score in the matches against Dorchester and Weymouth College where the bowling was not really so formidable as our scores would appear to indicate. The Wareham team was very weak, but a fiery wicket and meadow grass off the pitch helped the bowling. Two or three other matches on the card have had to be scratched for reasons of time and distance. We have several more to play at Portsmouth between the 1st July and the 7th August, and should do better there even if some of the opposing teams are a bit too strong for us. Our batting is not weak, at least on paper, and our bowling might well be worse as well as better. Below will be found the scores up to date of writing.

Right v. Left-Half Battalion.

Played at Wareham on the 20th May, and ended in the Right-Half Battalion winning by 60 runs.

LEFT-HALF BATTALION.

Lieutenant Barrett, c Fletcher, b Boyd	10
,, Hervey-Bathurst, c Gunner, b Buckley	11
,, Vachell, not out	62
Captain Selby, run out	0
Private Langford, c Rood, b Dorman-Smith	2
Captain Herbert, b Dorman-Smith	0
Lieutenant Morrished, c Cogan, b Dorman-Smith	6
Lance-Corporal Ennis, b Feeney	0
Private Pullen, c Gunner, b Buckley	22
Drummer Moore, b Boyd	0
Corporal Gammon, c Thorne, b Boyd	3
Extras	16
Total	132

RIGHT-HALF BATTALION.

Sergeant Rood, c Hervey-Bathurst, b Ennis	8
Lieutenant Gunner, b Munt	26
,, Buckley, b Morrished	53
Captain Fletcher, c Ennis, b Hervey-Bathurst	37
Lieutenant Boyd, b Hervey-Bathurst	16
,, Dorman-Smith, c Munt, b Vachell	0
,, Van Neck, c Morrished, b Ennis	11
Corporal Thorne, b Morrished	7
Lieutenant Cogan, c Munt, b Barrett	6
Sergeant Feeney, not out	7
Private Farrell, b Ennis	1
Extras	20
Total	192

5th Fusiliers v. Dorchester.

Played at Dorchester on the 23rd ult., and ended in Dorchester winning by 8 wickets.

DORCHESTER.

Captain Oliver, b Hervey-Bathurst	2
G. A. H. Rogers, b Ainslie	33
H. A. Francis, not out	69
A. B. Williams, b Hervey-Bathurst	42
F. Ritson, run out	42
T. H. Fowler, not out	7
Extras	10
Total (for 4 wkts.)	*205

Lieutenant King, W. W. Fletcher, S. W. Talbot, Mr. Woolley, did not bat.

*Innings declared closed.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Captain Fletcher, b Ritson	12
Lieutenant Buckley, b Ritson	6
Captain Selby, b Woolley	0
Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, st Oliver, b Woolley	0
Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie, c Talbot, b Woolley	24
Lieutenant Ovans, b Ritson	1
,, Boyd, c Rogers, b Ritson	13
,, Hervey-Bathurst, b Williams	9
,, Gunner, not out	4
Major Yatman, b Williams	2
Lance-Corporal Ennis, b Woolley	0
Extras	5
Total	76

5th Fusiliers v. Wareham.

Played at Wareham on the 27th ult., and ended in a win for the FIFTH by 51 runs.

WAREHAM.

Mr. Symes, c Fletcher, b Buckley	8
,, Baunton, b Buckley	2
,, Wills, b Buckley	0
,, Maber, st Kingdon, b Buckley	0
,, Wallsted, b Buckley	0
,, Strange, c Ovans, b Boyd	1
,, Rowland, run out	4
,, Skinner, c and b Boyd	5
,, Ferry, c Cogan, b Buckley	0
,, Mills, not out	0
,, Tewkesbury, b Boyd	0
Extras	3
Total	23

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Gunner, c Wallsted, b Baunton	12
Captain Fletcher, c Strange, b Symes	14
Lieutenant Vachell, c Ferry, b Baunton	0
,, Boyd, b Symes	0
,, Ovans, c Baunton, b Symes	4
,, Buckley, c Strange, b Baunton	16
,, Cogan, b Symes	1
,, Barrett, b Baunton	19
Captain Selby, b Symes	3
Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, not out	3
,, Kingdon, b Symes	1
Extras	1
Total	74

5th Fusiliers v. Depôt Dorset Regiment.

Played at Dorchester on the 2nd inst., and ended in a draw.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Gunner, b Wyn-Edwards	51
,, Boyd, run out	72
Colonel Ainslie, c Wyn-Edwards, b Greenfield	1
Lieutenant Cogan, b Wyn-Edwards	11
,, Vachell, b King	22
Captain Selby, c and b Wyn-Edwards	18
Lieutenant Van Neck, not out	48
,, Barrett, not out	23
Extras	11
Total (for 6 wkts.)	*257

Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, Lieutenant Kingdon, Bandsman Newton, did not bat.

*Innings declared closed.

DEPÔT DORSET REGIMENT.

Mr. King, not out	88
Lieutenant Little, c Barrett, b Vachell	51
,, King, b Selby	0
Corporal Back, lbw, b Vachell	2
Lieutenant Wyn-Edwards, not out	20
Extras	8
Total (for 3 wkts.)	169

Captain Kitchen, Colour-Sergeant Park, Corporal Houchen, Sergeant Wyld, Sergeant Preston, Corporal Greenfield, did not bat.

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Wareham v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played at Wareham on the 3rd inst., and ended in a win for the FIFTH by 5 wickets.

WAREHAM.

H. Wills, b Buckley	0
R. Cosh, b Buckley	14
F. V. Symes, b Buckley	8
E. G. Walkling, c Munt, b Dorman-Smith	19
P. Wallsted, b Buckley	15
C. J. Ferry, c Dorman-Smith, b Buckley	4
W. Strange, b Buckley	0
E. Fudge, b Buckley	2
C. A. Maver, b Buckley	7
N. Rowland, not out	4
Rev. Spread, c Farrell, b Dorman-Smith	2
Extras	8
Total	83

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Captain Fletcher, b Symes	2
Lieutenant Ovans, c and b Symes	11
,, Buckley, c Cosh, b Walkling	0
,, Gunner, b Symes	8
,, Boyd, not out	45
,, Van Neck, c Walkling, b Strange	14
,, Dorman-Smith, not out	4
Extras	3
Total	87

Lieutenant Cogan, Private Farrell, Corporal Munt, Lance-Corporal Ennis, did not bat.

Weymouth College v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played at Weymouth on the 9th inst., and ended in an easy win for our opponents as shewn.

5TH FUSILIERS.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Captain Fletcher, b Webb Peploe	31	did not bat	
Lieut. Ovans, run out	0		
,, Gunner, c Webb Peploe, b Barnes Lawrence	1	not out	35
,, Kingdon, c Mackenzie, b Kennedy	2	c Back, b Mack	1
,, Buckley, run out	28	c Palmer, b Mack	19
,, Boyd, c Horder, b Barnes Lawrence	0	b Mack	14
Lieut. Van Neck, c Palmer, b Barnes Lawrence	4		
Captain Selby, run out	0	did not bat	
Lieut. Barrett, not out	11		
,, Cogan, b Webb Peploe	0		
,, Dorman-Smith, c Barnes Lawrence, b Webb Peploe	2	not out	10
Extras	2	Extras	14
Total	81	Total (3 wkts.)	93

WEYMOUTH COLLEGE.

N. P. Glover, st Kingdon, b Buckley	0
W. N. Kennedy, c and b Dorman-Smith	35
M. H. Webb Peploe, not out	125
E. E. H. Back, b Cogan	27
R. J. A. Palmer, not out	9
Extras	14
Total (for 3 wkts.)	*210

C. H. Barnes Lawrence, C. A. Horder, H. W. Humphry, R. de W. Harvey, J. A. Mackenzie, C. H. Mack, did not bat.

*Innings declared closed.

BAYONET FIGHTING.

In the Bayonet Fighting some remarkably close fights and a very fair average of skill were shewn. In the final between C and D Companies the team leaders had to fight off to decide the winner, Sergeant Walch, D Company, proving victorious. Results:—

C Company beat B Company.
D „ „ A „

Final.

D Company beat C Company.

Referee.—Captain E. L. Douglas Forster.
Judges.—Captain B. H. Selby and Second-Lieutenant L. A. Barrett.

D Company Team:—

Sergeant Walch	Lance-Corporal Bennett
Corporal King	Private West
,, Wood	,, Hemingway
,, Patterson	,, Dalton
Private Gibbon	

Points towards Challenge Cup.—D Coy., 6 points; C Coy., 3 points.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be paid Lance-Sergeant:—

No. 2272	Lance-Sergeant	Bigsby	from 31/5/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 3318	Lance-Corporal	Burkett	from 18/5/14
,, 9920	,,	Quinn	,, 24/5/14
,, 2517	,,	Lamb	,, 27/5/14
,, 2114	,,	King	,, 29/5/14
,, 2559	,,	Dowson	,, 31/5/14
,, 2476	,,	Oliver	,, 1/6/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 9936	Lance-Corporal	Evans	from 1/6/14
,, 3869	,,	Gibbs	,, 1/6/14
,, 3570	,,	Rodgers	,, 1/6/14
,, 3357	,,	Oldfield	,, 1/6/14
,, 3628	,,	Edwards	,, 1/6/14
,, 3313	,,	Wiltcher	,, 1/6/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 9936	Drummer	Evans	from 23/5/14
,, 3869	Private	Gibbs	,, 23/5/14
,, 3570	,,	Rodgers	,, 23/5/14
,, 3589	,,	Shawyer	,, 8/6/14
,, 3621	,,	Stearn	,, 8/6/14
,, 3359	,,	Robinson	,, 18/6/14

No. 3670 Acting-Sergeant-Tailor Hoy has been promoted Sergeant and appointed Sergeant-Tailor, dated the 12th November, 1913. Authority W.O. 49/Tailors/1672, dated the 15th ult.

No. 9224 Lance-Corporal J. H. Radforth has re-engaged at Wool for the Northumberland Fusiliers to complete 21 years' service. Authority, O.C. 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

3rd Class:—

No. 3886	Private	T. Snowden	from 18/12/12
,, 3876	,,	R. Stannett	,, 4/ 2/14
,, 3873	,,	J. Gullon	,, 8/ 5/14

Good Conduct Badges have been awarded as under:—

No. 5238	Private	C. Green	4 from 10/12/13
,, 2571	,,	T. Dixon	2 ,, 10/ 5/14
,, 2306	,,	W. Mustill	2 ,, 25/ 7/14

No. 5417 Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Haddon and No. 8559 Sergeant C. H. Orton qualified at the School of Musketry, Hythe, in the "Qualifying Rifle Course," dated the 6th ult.

Eighteen recruits have joined the Battalion during the month.

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2nd Battalion Notes.

SABATHU,
31st May, 1914.

THE chief event of the past month has been the presentation of the new Colours by His Excellency the Viceroy, who came over from Simla for the ceremony. An account of His Excellency's visit and the presentation is given on page 79.

Sixteen officers were present at the Viceregal Lodge for the Viceroy's Levée on the 29th inst.

The polo team, consisting of Captains Hart and Auld, Lieutenants Brownlow and Molineux, was entered for the Beresford Cup. They started with a handicap of 11 goals, but were unfortunately beaten by the Viceregal team by 14 goals to 11 in the first round. They have been away for a fortnight practising on the Annandale ground at Simla. There has been polo at Sabathu throughout the month, about 12 officers playing, the remainder being either on detachment or on courses.

Four officers are going to Gulmarg for the polo season; we wish them the best of luck and an enjoyable two months.

Up to date no news has been heard of the various officers who are away shooting. Those who have come back have had, without exception, the worst of luck, and nothing of note has been shot.

Captain Girdwood has left us to take up a temporary Staff appointment at Simla.

Football and hockey have been played during the past month, and the leagues are, in nearly all cases, practically finished. The results up to date are given on another page.

On the 21st we played a match against the Rifle Brigade by whom we were beaten 3—1. It is to be hoped we shall do better in the return match at Sabathu.

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The cricket has started, and one or two games have been played.

The second performance of the variety entertainment was given on the 7th inst., and though not so well attended as the first performance was quite successful. It is hoped that this first entertainment will be an incentive to all artistes, comic, tragic and musical, to offer their services for the future entertainment of the Regiment.

No. 2024 Private W. Ridley transferred to the Army Reserve, with permission to reside in India, from the 1st June.

Sergeant Moore proceeded to Rangoon on the 22nd inst. for duty as officiating Instructor to the Burma Railway Volunteer Corps.

No. 2530 Private H. Payne has been permitted to extend his service to complete 12 years with the Colours.

No. 3185 Private F. Barham has been transferred to 4th Battery R.F.A., from the 16th inst.

The following appointments have been made:—

To be unpaid Lance-Sergeant:—

No. 1131 Corporal S. Jackson from 22/5/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 7176 Lance-Corporal R. Wickham from 1/4/14
„ 2640 „ W. McDonald „ 27/4/14

BOXING.

A Novices' Boxing Tournament was held in the Gymnasium at Sabathu, on the 18th and 19th inst. It was well supported by all ranks and proved a great success. At the close of the meeting the prizes were presented by Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Enderby, who testified to the excellent fights he had witnessed during the evening, and to the clean and sportsmanlike manner in which the men had fought. He paid a special tribute to the losers, who had, without exception, taken their gruel well, especially in the case of Privates Elvin and Wurston, both of whom, though repeatedly knocked down and severely punished, faced the music splendidly.

The following are the results:—

FEATHER WEIGHTS.

1st Round.

Private McNally, E Coy., beat Private Wright, D Coy.
Private Hill, C Coy., beat Private Richardson, A Coy.
Private Gillespie, C Coy., beat Private Reed, A Coy.
Private Crompton, G Coy., beat Private Dunn, F Coy.
Private Noble, E Coy., beat Private Morris, F Coy.
Private Booth, Private Haddock and Lance-Corporal Elders received byes.

2nd Round.

Private Hill, C Coy., beat Private McNally, E Coy.
Private Crompton, G Coy., beat Private Gillespie, C Coy.
Private Noble, E Coy., beat Private Booth, A Coy.
Private Haddock, A Coy., beat Lance-Corporal Elders, E Coy.

Semi-Final.

Private Crompton, G Coy., beat Private Hill, C Coy.
Private Noble, E Coy., beat Private Haddock, A Coy.

Final.

Private Crompton, G Coy., beat Private Noble, E Coy.

LIGHT WEIGHTS.

1st Round.

Private Foster, G Coy., beat Private Page, E Coy.
Private Brown, C Coy., beat Private Hickie, E Coy.
Lance-Corporal Steele, C Coy., beat Private Hastings, C Coy.
Private Spencer, D Coy., Private Scott, Private Walker, Private Wheets and Drummer Leighton received byes.

2nd Round.

Private Brown, C Coy., beat Private Foster, G Coy.
Private Spencer, D Coy., beat Lance-Corporal Steele, C Coy.
Private Walker, D Coy., beat Private Scott, D Coy.
Private Wheets, D Coy., beat Drummer Leighton, D Coy.

Semi-Final.

Private Brown, C Coy., beat Private Spencer, D Coy.
Private Walker, D Coy., beat Private Wheets, D Coy.

Final.

Private Walker, D Coy., beat Private Brown, C Coy.

SIX-ROUND CONTEST—FEATHER WEIGHT.

Private Green, D Coy., beat Private Chickledy, B Coy., on points after a well fought contest which went the whole distance.

WELTER WEIGHTS.

1st Round.

Private Elvin, B Coy., beat Private Forrest, B Coy.
Private Maden, D Company, beat Private Merrickes, G Coy.
Private Coundon, B Coy., beat Drummer Coulthard.
Private Wurston, E Coy., beat Private McCartney, D Coy.

Semi-Final.

Private Elvin, B Coy., beat Private Maden, D Coy.
Private Counden, B Coy., beat Private Wurston, E Coy.

Final.

Private Counden, B Coy., beat Private Elvin, B Coy.

MIDDLE WEIGHTS.

1st Round.

Private Green, E Coy., beat Private Walker, C Coy.
Lance-Corporal Connor, Private Humphries and Lance-Sergeant Yendall received byes.

Semi-Final.

Lance-Corporal Connor, C Coy., beat Private Green, E Coy.
Private Humphries, A Coy., beat Lance-Sergeant Yendall, G Coy.

Final.

Lance-Corporal Connor, C Company, beat Private Humphries, A Company.

SIX-ROUND CONTEST—WELTER WEIGHT.

Private Bell, A Coy., beat Private Watson, D Coy. Private Watson was compelled to retire in the third round owing to an injured knee.

FOOTBALL.

1st League.

Coy.			Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Pts.
G	...	...	14	9	2	3	21
B	...	...	14	8	5	1	17
F	...	...	14	5	4	5	15
H	...	...	14	5	5	4	14
D	...	...	13	4	4	5	13
A	...	...	11	4	3	4	12
E	...	...	12	2	7	3	7
C	...	...	14	2	9	3	7

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2ND LEAGUE.

Coy.			Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Pts.
B	...	...	14	10	1	3	23
D	...	...	13	4	1	8	16
A	...	...	11	6	2	3	15
C	...	...	13	5	3	5	15
G	...	...	14	4	6	4	12
E	...	...	14	3	7	4	10
F	...	...	13	3	7	3	9
H	...	...	14	2	8	4	8

HOCKEY.

1ST LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
A	...	6	5	0	1	14	11
B	...	12	8	4	0	25	16
C	...	12	1	8	3	13	5
D	...	11	3	3	5	12	11
E	...	13	5	7	1	16	11
F	...	13	3	7	3	10	9
G	...	13	3	5	5	19	11
H	...	12	7	1	4	26	18

2ND LEAGUE.

Coy.		Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
A	...	5	4	0	1	11	9
B	...	11	6	2	3	27	15
C	...	10	5	2	3	18	13
D	...	9	3	5	1	14	7
E	...	9	0	7	2	2	2
F	...	8	1	4	3	10	5
G	...	9	5	3	1	19	11
H	...	10	5	3	2	13	12

AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW COLOURS.

THE New Colours were presented to the 2nd Battalion at Sabathu by His Excellency the Viceroy of India on the 15th inst.

His Excellency, accompanied by the Hon. Diamond Hardinge, General Sir Beauchamp Duff, Major-General Birdwood, Colonel Maxwell, V.C., Captain Reichwald, the Bishop of Lahore, and Mr. Conolly, I.C.S., and others, arrived late in the evening of the 14th inst., and was entertained that evening in the Officers' Mess. The Band, under the direction of Bandmaster Cooper, played selections during the evening.

The Parade was arranged to take place at 7 a.m., and the six Companies at Headquarters paraded at that hour. Major H. T. Crispin commanded the escort to the Colours, Lieutenants Leverson and Baxter carried the Colours. The other Companies were commanded by Captains A. C. Girdwood, D.S.O., Gibson, Gething, and Second-Lieutenants Barkworth and Corbet-Singleton.

His Excellency arrived on the parade ground and was received with a Royal Salute, after which the officers fell out, and the ceremony of Trooping the Old Colours was carried out.

The consecration of the Colours was carried out by the Bishop of Lahore after the singing of hymn 396. The Viceroy made a speech in which he dealt with the history of the Regiment up to the present day. In replying to the Viceroy's speech the Commanding Officer thanked the Viceroy for the kind way in which he had referred to the deeds of the Regiment in the past, and said that he could assure the Viceroy that the Regiment would do all in its power to keep up the reputation which it had gained in previous years.

The New Colours were then handed over to Lieutenants Leverson and Baxter; the Battalion marched past and the Colours were lodged in form in the Officers' Mess.

The Parade was faultlessly carried out by all concerned as befitted such a parade. Both the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief made special reference to the excellent drill and movements of the men, and expressed their entire satisfaction and approval of the Battalion.

The Viceroy and all adjourned to the Mess for breakfast previous to which a group was taken outside the Mess. Shortly afterwards the Viceroy departed by motor to Simla. The programme was as follows:—

"THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS"
(5TH FOOT.)

Colonel—Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Milman, K.C.B.

"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

In each of the four corners the united red and white rose slipped, ensigned with the Royal crest, "Quo Fata Vocant." "Wilhelmstahl," "St. Lucia, 1778," "Rolica," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Lucknow," "Afghanistan, 1878-80," "Khartoum," "South Africa, 1899-1902," "Modder River."

Facings—Gosling Green. Plume—Red and White.

Depôt—Newcastle-on-Tyne.

OFFICERS OF THE 2ND BATTALION.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Enderby
Second-in-Command—Major F. C. Turner
Adjutant—Captain R. Auld
Quartermaster—Lieutenant W. M. Allan

Major Moulton-Barrett
,, H. T. Crispin
Captain A. C. Girdwood, D.S.O.
,, A. C. Hart
,, O. B. Foster
,, W. Gibson
,, B. W. E. Gething
,, R. Lamb
Lieut. P. Sidney
,, G. R. F. Leverson
,, E. H. Baxter
,, W. P. Rushbrooke
Lieut. W. H. C. Brownlow
,, H. O. Sutherland
,, G. K. Molineux
,, H. M. Heyder
,, B. E. S. Mahon
2nd-Lieut. H. R. Barkworth
,, K. G. Williams
,, G. P. Legard
,, H. I. Powell
,, A. B. Cramsie
,, F. B. Corbet-Singleton
2nd-Lieut. C. H. Markham

Sergeant-Major G. Cooper
Qrmr.-Sergeant W. E. Jenkins
Orderly-Room Qrmr.-Sergt. J. Tindle
Pioneer-Sergeant R. Avery
Bandmaster W. F. Cooper
Drum-Major R. C. Pincher
Sergeant-Cook J. Walker

Colour-Sergeants—A. Hollett, J. Maynard, W. Stanley, W. Taylor, A. E. Pearce, E. M. Watts, W. Watson, F. Price.

PROGRAMME.

The Battalion drawn up in line receives His Excellency the Viceroy with a Royal Salute.

The officers then fall out and the ceremony of Trooping the Old Colours is at once commenced.

When the ceremony of Trooping is finished the Old Colours are escorted down the front of the line and deposited in rear of the Battalion, the Band playing "Auld Lang Syne."

The Battalion then forms hollow square and the New Colours are consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Lahore and presented to the Battalion by H.E. the Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

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The Battalion will then reform line and march past, the Old Colours following in rear of the Battalion.

The Battalion will then advance in review order and salute His Excellency the Viceroy, after which the Colours are lodged in form in the Officers' Mess and the parade dismissed.

STRENGTH OF BATTALION.

The total strength of the Battalion is as under:—

Officers, 28. Warrant Officers, 2. N.C.O.'s and Men, 955. Total, 1,025.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC.

Non-Commissioned Officers to the front
March—"Cappy"
Officers fall in.
The Assembly—"Drummers Call."
Officers join their Companies.

Slow March	"The Grenadiers"
Slow Troop	"St. George"
Quick Troop	"The Old and Bold"
Escort for Colours	"The British Grenadiers"
Royal Salute	"God Save the King"
Trooping the Colours	"The Grenadiers March"
Marching Old Colours to rear of Battalion	"Auld Lang Syne"
Consecration of New Colours—	
Hymn—	"Brightly gleams our banner"
Battalion—General Salute	"Scipio"
Colour Party—Slow March	"God Save the King"
March Past	"The British Grenadiers"
Advance in Review Order	"The British Grenadiers"
Royal Salute	"God Save the King"
Lodging the Colours—General Salute	"Scipio"
Quick March	"The Scots"
Salute	"The Grenadiers March"
Quick March	"The Soldiers Joy"

Depôt Notes.

THE BARRACKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
24th June, 1914.

A DRAFT of 12 recruits were posted to the 1st Battalion, with effect from the 30th ult.

Colour-Sergeant J. Haynes and Sergeant G. Ouzman attended the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock, from the 12th to 19th May, and obtained a Certificate of Proficiency.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeants:—

No. 9360	Lance-Sergeant D. Redhead	from 18/5/14
„ 2066	„ J. Hustwayte	„ 29/5/14

To be paid Lance-Sergeant:—

No. 2099	Lance-Sergeant G. Capstaff	from 29/5/14

To be unpaid Lance-Sergeants:—

No. 2173	Corporal H. Wood	from 28/5/14
„ 9943	„ J. O'Hara	„ 4/6/14

The following have been awarded Certificates of Education at an examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 28th ult.:—

2nd Class:—

No. 3784 Private E. Preen No. 3807 Private A. Gunn

3rd Class:—

No. 3836 Private O. Cornish No. 3867 Private G. Marvesley
No. 3854 Private W. Thompson

No. 1305 Corporal J. Saunders was paid up to and for the 31st ult., and transferred the following day to the Army Reserve.

CRICKET.

DEPÔT 5TH FUSILIERS v. DEPÔT WEST RIDING REGT.

This match was played at Strensall on the 14th ult. Owing to the limit of time we could only play one innings each, and we lost by the small margin of four runs. Unluckily Mr. Platt was unable to play for us owing to a duty call.

DEPÔT 5TH FUSILIERS.

Rowsell, b Chambers	15
McQuade, b Tanner	14
O'Hara, c Bennett, b Tanner	1
Hassett, b Chambers	0
Lynam, c Dewand, b Tanner	2
Marrs, b Tanner	6
Taylor, b Bennett	12
Simpson, b Chambers	0
Dresser, not out	15
Fraser, c sub, b Bennett	2
Povey, c and b Bennett	0
Extras	10
Total	77

DEPÔT WEST RIDING REGT.

Mr. De Wand, c and b O'Hara	8
Harrington, c and b O'Hara	9
Bennett, not out	48
Chambers, c and b Lynam	4
Tanner, c Rowsell, b O'Hara	0
Senior, c Lynam, b O'Hara	0
Tennant, b O'Hara	0
Mawson, b O'Hara	0
Davison, c Taylor, b O'Hara	10
Hall, c Lynam, b O'Hara	0
Smith, st Marrs, b McQuade	0
Extras	2
Total	81

4th Battalion Notes.

GREYSTOKE CAMP,
PENRITH,
22nd June, 1914.

WE have, so far, been favoured with glorious weather for our Annual Training, which commenced on the 14th inst. The camp is prettily situated and the manœuvring areas are extensive and easily reached. Unfortunately, Greystoke is an isolated country village some six miles from Penrith and the railway service is poor, hence the men have few opportunities of amusement outside camp. However, they have accepted the situation with good hearts and in football, quoits, boxing, bull-baiting, etc., find that in camp time need never hang heavily on their hands.

The strength of the Battalion in camp is 620, an improvement on previous years, and we are glad to say that 600 of these are attending for the full period of fifteen days.

The Brigadier, Colonel J. F. Riddell, made his annual inspection on the 19th inst., and was good enough to express a favourable opinion of the Battalion.

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We are pleased to welcome Messrs. M. Ayton and G. L. Hunting who have obtained commissions in the Battalion.

A very keenly contested Association football match took place between the Officers (composed, with one exception, of Rugby players) and the Sergeants; the latter, despite the superior avoirdupois of the Officers, winning by three to *nil*. The tussles between a county Rugby full back and an ex-threequarter winger were highly amusing—to the onlookers. The winger feels rather sore physically over the matter.

Yesterday, Sunday, we had quite a number of Tyneside visitors, and, as the local people poured in freely, the camp presented a very animated appearance. The Sergeants had a motor char-a-banc tour in the Lake District.

Sergeant (instructing a squad in visual training): "If you don't learn to distinguish trees from men in the dark the first time you are a sentry on outpost duty you will make an absolute idiot of yourself . . . . . and wake the sergeant up."

5th Battalion Notes.

GREYSTOKE CAMP, PENRITH,
23rd June, 1914.

WE have commenced the second week of our annual training, our Battalion being the strongest in camp, consisting of 28 officers and about 850 non-commissioned officers and men. One officer and seventeen men of our Signalling Section being attached to the Royal Engineers, who are also under canvas here.

The manœuvre area is one of the best we have been at and the surrounding country is magnificent, the only drawback being amusement for the men, but as far as we are concerned this deficiency has been met by the renting of a football field and running an inter-Company league which is not yet completed, but A Company are leading in points and look like winners; we are also running concerts for the men.

On the 22nd after parade the Battalion formed up in quarter-column, gave the Royal Salute and three cheers for His Majesty the King.

Our inspection in marching order took place on Saturday last, and on Sunday we held our usual Church Parade when our Chaplain, the Rev. A. S. Wardroper officiated.

Most of the men are attending camp for the full period of 15 days, only a dozen came in for the second week and a like number went home after the first eight days.

6th Battalion Notes.

GREYSTOKE CAMP, PENRITH, CUMBERLAND,
23rd June, 1914.

ON the nights of the 6th and 7th inst. we were engaged in night manœuvres with the Tyneside Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Nearly 800 troops were engaged on the town moor to the interest of the inhabitants in the vicinity, if one may judge by the subsequent correspondence in the local papers.

An interesting scheme was drawn up, and the evening was highly instructive.

All the troops breakfasted at our Drill Hall early on Sunday morning.

We are now training at Greystoke, near Penrith. The weather has been fine so far, in fact it started almost too hot. The presence in camp of the R.F.A. (Territorials), North Riding, Scarborough and Whitley Battery, and of the R.E. from Newcastle makes the camp of more than usual interest to the troops.

Letter to the Editor.

19th June, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I was interested to read in the 1st Battalion Notes of last month of the variety of birds discovered in the neighbourhood of Wool, but I was surprised to find no mention of the feather-headed chit-chat. I remember rather a curious case of this little bird (whose nesting habits closely resemble those of the pied wagtail mentioned by your correspondent) laying an egg in a rifle barrel during a grouping practice in Table B. Its rash act was only discovered when Private B., whose rifle it was, had fired the practice and found six holes on his target, a four inch group with one wide. Private B., a keen naturalist, was greatly distressed since the egg of this little wren can ill be spared.

"ORNITHOLOGIST."

TO THE BITTER END.

(*Continued from page 70*).

CHAPTER VI.

"A FRESH TRAIL."

Inspector Forrester stood at the open window of his office crumbling a piece of bread between his hands while a flock of hungry-eyed, twittering sparrows collected below in answer to the whistle which had announced feeding time. This daily distribution of bread crumbs had come to be regarded by Forrester as part of the office routine, a duty not to be omitted on his busiest day and carefully delegated to one of the staff in case of his absence. He studied the birds as carefully as he studied men and everything else. It amused him to find reflected in these tiny feathered scamps characteristics of the human subjects of his investigations—jealousy, pugnacity, selfishness were among the common vices more peculiarly apparent.

"There's the last of it," said Forrester, as he picked up a small piece of bread he had overlooked and threw it out. A small bird descended on it, but had barely picked it up when a larger sparrow attacked him fiercely, bowled him over and forced him to drop his bread. Some other motive than greed had prompted this ferocious onslaught, for the aggressor made no attempt to follow up his success by seizing the prey, and both flew off squabbling in the air. But a cunning starling had witnessed the scene and quickly took advantage of it. He flew down, cocked his head, and with as good as a wink at Forrester picked up the bread and flew off to a neighbouring chimney.

"Yes, my friend," laughed the Inspector, "finding's keeping according to some lights, but you would be called an accessory after the fact in law. What's more you've prevented me hitting off the first villain of the piece by flying in and spoiling the show."

Bullying was discouraged in the Scotland Yard sparrow reserves by well aimed bits of crusts directed at misdemeanants.

Forrester turned, and, seating himself at his desk, set to work reading reports, now making a note on some point, now turning to one of the numerous books of reference at his disposal.

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The noise of distant traffic mingling with the strains of a barrel organ in a neighbouring by-street floated through the open window as he worked steadily on . . . . . .

"Come in," he called in answer to a knock at the door. A detective, one of his assistants, came in.

"Good morning, Giles."

"'Morning, sir."

"What luck?"

"Tolerable."

"Seen the gentleman?"

"Yes, and he was identified last night by one of the maids from the chamber. He's growing a beard but has not made much of a show of it yet."

"Ah!" said Forrester with a grin of satisfaction. "They don't wear beards in his former occupation, perhaps he's changed his trade, eh?"

"He's living at Rosenberg's sure enough."

"Seen that hospitable Israelite?"

"Yes, and persuaded him to present himself here at 10 o'clock this morning."

"Good!" Forrester looked at his watch. "A man can't do his best working in the dark, Giles, so just attend to me." You know where we stood in this case two days ago. I had strong evidence of the connection of a certain man with the business in hand, but no motive for *murder* had been presented according to my views. I have made one bad shot in this case already where ample motive was proved against an innocent man, and I don't want to make another blunder. In following up this second line, evidence of connection with the case has grown stronger. Listen!—Report on finger prints found on certain articles of furniture in the chambers of the late Captain Richard Balmain, and on a tumbler, wash-hand stand and mantelpiece in bedroom No. 2 at the Royal George Hotel, Pilchester. 'I have carefully examined these finger prints and find that they represent those of several people, but there are certain impressions (all of same identity) which appear both on the furniture in the chambers and the hotel. They show a quite exceptional formation which makes me declare with greater certainty, and without the smallest hesitation, that the same individual has had access to both premises from which the impressions were taken.'"

"That's good enough, Inspector, eh?"

"A finger print on a water jug's no motive for murder, Giles, more especially when its owner has every reason for keeping clear of such a thing. Still, I don't deny that the report is important. But I have met another gentleman in the course of this case whom I scented as a bit of a mystery the moment I clapped eyes on him; one point in connection with him has never been satisfactorily explained. I have not lost sight of him and he is now receiving our particular attention. Moreover, I have strong reason to believe he was in request a few years ago but not forthcoming. Remember that?" Forrester handed a newspaper cutting to the detective.

"A tragic episode occurred at Heilbronn yesterday evening," read Giles, "when a young girl was stabbed to death in the open street outside a café. The street was crowded at the time and the assassin, who had just risen from a table outside the café, escaped before the bystanders had fully realised what had happened. Just before committing this dastardly act he had been in conversation with a young Englishman, Mr. Simmonds, who was also seated at the table. Mr. Simmonds has satisfied the authorities that he can give no clue to the identity of the murderer, who had seated himself at the table only a few minutes before and attempted to draw him into conversation. This statement is borne out by one of the waiters who had noticed the man introduce himself to Mr. Simmonds and remarked the embarrassment of the latter. The waiter, beyond recognising the man as an occasional customer of some years standing, knows nothing of him but believes he was at one time told that the man came from Strasburg. He addressed Mr. Simmonds in German in the first instance but afterwards spoke in fluent English. The perpetrator of this terrible crime has completely disappeared, and the whole affair is wrapt in the deepest mystery."

"Description of the man wanted," continued Forrester, passing another slip over.

Giles read this carefully, looked up, and gave a low whistle.

"Who was this Simmonds?"

"Secret service agent employed by the War Office."

"Can you get hold of him?"

"No," replied Forrester and added slowly "He died on June 17th last. But if two and two make four I'll have evidence against the man on another charge before the day's out. There's been a check on the first trail, Giles, but I have made a cast forward and shall be on it again this afternoon." There was a knock at the door and a constable entered.

"Man of the name of Rosenberg, sir."

"Show him in."

An oily, apologetic-looking little man with a bald head and thin straggling black beard crept in with an ingratiating smile.

"Good morning, Inspector," he said, as he sidled across the room, "It is a long time since I saw you, I hope I find you vell."

"The air of Scotland Yard suits me well enough, Rosenberg, but you'll find it far from salubrious if you continue to keep the company I hear you have been favouring of late.

"But my good frent!" expostulated the Jew, throwing out his hands in deprecation.

"Will be your bad enemy," replied Forrester bluntly, "Unless you answer me straight and hold your tongue afterwards. Sit down."

Chapter VII.

"The Escape."

"Wish me mother could see me now. Who'd 'ave ever thought of 'er little Jimmy turning greaser in 'is old age?"

The old soldier, smothered in grease and clad in a suit of overalls, stopped his work and standing back eyed tenderly the monoplane on which he had been at work.

"Don't you get calling yourself names, Mr. Springer," said a young mechanic working at an aeroplane close by. "An aviator, that's wot you are. But you ought to be careful of those whiskers, serjeant-major, you'll be getting 'em caught in the propeller one o' these windy days."

Ex-private Springer boasted of a pair of fine moustaches of which he was justly proud.

"That'll do, young sauce box. You young greasers that's been brought up smoking fags in your masters' motor cars wants a bit o' army training to teach yer manners and straighten yer backs. Not that I recommends you to go for the Army, 'Monkeynuts,' for all you're so smart; your manners and morals would benefit, yer peace of mind would be in a 'orrid state."

Having crushed young impudence with this biting repartee Springer seated himself on an upturned packing case, drew from his pocket a pipe which he lit and filled with deliberation, and finding himself the centre of the usual knot of appreciative mechanics was moved to reminiscence.

"Poor old mother, funny fancies she 'ad. Many a time she used to say, "Seems I can see little Jimmy flyin' up to 'eaven to meet the angels." "Old woman a bit touched?" suggested one of the audience.

Springer treated the interrupter to a cold stare and continued: "That was it, 'flying to meet the angels.' Seems to me now as it must o' been a kinder second sight."

"Wot! You going into the Army an' all?" asked the young mechanic.

"No, 'Monkeynuts'!" said Springer with irritation, "me flying in the monoplane along o' Mr. Corbould, things that was never 'eard or thought of before you was born."

"You'll 'ave seen a deal in your time, sergeant-major; a 'ard life you've 'ad I expect," said one of the group to keep the old soldier wound up.

"Wouldn't go so far as to say that," replied Springer, who accepted the sobriquet of sergeant-major with complacency as a tribute to his martial appearance. "It's been more wot I'd call a chequered career. Started life as a newsagent in

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Piccadilly Circus before I 'listed, served in the Mediterranean, Egypt, South Africa and Injia, Regimental police two years, garrison police six months, company storeman four years, machine gun three years, got my second class certificate and finished up six years officer's servant. Exemplary character on discharge and sobriety certificate."

"Wot! second class sobriety certificate, Mr. Springer?" asked 'Monkeynuts' innocently.

"That just shows yer ignorance, Master 'Clever,' there ain't but one class of sobriety certificate, as any edicated man would know and it ain't a thing you'd be ever gettin', but what you remained teetotal, for one glass o' beer would turn your 'ead."

"Say, sergeant-major, what's the monoplane doin' this afternoon?" asked another.

"Two 'undred mile flight, Leicester and back, carrying a passenger; against the clock."

"You the passenger?"

"Wot do *you* think? My guvnor ain't the one to swank about with one o' these flash gals on his machine, e' likes someone wot can 'old is tongue and that's another thing you learn to do in the Army."

"Expect it's swank reely wot makes 'im take you up, sergeant-major. Wot time do you start?"

"Half-an-hour after this 'ere furrin craft arrives wot's flying over across the sea. She's reckoned to be due at half-past two but we shan't wait later than 'alf-past three in any case. It's about time I 'ad a clean up and a bit o' dinner, come on, my lads! The group broke up and the mechanics, collecting their tools, moved off across the flying ground. Springer was a great favourite among the mechanics of Hendon Aerodrome; all young men and enthusiasts at their work, none of them was keener on his job than the old soldier, but the wider experience of the world gained by Springer in his army service had enriched him with a fund of anecdote which gave relief to the everlasting subject of carburettors, sparking plugs and other technicalities of the trade round which their lives turned. Few of them but had not now and again thought, since associating with the old soldier, "Why not chuck it all for a bit, go for the Army and see a bit of the world while still young?"

* * * * * * * * *

It was a gala day at Hendon. A celebrated French airman was to perform some astounding feats in mid air that had not before been witnessed in England, there were to be races of exceptional interest to the aviation fraternity, and beyond all the arrival of a German passenger-carrying monoplane from across the North Sea was advertised for 2.30 p.m. This last event had been heavily boomed in all the newspapers, which took the opportunity of pointing out how events such as these did more towards cementing the bonds of friendship between the two nations than the best intentioned and most strenuous diplomatic efforts of Foreign Secretaries could accomplish, etc., etc. A perfect July afternoon, added to the attractions of the programme, resulted in a record attendance. The enclosures were crammed, the whole space available for the public packed with people, and a notable feature was the number of foreigners present. Corbould had arrived early with the Thornhills. Leaving them in the enclosure he went across to his aeroplane, where he found Springer giving a few last touches to the machine.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Right as a trivet, sir. Had her up this morning and she went like a bird."

"Good! The foreigner's due, so we may have to get off in half-an-hour. Slip off and get your kit on, I'll stand by the machine till you relieve me, then I'll go and change."

"Very good, sir."

Springer was moving off when Corbould, whose monoplane stood on the extreme right of a line of machines, noticed a space marked off to his right again.

"Who's going to berth here, Springer?" he called out.

"That's for the foreigner, sir," replied Springer. "She'll fly over the ground and then come down from the westward."

Almost immediately afterwards an official announced through a megaphone:—

"The aeroplane sighted to the east is believed to be the German machine, piloted by Herr Mannheim which left Wilhelmshaven at 7 a.m. this morning."

A buzz of excitement rose from the crowd, the sound of the engine was already faintly discernible, arms were stretched out by those who had picked out the flying machine, while others vainly searched the sky with field glasses.

Then as the aeroplane came closer, clear to the view of everybody, the voice came from the megaphone again:—

"The monoplane is identified as the German machine. Herr Mannheim having descended will refill and having taken refreshment will ascend again for his return journey, taking with him two passengers."

Men were out on the ground now signalling with flags to show the airman his berth; the monoplane, like some great bird, swept overhead, then, a mile to the westward, swung round in a graceful curve and flying lower and lower lit lightly to the ground and ran up alongside Corbould's machine amid the enthusiastic cheers of the assembly.

The Committee, accompanied by two men in flying outfit, rushed forward to greet the gallant foreigner. Then ensued a great hand-shaking and exchange of compliments, while the two men in flying kit who proved to be the two prospective passengers and countrymen of the intrepid airman greeted their compatriot effusively in their own tongue.

One of these latter, as Mannheim was led off by the President of the Committee to be introduced to a distinguished personage who was present, happening to look across the German machine saw Corbould standing by his aeroplane, talking to Springer who had just returned in his war paint. He started violently, drew back, and seizing his companion by the arm spoke a few rapid excited words to him.

At the same moment Corbould, relieved of his duty of guardian, moved off in the direction of the dressing rooms, closely watched by both the foreigners.

When he was out of sight one of them stepped out from behind the German machine and approached Springer, "Zis is your aeroplane my frent?" he asked.

"In a manner o' speakin it is, in another it ain't," replied Springer enigmatically.

"Ach I see," said the foreigner, who didn't see at all.

"You are the flyman?"

"No, nor a flywheel neither," replied Springer indignantly. "I'm Mr. Corbould's mechanic."

"Oh, yes! The chentleman who vos speaking to you chust now."

"That's 'im."

"He is flying zis afternoon?"

"Yes! And the last words 'e says to me just now was 'Don't let any o' them blokes come smellin' round the machine, Springer.'" This was untrue but Springer did not somehow like the look of these two gentlemen; he had an instinctive though unreasonable suspicion of all "furriners."

"Ach, Mr. Springer, I beg your pardon."

"Granted," said Springer laconically, and the two moved away.

They paused a minute where the mechanics were bringing up petrol to refill the German machine for her return.

"You must be qvick, be qvick," cried one.

"All right, guvnor, more 'urry less speed, we know our job."

"Yes, but zere is little time, be qvick," he cried again and the two hurried off in the direction in which Mannheim had been led.

Clouds had been rising for some time, as if following in the wake of the German airman, and as the two foreigners reached the pavilion the sun was suddenly overcast.

Here in the company of the Committee they found Mannheim, who, having got through all formalities, was seated at a table enjoying a good square meal.

"Ah! Von Berger," he called out genially, "I wondered where you two had got to." His English had but the faintest trace of accent.

"We vere just seeing zat all vos ship-shape, Mannheim."

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"Never fear about that, Von Berger, I'll see you back safely," laughed the other.

"Yes, but . . . . here Von Berger broke off and said something rapidly in his own tongue.

"Ach! So?" replied Mannheim calmly, and drew from his pocket a small barometer.

Having studied it he rose from his unfinished meal and said: "My friend is right, gentlemen, the barometer is falling fast, it has been falling steadily all day, we must get back."

"But, Herr Mannheim," protested the President, "you have barely eaten anything and surely another ten minutes —why they can't even have filled your tank yet."

"For myself, sir, I would willingly remain to enjoy your hospitality," replied Mannheim graciously "but I am responsible for two others, I may take no risks, we must hurry." He pulled on his airman's jacket as he spoke, replaced the helmet which he had discarded on sitting down to his meal and with a "Come" left the pavilion followed by his two countrymen, while a crestfallen Committee brought up the rear.

In the meantime Corbould, who had got into his flying kit, had joined the Thornhills in the enclosure.

"When's your turn come on, Archie?" asked the General. "Five minutes after the German starts away. By jove, that fellow knows his job, General, it's a fine day, of course, but one could see with half an eye he was an artist from the way he manœuvred that machine."

"*Was* a fine day, Archie," said the General glaring up at the sky which was now completely overcast. "Don't like the look of it so much now."

"Oh, one doesn't mind the sun not shining so long as the wind keeps down," replied Corbould.

"Oh! I wish you wouldn't go up, Archie," said Margaret. "These aviation meetings would be *so* much nicer if you didn't."

"At that rate, Margaret, you would have no one take it on except waifs and strays who were destitute of friends?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret!" was the General's gruff comment.

"By jove! they're starting up the foreigner," suddenly cried Corbould, "I must be off or I shall be late and get a wigging."

When the three Germans reached their machine they had found the mechanics still in the course of filling the petrol tank. Von Berger glanced anxiously towards Corbould's monoplane and was obviously relieved to see Springer still doing solitary sentry go, twisting his moustache and, though devoured by curiosity, affecting to take no interest in the "furriners" or their machine. He spoke eagerly to Mannheim, who nodded and signed to him and the other to take their places in the monoplane.

Mannheim turned to the mechanics, "Enough, enough," he cried, "We must start."

"But the tank's only 'alf full, another few minutes and the job's done," protested the head man in dismay.

"Enough, we must start," Mannheim had lost some of his calm as he turned politely to one of the Committee, "Please tell your men to stop filling up and hold the machine for the start."

The Committee man, as perplexed as the mechanics, gave the order. The men laid hold of the machine, Mannheim took his place and the head mechanic began to start up the engine by whirling round the immense propeller.

Some evil genius prompted Von Berger at this juncture to lean from his place and look backwards; Corbould had just come up and their eyes met. For a space he stood as though petrified, next moment the propeller was in full blast. "Right," cried Mannheim, the mechanics stood back, and as the monoplane dashed forward like a greyhound slipped from the leash, a cheer rose from the crowd of spectators.

"Springer," cried out Corbould wildly.

"Sir!"

"Is she ready?"

"All ready, sir."

"We must get off now, on the spot. Get these fellows on to her, and tumble in sharp."

"Very good, sir!"

All eyes, including those of the mechanics, were watching the German aeroplane as she soared up and headed towards a dark threatening sky to the eastward.

It was now that Springer's special qualities came in; a good deal would be taken from and done for the "sergeant-major" which others could not expect. He seized two young mechanics by the neck, "Monkeynuts" was one, and with the help of his powerful lungs and picturesque tongue quickly conveyed to the others what was required of them without the further explanation which he himself had not sought, then sprang to his seat in the monoplane behind Corbould who was already in his place.

The mechanics went to work with a will; within half a minute of Springer's orders the engine was started up, five seconds later the propeller was whirling rapidly round. "Let her go!" cried Corbould. The machine sped swiftly across the ground, rose quickly, and followed in the wake of the German, in clear view about a mile ahead.

The attention of the public had been absorbed by the German aeroplane, the starting of Corbould's engine, a perpetual noise on any aviation ground had attracted no attention. Even when the monoplane rose from the ground people seeing it, thought it was part of the programme. The officials were annoyed but the megaphone man quickly raised his instrument and bellowed :—

"Mr. Corbould starts on his flight to Leicester and back, against time. Distance 200 miles."

But Mr. Corbould seemed to be taking a circuitous route, he continued to head due east in the line the German had taken. A buzz of astonishment rose from the crowd as he continued to maintain this direction. Astonishment with General Thornhill gave place to dismay, his anxiety was expressed characteristically by his irritation.

"What's the young jackass doing, Margaret?" he said looking anxiously through his field glasses. "He started five minutes before time and don't seem to know north from east."

"Father, I do hope the steering gear hasn't gone wrong."

"Steering gear! stuff and nonsense! The boy's a fool I tell you."

A motor car had just driven up, and a stalwart individual carrying his arm in a sling jumped out. Protecting the damaged arm as best he could he pushed through the crowd eagerly searching among the spectators. When he caught sight of the General he moved quickly forward.

"General Thornhill!"

"Sir?"

"I am Inspector Forrester, you know my name I think?"

A look of pain crossed the old man's face as he replied "Certainly I do."

"Can you tell me, is Mr. Corbould here?"

The General waved a hand to the now fast disappearing monoplane.

"There he is," he cried, "but what he thinks he's doing no one knows. He should be flying to Leicester but he seems to have taken the idea of trying conclusions with that cursed German craft."

Forrester started and muttered "By jove, I had not foreseen *that*." Then turning to the old man he said kindly, "I think I know something of what he is after and he'll not be back to night. Take the lady home, General, it is useless for you to wait. I should have been here an hour ago but for an accident, and could have stopped this. If you can give me a lift back to town I will explain matters to you. I have a few enquiries to make but will be with you in three minutes."

He raised his hat and moved towards the pavilion. As he went he muttered :—

"A wild goose chase for him. The man I wanted, but not the man *he* wants."

(*To be continued*).

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 379.] **Friday, 31st July, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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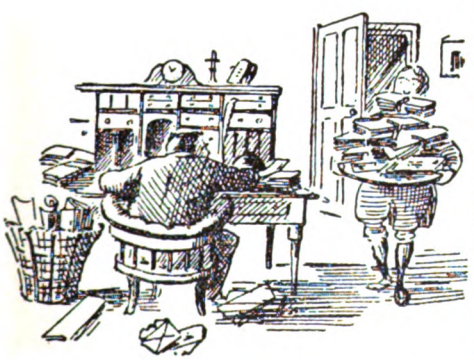
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,

LONDON, S.W.,

31st July, 1914.



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***Subscriptions** should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the **next number** of the paper after the remittances have been received.*

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It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental [Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Captain Leslie	to 31/12/14	Captain Smail	to 30/ 4/15
2nd-Lieut. Buckley ...	,, 31/12/14	Pres. Sergts. Mess 5/68 R.D.	,, 30/ 4/15
2nd-Lieut. Dorman-Smith	,, 31/12/14	Lieut.-Colonel Spain ...	,, 30/ 4/15
2nd-Lieut. Boyd	,, 31/12/14	Mr. O'Donnell	,, 30/ 4/15
Major-General Wilkinson	,, 31/12/14	Mr. E. Harris	,, 31/ 5/15
Col.-Sergt.-Inst. A. Smith	,, 31/12/14	Warder Kennedy	,, 31/ 5/15
2nd-Lieut. Markham ...	,, 31/12/14	Mr. A. Kenefec	,, 30/ 6/15
2nd-Lt. Corbet-Singleton	,, 31/12/14	Major Buchanan	,, 31/12/15
Mrs. Sitwell	,, 28/ 2/15	P.R.I., 1st Battalion	May *Gazettes*
C. S. Anderson, Esq. ...	,, 31/ 3/15	P.R.I., 2nd Battalion,	April and May *Gazettes*
Major Reavell	,, 31/ 3/15		
Mr. Dalzell		March Adverts.	

MARRIAGE.

GALL—FORD.—On the 15th inst., at St. John the Evangelist, Hyde Park, W., by the Vicar, the Rev. Canon Lillingston, M.A., Camb., Captain Lawrence Gall, son of the late Captain Herbert Reay Gall, 5th Fusiliers, and grandson of Major-General Herbert Gall, 14th Hussars, to Florence, only daughter of the late John Edward Ford.

DEATHS.

CARTER.—On the 28th ult., at 43, Sidney Grove, Newcastle-on-Tyne (during a visit), Jessie Singleton, the dearly beloved wife of Algernon P. Carter, ex-Sergeant 3rd V.B.N.F., of Newton-on-the-Moor, Felton, R.S.O.

MOFFITT.—On the 6th inst., at Portsmouth, No. 5605 Corporal J. Moffitt, 1st Battalion.

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1st Battalion Notes.

CAMBRIDGE BARRACKS,
PORTSMOUTH,
July 23rd, 1914.

THE month of July has been used as a period of restful repose so far as training is concerned, we are not sure if the air at Portsmouth is as pleasant as is that at Wool, in fact we are rather inclined to the opinion that it is not, but some of us at any rate welcome the break in the training season and the chance of a fortnight's leave has been seized by all those who could fit it in.

On the 10th of the month we were inspected by Major-General Sir Hubert Hamilton, who has recently taken over command of the Division from Sir Henry Rawlinson. The Battalion paraded in review order and was inspected by companies, after which General Hamilton went round the barracks, and, later on, lunched with the officers.

The great event of the month has of course been the Naval Review, which has just been concluded. During the week-end that the great fleet was assembled, the air was filled with hydroplanes, aeroplanes and dirigible airships. The Solent was crowded with lethal craft of every shape and size, while the streets of "Pompey" were filled with a gay and giddy throng of sailor men and their belongings. Most of us went round the fleet and were hospitably entertained by friends and relatives in the "senior service." The great lines of ships was a very impressive sight. One is apt to pat oneself on the back on beholding a well dressed company on parade, but when it comes to viewing some hundred great battleships dressed in a perfectly flawless line, one realizes how exceedingly efficient at their job are our brethren of the Royal Navy.

Lieutenant Garnier joined us last month pending absorption.

Captain W. G. Sarel paid us a visit this month and played cricket for us against the Royal Navy (return match), being very nearly bowled by his own brother in the first over. Fortunately the Royal Navy with their customary tact then changed the bowler and so bloodshed was avoided.

The Inter-Company Cross Country Race was decided at Wool on the 24th ult.

Distance:—About five miles.

Teams:—One officer, one sergeant, and thirty other ranks per Company.

128 started, and they came in in the following order:—

1	Pte. Kitchen, C Coy. (Time, 39 minutes)	13	2nd-Lieut. Lawson, Special Reserve
2	Lce.-Cpl. Kirkwood, A Coy.	14	Pte. Hebron, C Coy.
3	Pte. Davis, D Coy.	15	Cpl. Carter, A Coy.
4	Lce.-Cpl. Gledhill, C Coy.	16	,, Richards, C Coy.
5	,, Coleman, D Coy.	17	Pte. Poole, D Coy.
6	,, Rawson, D Coy.	18	,, Peaseland, C Coy.
7	Lce.-Cpl. Ayres, D Coy.	19	,, Stewart, A Coy.
8	Pte. Beighton, D Coy.	20	,, Shenton, D Coy.
9	,, Brown, B Coy.	21	,, Woodhouse, C Coy.
10	Lce.-Cpl. Wiltcher, D Coy.	22	2nd-Lt. Van Neck, 3rd Batt.
11	Pte. Ross, C Coy.	23	Pte. Grimes, A Coy.
12	,, Kebro, B Coy.	24	,, Greening, B Coy.

D Company won by 70 points.

1ST BATTALION KITCHEN IN BOVINGTON CAMP, WOOL.

The officers of the 1st Battalion have purchased from Major Leather his collection of medals of soldiers who served with the FIFTH. The collection consists of 72 medals which include the following:—

13 Peninsular.	1 medal	with 1 clasp.
	2 ,,	,, 3 ,,
	1 ,,	,, 4 ,,
	3 ,,	,, 5 ,,
	3 ,,	,, 6 ,,
	1 ,,	,, 9 ,,
	1 ,,	,, 10 ,,
	1 ,,	,, 11 ,,
Mutiny.	6 medals.	

Indian General Service.
Hazara, 1888. 7 medals.

South African War.
Queen's Medal—8 (Best one with five clasps).
King's Medal—3.

Mediterranean
(Garrison)—4.

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Afghanistan. 4 medals.
Ashanti. Star. 1 „
Egypt. „ 14 „
Order of Merit (Regimental) Bronze—4.
„ „ „ „ Silver—3.
Long Service and Good Conduct—2.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

With the exception of the assembly of the Fleet very little has occurred to disturb the even tenor of our ways since our last notes.

We were fortunate in obtaining a Government launch, the *Mafeking*, to take us round the fleet on the 18th inst. —the day which was originally intended for the Royal inspection. We left H.M. Gunwharf at 2 p.m., and after touring round the whole of the warships returned at 6 p.m. We had the pleasure of entertaining the families to tea on board, and altogether a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

Our best wishes are due to Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) Pullan on his approaching wedding.

We were sorry to lose one of our eldest members in Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Lewis, who has left us on two months' furlough, prior to taking his discharge to enjoy a well-earned pension. We hear he has captured a very good appointment in London, and we all join in wishing him every success in his new sphere.

We are now busy playing off for the "Walter Locke" billiard cup, but owing to so many of our members being away at Tipnor, Gomer and Bisley, and as we again go to Camp on the 8th August, there is little hope of deciding the winner before Christmas. Confetti battles on the South Parade Pier also deprive us of some of our members who have not yet played off their ties.

TRANSPORT ANIMALS, 1ST BATTALION, IN CAMP.

CRICKET.

ROYAL NAVY v. 5TH FUSILIERS.

Played on the U.S. Ground, Portsmouth, on the 1st inst., and ended in an easy victory for our opponents as shewn.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Ovans, b Kendle	6
Captain Fletcher, c sub, b Aylmer	25
Lieutenant Gunner, c Sarel, b Kendle	5
Major Yatman, c Leach, b Kendle	69
Lieutenant Hervey-Bathurst, c Irwin, b Leach...	28
Lieutenant Boyd, ht wkt, b Aylmer	12
„ Kingdon, b Aylmer	0
Private Parrant, ht wkt, b Kendle	0
Lieutenant Barrett, c Horsey, b Aylmer ...	0
„ Cogan, not out	9
Captain Selby, c Kendle, b Aylmer	2
Extras	14
Total	170

ROYAL NAVY.

Commander Sarel, st Kingdon, b Boyd	110
Sub-Lieutenant Trumble, c Barrett, b Hervey-Bathurst	41
Lieutenant-Commander Leach, b Parrant ...	0
Captain Kendle (R.M.A.), b Parrant	54
Fleet-Surgeon Nimmo, c Parrant, b Boyd ...	3
Commander Compton, not out	2
Sub-Lieutenant Aylmer, Lieutenant Irwin } did not bat	
Assistant-Paymaster Horsey, Paymaster Harrison-Smith, Colonel Gaitskell (R.M.A.) } did not bat	
Extras	6
Total (for 5 wkts.)	216

LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT v. 5TH FUSILIERS.

Played on the U.S. Ground, Portsmouth, on the 2nd inst., resulting in a win for the FIFTH.

LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.

1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Lieut. Barres, c sub, b Boyd ...	3		
Sergt. Briggs, b Hervey-Bathurst	5	did not bat	
Sergt. Durrands, lbw, b Hervey-Bathurst...	3		
Lieut. Welchman, lbw, b Hervey-Bathurst...	0	not out	8
„ Buller, c Barrett, b Boyd	35	did not bat	

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Sergt.-Major Masters, st Ovans, b Boyd	7	did not bat		
Lce.-Cpl. Morgan, run out ...	4			
Lieut. Wales, c and b Hervey-Bathurst...	0	not out		32
Sergt. Dewane, c Rood, b Boyd...	28	c Barrett, b Boyd		52
Lieut. Ingleby, c Ovans, b Hervey-Bathurst...	2	did not bat		
Lce.-Cpl. Moore, not out... ...	7	b Barrett... ...		2
Extras	22	Extras		5
Total	116	Total (2 wkts.)		99

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Ovans, b Durrands		61
„ Gunner, lbw, b Masters		63
„ Cogan, b Durrands		15
„ Hervey-Bathurst, b Durrands ...		0
„ Boyd, not out		56
„ Barrett, b Buller		45
Major Yatman, Captain Selby, Lieutenant Lawson, Sergeant Rood, Lieutenant Dorman-Smith	did not bat	
Extras		28
Total (for 5 wkts.)		*268

*Innings declared closed.

H.M.S. "Excellent" v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played at Whale Island, on the 4th inst., and ended in a narrow victory for our opponents.

H.M.S. "EXCELLENT."

Lieutenant Blake, run out	16
„ White, b Boyd	7
„ Danckwerts, c Selby, b Barrett ...	49
„ House, b Hervey-Bathurst	67
„ Drew, run out	32
„ Brook-Smith, not out	45
„ Power, b Hervey-Bathurst	13
„ Gunner, c Hervey-Bathurst, b Boyd	3
„ Mathews, lbw, b Hervey-Bathurst...	3
„ Rhodes, c Rood, b Hervey-Bathurst	8
„ Haynes, not out	1
Extras	15
Total	259

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Gunner, b Haynes	21
„ Ovans, b Haynes	37
„ Hervey-Bathurst, b Mathews ...	55
„ Boyd, run out	46
„ Barrett, b Haynes	14
Captain Selby, c Drew, b Mathews	2
Lieutenant Sloper, c Gunner, b Mathews ...	17
„ Dorman-Smith, b Haynes	10
Captain Mathews, not out...	21
Sergeant Rood, c Blake, b Mathews	9
Private Langford, b Haynes	6
Extras	8
Total	246

R.G.A. v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played on the U.S. Ground, Portsmouth, and ended in a win for our opponents.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

	1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Lieut. Ovans, lbw, b Morgan ...	0	did not bat		
„ Gunner, b Stephens ...	6	b Morgan ...		4
Sergt. Rood, c and b Morgan ...	9	lbw, b Jordan ...		15
Major Yatman, b Morgan ...	7	b Morgan ...		23
Lieut. Boyd, b Morgan	29	b Desborough ...		36
„ Barrett, b Dumper ...	13	not out		8
„ Cogan, b Dumper ...	6	not out		5
„ Sloper, not out	4			
„ Dorman-Smith, c Dumper, b Morgan	5			
„ Lawson, c Morgan, b Dumper	0	did not bat		
Bandsman Stafford, c Dumper, b Morgan	0			
Extras	3	Extras		0
Total	82	Total (4 wkts.)		91

R.G.A.

Captain Gillett, retired	27
Master-Gunner Desborough, c and b Boyd ...	2
Lieutenant Morgan, c Sloper, b Cogan	4
Captain Stanborough, c and b Stafford	28
Gunner Chapman, c Ovans, b Boyd	4
Lieutenant Hine, b Stafford	5
Corporal Stephens, b Cogan	9
Gunner Farrell, b Cogan	0
„ Jordan, not out	24
Sergeant Dumper, b Barrett	55
Extras	20
Total	178

Staff and Departments v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played on the U.S. Ground, Portsmouth, on the 8th inst., resulting in a win for our opponents.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Ovans, b Durrant	18
„ Gunner, b Desborough	16
„ Boyd, c Ames, b Desborough ...	2
Major Yatman, st Toynbee, b Trumble	53
Lieutenant Barrett, b Desborough	3
„ Cogan, c Desborough, b Trumble ...	19
„ Sloper, b Trumble	11
„ Dorman Smith, c Kendle, b Trumble	4
„ Lawson, b Desborough	5
Drummer Moore, b Trumble	0
Lance-Corporal Ennis, not out	1
Extras	23
Total	155

STAFF AND DEPARTMENTS.

Lieutenant Trumble (R.N.), b Boyd	55
Master-Gunner Desborough, b Boyd	22
Captain Ames, b Barrett	54
Lieutenant Wells, b Boyd	2
Captain Kendle, c Ovans, b Boyd	33
Lieutenant Hine, b Boyd	30
„ Gurney, c Ennis, b Boyd	8
Quartermaster-Sergeant Durrands, not out ...	13
Private Biggs, Lieutenant Toynbee	did not bat
Extras	7
Total	224

Royal Navy v. 5th Fusiliers.

Played on U.S. Ground, Portsmouth, on the 15th inst. Unfortunately the match was spoilt by rain, and resulted in a draw.

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FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Lieutenant Ovans, lbw, b Harris	33
Captain Fletcher, c Bignell, b Trumble	7
Lieutenant Gunner, b Harris	47
Captain Sarel, c Combs, b Trumble	29
Major Yatman, b Harris	3
Lieutenant Hervey-Bathurst, b Trumble ...	6
„ Boyd, not out	19
„ Buckley, „ Barrett, „ Cogan, „ Sloper — did not bat	
Extras	7
Total (for 6 wkts.)	*151

*Innings declared closed.

ROYAL NAVY.

Commander Sarel, b Hervey-Bathurst	4
Lieutenant Trumble, not out	16
„ Foster, not out	12
Captain Lewis ... ..., Lieut.-Commander Phipps, Lieutenant Pennant ..., „ Legge ... ..., „ Combs ... ..., Colonel Harris, R.M.A. ..., Assist.-Paymaster Leach ..., Lieut.-Commander Bignell — did not bat	
Total (for 1 wkt.)	32

7TH FUSILIERS V. 5TH FUSILIERS.

Played at Newport, Isle of Wight, on the 20th inst., resulting in a win for the FIFTH, after a most exciting game, by 2 runs.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

	1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Capt. Fletcher, b Tucker... ...	1	c Bord, b Towers	5
Lieut. Gunner, b Palmer... ...	2	c Bord, b Harding	2
Major Yatman, b Rogers ...	39	did not bat	
Lieut. Boyd, b Palmer	4	b Bord	38
Lt.-Col. Ainslie, c Bord, b Tucker	1	st Wall, b Tucker	38
Coy.-Sergt.-Major Wilkinson, b Palmer	35	not out	8
Lieut. Dorman-Smith, c Mead, b Tucker	15	c Mead, b Tucker	2
„ Mortished, b Tucker ...	14	b Tucker	2
Lce.-Cpl. Ennis, c Towers, b Palmer	2	b Tucker	0
Private Smith, not out	3	not out	1
Drummer Moore, b Tucker ...	1	did not bat	
Extras	5	Extras	5
Total	122	Total (8 wkts.)	101

SEVENTH FUSILIERS.

Corporal Wall, c Mortished, b Boyd	12
Lieutenant Sampson, c Smith, b Yatman ...	23
Sergeant Bord, c Yatman, b Boyd	16
Lieutenant Mead, b Ennis	21
„ Harding, b Ennis	15
„ Towers, c Ainslie, b Boyd	3
Private Rogers, c Boyd, b Ennis	2
Captain Frewen, c Boyd, b Ennis	2
Lieutenant Steele, c Wilkinson, b Boyd... ...	8
Private Tucker, b Boyd	11
„ Palmer, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	120

CLYFFE C.C. V. SERGEANTS, 5TH FUSILIERS.

Played at Tincleton (Dorset), on the 6th ult., resulting in a win for Clyffe C.C.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

Sergeant Rood, b Pressler	19
Lance-Corporal Ennis, run out	8
Drummer Casey, c E. Chaffey, b Pressler ...	1
Sergeant Stafford, b Pressler	3
Bandsman Stafford, b G. Taylor	1
Company-Sergt.-Major Luke, c Palmer, b G. Taylor	1
Sergeant Greaves, b Pressler	2
„ Truscott, b G. Taylor	1
„ Raison, b G. Taylor	0
Drummer Redmond, c A. Chaffery, b Palmer ...	13
Sergeant Lewis, not out	6
Extras	3
Total	58

CLYFFE C.C.

G. Taylor, c Lewis, b Ennis	15
W. Hookey, c Casey, b Ennis	0
E. Chaffey, c Rood, b Ennis	11
Eady, b Casey	4
Palmer, b Casey	5
E. Hookey, b Casey	5
Pickford, c and b Ennis	13
Pressler, c Sergeant Stafford, b Ennis	23
R. Taylor, lbw, b Bandsman Stafford	0
A. Chaffey, not out	0
Kirk, c Lewis, b Bandsman Stafford	2
Extras	7
Total	85

N.B.—The accounts of the Inter-Company cricket matches must unavoidably be held over till next month's Gazette.

BOYS OF ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS V. BOYS OF 5TH FUSILIERS.

Played at Borington Camp, Wool, on the 13th ult., and ended in a narrow victory for the FIFTH.

FIFTH FUSILIERS.

	1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Boy Ouzman, run out	1	b May	19
„ Poole, b Howell	3	c Kirby, b Back ...	9
„ Cook, c Silk, b Kirby ...	2	c and b Kirby ...	4
„ Ford, b Howell	0	c Back, b Kirby ...	0
„ Woodhead, b Howell ...	0	c and b May ...	3
„ Woodford, not out	25	not out	13
„ Goundry, b Kirby	5		
„ Windram, b Howell... ...	3		
„ Hickson, c Black, b Kirby ...	3	did not bat	
„ Beldon, c Woods, b Back ...	0		
„ Raynor, b Howell	2		
Extras	2	Extras ...	6
Total	46	Total (for 5 wkts.)	*54

*Innings declared closed.

ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

	1st innings.		2nd innings.	
Boy Clancy, b Woodford... ...	6	not out	10
„ Ridings, c Poole, b Windram	2	b Windram ...	0
„ May, b Woodford	2	did not bat	
„ Black, b Windram	0	b Woodhead ...	3
„ Kirby, b Woodford	0	not out	9
„ Urquhart, b Woodhead ...	16		
„ Woods, b Windram	7	did not bat	
„ Howell, b Woodford ...	3		
„ Silk, b Woodford	0	b Woodhead ...	0
„ Back, not out	2	did not bat	
„ McGuiness, by Woodhead ...	0	b Woodhead ...	0
Extras	7	Extras	7
Total	45	Total (4 wkts.)	29

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The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

To be Corporals :—

No. 2905	Lance-Corporal	J. Hamilton	from 6/7/14
„ 2618	„	W. Berrington	„ 10/7/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 3589	Lance-Corporal	G. Shawyer	from 1/7/14
„ 3621	„	H. Stearn	„ 1/7/14
„ 3359	„	F. Robinson	„ 1/7/14
„ 2614	„	D. Quinn	„ 1/7/14
„ 3558	„	H. King	„ 1/7/14
„ 3559	„	H. Senior	„ 1/7/14
„ 3524	„	J. Penrose	„ 1/7/14
„ 1357	„	A. Brace	„ 1/7/14
„ 3696	„	C. H. Colls	„ 11/7/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 3558	Private	H. King	from 22/6/14
„ 3559	„	J. H. Senior	„ 22/6/14
„ 3696	„	C. H. Colls	„ 11/7/14

To be Drummer :—

No. 2775	Private	J. Hickson	from 1/6/14

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under :—

2nd Class :—

No. 3811	Private	R. Dedman	from 25/6/14

3rd Class :—

No. 3896	Private	W. Wright	from 1/5/14
„ 3825	„	J. Chapman	„ 9/5/14
„ 3857	„	W. Davis	„ 25/6/14
„ 3864	„	J. Brown	„ 25/6/14
„ 3868	„	S. Smith	„ 25/6/14
„ 3878	„	F. Cattell	„ 25/6/14
„ 3806	„	H. Harris	„ 25/6/14
„ 3814	„	A. Marshall	„ 25/6/14
„ 3815	„	A. Pearson	„ 25/6/14
„ 3820	„	A. Seagroatt	„ 25/6/14
„ 3823	„	A. Scott	„ 25/6/14
„ 3837	„	W. Evetts	„ 25/6/14
„ 3845	„	W. Pullan	„ 25/6/14
„ 3848	„	W. Sanderson	„ 25/6/14

No. 9721 Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Miller qualified in rifle course at the School of Musketry, Hythe, from the 16th ult.

No. 7316 Sergeant G. Poole qualified in rifle course at the School of Musketry, Hythe, from the 16th ult.

No. 3608 Private A. Marskell passed a class of instruction in telephone exchange, from the 9th inst.

No. 3863 Private J. Prior transferred to the 6th Dragoon Guards on the 16th inst.

Forty-six recruits have joined during the month.

The deaf man got out of the tramcar on to the other line of rails.

"Look out! there's a car coming!" said the conductor.

"What?" said the deaf man.

"There's a car coming!"

"What?"

The car caught and knocked down the deaf man, and as he picked himself up he said: "I wonder what that fool kept me there talking about."

2nd Battalion Notes.

SABATHU,
1st July, 1914.

UP to three days ago the heat this month has been terriffic, but the monsoon has now broken and it is considerably cooler. It is said the rainfall here is not very large, about 50 inches.

The official order for us to go to Delhi in the winter instead of Ambala has now been received. The change will be welcomed by all ranks, and everyone is looking forward to pleasant cold weather. It is understood that we are to go there about November.

Polo has been rather uncertain of late, partly owing to the weather and partly owing to so many officers being on leave and on detachment; but it has been played on an average twice a week. At Delhi we should have at least twenty officers playing polo and enough games for all.

The Football and Hockey Leagues are now finished and the final result is appended below. The teams of A and H Companies came in from detachments in order to play off their ties, and games have been played whenever the ground permitted it. The Cricket League is well on its way to completion, some very good scores having been made.

The Inter-Company Bayonet Fighting Competition has been fought during the last week, resulting in a win for G Company; the heats are shown below. The first four Companies have fought off their ties in the first round of the Inter-Company Boxing Tournament, the results being H beat F and B beat G.

Some very good fights were witnessed, and the presence, and in many cases very creditable performance, of new hands was a welcome sight.

Two Regimental Football matches have been played :—

5th FUSILIERS v. RIFLE BRIGADE.

A good game, which ended in a win for the Riflemen by 1 goal to *nil*, the winners scoring in the last two minutes of the game :—

TEAM.

Goal :—

Lce.-Cpl. Roe.

Backs :—

Lce.-Sergt. Christie. Pte. Challis.

Half-backs :—

Pte. Reilly. Pte. Moran. Pte. Bradford.

Forwards :—

Pte. Taylor. Pte. Bussey. Pte. Dawson.
Pte. Knox. Pte. Kennel.

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5th Fusiliers v. Kasauli Depot.

The game ended in a win for the Regiment by 4 goals to *nil*. The following scored for the 5th:—Pte. Reilly 2, Pte. Knox 1, Sergt. Todd 1:—

Team.

Goal:—

Lce.-Cpl. Roe.

Backs:—

Lce.-Sergt. Christie. Pte. Challis.

Half-backs:—

Pte. Reilly. Pte. Moran. Pte. Bradford.

Forwards:—

Pte. Taylor. Pte. Dawson. Sergt. Todd.
Pte. Knox. Pte. Kennel.

Below is a list of the events and winners of some Company Sports held by H Company at Jutogh:—

100 Yards.—1st, Private Litchfield; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Warner; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Hine.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Private Collins; 2nd, Private Lilley; 3rd, Private Suter.

Quarter-Mile.—1st, Private Hurst; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Warner; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Hine.

Half-Mile.—1st, Private Hynes; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Thompson; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Speight.

Long Jump.—1st, Private Hynes; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Hine; 3rd, Private Suter.

High Jump.—1st, Lance-Corporal Thompson; 2nd, Private Hynes; 3rd, Private Slingsby.

Section Relay Race (teams of 8, each to run 220 yards).—1st, No. 4 Section; 2nd, No. 1 Section; 3rd, No. 3 Section.

One Mile (open to Jutogh Garrison).—1st, Gunner Watson, No. 2 M.B.; 2nd, Bombardier Thompson, No. 5 M.B.; 3rd, Gunner Trunks, No. 2 M.B.; 4th, Private Hynes, 5th Fusiliers.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

1st Class:—

No. 2507 Lce.-Cpl. W. F. Cooper No. 3078 Pte. R. Fisher

Group 1:—

No. 3072 Private W. Bagshaw

Group 2:—

Sergeant Morris No. 3366 Private W. Harback
No. 2444 Private J. Derrick

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2599 Private H. Eaton from 26/6/14
„ 3283 „ J. Glasgow „ 26/6/14
„ 158 Drummer H. Knox „ 26/6/14

To be Corporal:—

No. 605 Lance-Corporal A. Boniface from 22/6/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 9644 Lance-Corporal S. Mayers from 26/5/14
„ 2546 „ B. Reeve „ 26/6/14

To be Drummers:—

No. 2097 Private G. Fenwick No. 2586 Private W. Titterton
No. 2821 Private G. Gray

Results of Cricket Matches:—

Companies.	Result.
B v. F ...	B Company won by 22 runs.
B v. C ...	C „ „ „ 68 „
B v. E ...	E „ „ „ an innings and 5 runs.
B v. G ...	G „ „ „ 54 runs.
B v. D ...	B „ „ „ an innings and 21 runs.
C v. G ...	G „ „ „ 161 runs.
C v. E ...	E „ „ „ 9 wickets.
C v. D ...	C „ „ „ 149 runs.
C v. F ...	C „ „ „ 65 „
D v. E ...	E „ „ „ an innings and 4 runs.
D v. G ...	D „ „ „ 47 runs.
D v. F ...	D „ „ „ 10 „
E v. F ...	F „ „ „ 8 wickets.
F v. G ...	G „ „ „ 8 „

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
G	4	3	1
E	4	3	1
C	5	3	2
D	5	2	3
B	5	2	3
F	5	1	4

FOOTBALL.

1st League.

Coy.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals For	Goals Agst.	Pts.
G ...	14	9	2	3	29	14	21
B ...	14	8	5	1	22	16	17
A ...	14	6	3	5	19	17	17
F ...	14	5	4	5	16	16	15
D ...	14	4	4	6	13	11	14
H ...	14	5	5	4	12	13	14
E ...	14	2	9	3	10	17	7
C ...	14	2	9	3	13	30	7

2nd League.

Coy.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals For	Goals Agst.	Pts.
A ...	14	10	2	2	25	11	22
B ...	13	9	2	2	22	9	20
C ...	14	6	4	4	18	17	16
D ...	13	4	2	7	13	11	15
G ...	14	4	6	4	19	19	12
E ...	14	3	7	4	18	24	10
F ...	14	3	8	3	15	23	9
H ...	14	2	8	4	12	27	8

HOCKEY.

1st League.

Coy.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
A ...	12	10	0	2	32	22
H ...	12	7	1	4	26	18
B ...	12	8	4	0	25	16
D ...	14	4	4	6	14	14
G ...	14	3	6	5	20	11
E ...	14	5	8	1	11	11
F ...	14	3	8	3	10	9
C ...	14	1	10	3	16	5

2nd League.

Coy.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Dwn.	Goals for.	Pts.
A ...	12	10	1	1	28	21
B ...	14	7	4	3	34	17
C ...	13	6	2	5	24	17
G ...	13	7	4	2	25	16
H ...	10	5	3	2	13	12
D ...	12	3	7	2	17	8
E ...	13	2	9	2	3	6
F ...	11	1	7	3	11	5

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INTER-COMPANY BAYONET FIGHTING COMPETITION.

1st Round.

F Company beat B Company 6—3
G „ „ A „ 6—2
H „ „ C „ 6—4
E „ „ D „ 6—5

Semi-Final.

G Company beat F Company 6—3
H „ „ E „ 6—4

Final.

G Company beat H Company 6—4

THE St. GEORGE'S VARIETY PARTY.

The third performance given by the St. George's Variety Party took place at 9.30 p.m., on the 17th and 18th June. We were fortunate in securing the services of a string band, conducted by Band-Sergt. Slater, which played an overture and an *entre acte* for us as well as accompanying Corporal Watts in "Down among the dead men," and 2nd Lieutenant Markham in "The Rajah of Bhong." Another reason for a full house was the presence of three lady artistes:—Mrs. Pincher, Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Waterson, the former two contributing very charmings songs and the latter an excellent violin solo.

Lance-Corporal Purchase and Private Burglass were very comical in their Jewish duet of "My Rachel's eyes," and Dr. Langtry's sketch, "The Night Watchman," in which he was assisted by Sergeant Bosten, 2nd Lieutenant Markham and Private Furgusson, made a great hit.

"The National Sporting Club in a Barber's Shop" was changed the second night for a dumb sketch, entitled, "The penny-in-the-slot machine." Both were exceedingly amusing, the second one named being if anything the greater success.

Depôt Notes.

The Barracks, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
19th July, 1914.

No. 1168 Corporal W. Knapp was attached from 1st Battalion for a tour of duty from the 22nd inst.

No. 1949 Corporal E. Wood was attached from 1st Battalion for a tour of duty from the 4th inst.

The following have been awarded Certificates of Education at an examination held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 25th ult.:—

2nd Class:—

No. 3811 Private R. Dedman

3rd Class:—

No. 3806	Private	H. Harris	No. 3848	Private	W. Sanderson
„ 3820	„	A. Seagroatt	„ 3868	„	S. Smith
„ 3847	„	W. Pullan	„ 3883	„	H. Footitt
„ 3864	„	J. Brown	„ 3815	„	A. Pearson
„ 3881	„	J. Beards	„ 3837	„	W. Evetts
„ 3814	„	A. Marshall	„ 3857	„	W. Davis
„ 3823	„	A. Scott	„ 3878	„	F. Cattell

A draft of 40 recruits were posted to the 1st Battalion with effect from the 27th ult.

No. 8700 Private F. Wagg re-engaged at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 12th ult., for such ~~term~~ as shall complete 21 years' service.

3rd Battalion Notes.

Moorlaws Camp,
Alnwick,
26th July, 1914.

THE 3rd Battalion assembled here for 27 days' training on the 29th June, and were favoured with beautiful weather during the whole period, being lucky enough to have only two wet days, and when such a short period for training is available the weather naturally is a very important factor. On the 19th, the Battalion was inspected by General Sir Herbert Plumer, K.C.B., G.O.C. Northern Command, and on the 21st and 22nd we had a visit from Colonel Watson, C.B., commanding No. 5 District.

We were very glad to have visits from Colonel Roddam during our stay in camp, also from other past members of the Regiment. Apart from the beauty of the surroundings of this camp and the fine air, our stay here has been made even more enjoyable by the hospitality of the neighbouring residents, who have been most kind to us. Though, perhaps, from a recruiting point of view our numbers would increase if we went for our training to a less isolated camp, and not so far from a town. At present there is an idea of a recruiting march through the county, but nothing has been settled up to date.

We are all very sorry to lose Captain Thornton, who leaves us at the end of September at the expiration of his adjutancy.

Mr. Platt has gone to Markse-on-Sea for a fortnight to be attached to a Territorial Brigade as scout officer.

On the 16th, the Officers of the Battalion gave an "at home" on the Alnwick Tennis Ground, but owing to this being one of the two wet days very few people braved the weather.

Our congratulations to B Company on winning the Shooting Cup.

It was a Territorial major and his captain in camp at Aldershot, and they had been dining in a remote camp, and on the way home they managed to get run in by some non-descript military police who had been hastily organised. When they got to the guard-room, however, and the guard saw the mistake they had made, the major won it by saying with much dignity:

"Guard, you need not turn out!"

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4th Battalion Notes.

HEXHAM,
21st July, 1914.

WE concluded our Annual Training under good weather conditions and we think Greystoke will be looked back to as one of the most popular camps we have held.

A notable feature of the training was the revival of sports in the Battalion during the afternoons and evenings. In addition to the "Soccer" match reported last month several highly interesting "Rugger" games were played, the one attracting most attention being an officers' match, Town v. Country Battalions, played when the shades of night were falling fast. We have heard several versions of the result; however, after an impartial inquiry we have thoroughly satisfied ourselves that we won. Amongst the Companies, A Company (Hexham) easily took pride of place at "Rugger"; indeed, this Company practically contains the whole of the players of the Tyneside Rovers, one of the smartest junior clubs in the county. Our endeavours to get a little cricket were unsuccessful owing to lack of opponents and lack of ground. In this connection we must congratulate Second-Lieutenant G. L. Hunting on obtaining a "century" for Northumberland v. Oxford University Authorities.

A tug-of-war and a relay race also produced some keen competition, the former being won by D Company (Prudhoe) and the latter by E Company (Corbridge).

We have to thank Lieutenant R. B. Webster for a leopard skin bass drummers apron kindly presented by him to the Band.

The new Prudhoe Drill Hall is to be ready for occupation by the 1st August, the formal "opening" will, however, probably not take place for some weeks yet.

5th Battalion Notes.

HEADQUARTERS, WALKER,
24th July, 1914.

THERE is very little news to record this month. All ranks are making a special effort to get through their Standard Test, and the attendances on Saturdays at Ponteland so far have been good.

We are now temporarily removed from our headquarters, which is undergoing alterations and enlargement, which it is hoped will make it more suitable and comfortable.

Colour-Sergeant Durham retired after 21 years' service last month, and is now on his way to Australia, where we trust he will meet with success.

Captain Forrett qualified in two subjects for his "Q" at the April Examination, and Lieutenants Bainbridge and Leask fully qualified in "B."

6th Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
25th July, 1914.

SECOND-Lieutenant S. H. Ash has been transferred to the Royal Engineers Special Reserve (on probation) from 11th July, 1914.

Corporals Rutherford and Owen, of our Cadet Unit (Allan's Endowed School Cadet Unit), who, carried the Old Colours of the 1st Battalion as choir boys after they were handed over at St. Nicholas Cathedral, have been presented with very fine silver medals as a memento of the occasion.

The Battalion Annual Sports and Picnic will be held on the Medical Sports Ground, Heaton, on Saturday, the 1st August.

The issue of the bounty of £1 to all non-comissioned officers and men who had completed their requisite number of drills for efficiency had a marked effect in causing non-commissioned officers and men to stay for the 15 days. We had only 31 8-day campers, as against over 100 in former years.

Cadet E. C. McGuinness, of our Cadet Unit, has been selected to go to Canada with the Imperial Cadet Fire Unit.

7th Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
24th July, 1914.

FROM the working point of view, surely the important one, camp was a success this year; from the recruiting aspect the distance of Greystoke camp from any place where the rank and file could obtain amusement when work for the day was over the result may not be good. The Territorial soldier can however, take the "fat with the lean" as well as anyone and knows that there have been camps in the past where both work and play were good and he will doubtless be prepared to turn up again next year as keen as ever.

We were glad to welcome new officers this year in the persons of Second-Lieutenants F. Ridley, F. W. Smail and F. B. Cavern; the strength on arrival was 21 officers and 682 other ranks, and the new band was quite a success. Formerly the Amble and Radcliffe Colliery Band it bids fair to make quite a good military band.

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Owing to the regretted illness of the Brigadier, Colonel Scott acted in command of the brigade during the last few days in camp.

Captain Weddell was successfully examined for "C" Certificate, the test as usual being the commanding of a Battalion in the field, and Major Reavell for the second time passed the same test, the first occasion being in the first year of the Territorial organization for which the Certificate was issued on a Volunteer form, so the ordeal had to be gone through again.

Spite of very hot weather the health was good, no pains were spared in the Quartermaster's department to ensure this.

Captain G. Liddell attended the qualifying course at Hythe in which he was successful, and came direct from Hythe to camp, and Captain E. W. Milburn attended an advanced course at Hythe, and qualified.

WITH THE SEVENTH BATTALION AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND INFANTRY BRIGADE CAMP, 1914.

IT was not with joy that old hands saw the time table wherein we were down as the last Battalion to arrive at our destination. Past experience told us of delays in troop trains, getting worse as the day wore on, and forbode a march into camp after dark preventing a proper settling down. But fears were belied, the train was practically on time, and the transport was so well done by the A.S.C. that the baggage was into camp before the Battalion was dismissed.

In the dim past we travelled on Saturday and had Sunday "to find ourselves," but now travelling is on Sundays, and for the last arrivals Monday's reveille sounds all too soon.

As in all recent years, the training was all done to programme, carefully mapped out to half hours, beginning with a revisal of the simplest work which has been done in the preliminary training at the local drill station and culminating in regimental schemes. Wisely a certain latitude is allowed to company commanders in order that the work may be adapted to the ground which may be allotted to them on any given day.

The work before breakfast was more or less of a drill nature, but at the nine o'clock parade battalions marched off to their respective manœuvre areas, and work in modern extended fighting formations was practiced. The march involved a climb of 300 or 400 feet, but the fine breezy uplands well repaid the toil, as scope for every kind of manœuvre was available and monotony was entirely absent, while the effect on the health and vigour of the men was soon noticeable, and the long route march of over a dozen miles of road on a hot day toward the end of the training found everybody "fit" and hard.

Six hours under arms was each day's work, in addition to guards and other duties, and all kinds of sundry work was done by company officers after dinners, including lectures to N.C.O.'s, inspections of lines and of arms, etc., but after four o'clock rank and file were free to enjoy the somewhat distant attractions of Penrith, or to amuse themselves at football, cricket, bayonet fighting and other games.

Two breaks in the programme were caused by the examination for "C" of two senior officers, the Battalion on each occasion being employed in a complete tactical problem under the examinees.

Napoleon said an army marches on its—little Mary, and in this respect the camp was a success. Rations were good and the cooking did them justice, so much so as to throw into dark shade a ration of army biscuit which was issued one day under some regulation which is not popular. Dining tents were used again this year and are much to be approved for comfort, cleanliness and economy.

Again—and it is to be hoped not for the last time—the Battalion was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel R. Scott, who was appointed to it shortly after the inauguration of the Territorial Force. This was the last year of Captain H. W. Archer, of the FIFTH, as Adjutant, and the commissariat was again in the capable hands of Quartermaster R. Neville.

4 a.m. on the last day found us up and packing, and the march to Penruddock Station brought to an end a very useful training, and while many hope that next year will find the Battalion nearer a town where some amusement may be obtained after working hours are over, few will regret the fortnight spent in the hills above Greystoke.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST JULY, 1889.

COLCHESTER, WEDNESDAY, 31ST JULY, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—As we stated last month, we sent two teams to the Army Athletic Meeting at Aldershot on the 2nd inst., and we regret to say that both were beaten in the first ties, the light team by the 71st H.L.I. and the heavy team by the 94th Foot. It was bad luck, no doubt; but is to be entirely attributed to want of practice, the teams having had only five days in which to prepare themselves. We hope to give a better account of ourselves next year.

At the moment of going to press we have just seen an official telegram warning the Regiment to be held in readiness to move to Woolwich on the 9th prox. This sudden and entirely unexpected move has, of course, caused no little excitement and we are afraid, now that it comes to the time, that we leave Colchester with regret owing to the many kind friends whose acquaintance we have made during our lengthened stay here. However, Woolwich has a good reputation as a station, so perhaps the change may be for the best, though we are afraid that the grouse will not suffer much from the guns of the FIFTH next month at all events.

A BRAVE FRENCHMAN.

At the charge made by the whole of the French cavalry at El Bodon, on the square formed by the 5th and 77th Regiments, a French officer had his horse shot under him and both fell together. The officer, though not much hurt, lay on the ground as if dead. A German hussar rode up to the spot and made a cut at the officer lying on the ground, on which he immediately sprang up and, with his sword at the guard, set the German at defiance. Another of the King's German hussars then galloped up and desired the French officer to surrender, which he refused to do. The appearance of the officer in this position was truly heroic. He stood without his cap; his head was bare and some marks of blood were on his face. From the fine attitude he presented, and being a tall, athletic man, he strongly impressed the beholders with the belief that he would defend himself against both the hussars. At this time, Ensign Cauch, of the FIFTH, ran out of the square and was proceeding rapidly to the place in the hope of inducing the officer to surrender himself a prisoner; but the hussars, finding they were baffled and could not subdue this brave man with the sword, had recourse to the pistol with which they killed him, to the great regret of the British regiments that were looking on. This affair took place about half-way between the square already mentioned and the French cavalry, who were still hovering about after being repulsed by the 5th and 77th Regiments.

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THE QUEST OF A RIVER'S SOURCE.

By H.S.T.

(Illustrated by Photos taken by the Writer).

IN January 1911, owing to frontier difficulties between Peru and Bolivia, a party of four British officers were lent to Peru to delimitate the boundary dividing these two countries. The officers were Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Woodroffe, R.E., Lieutenant M. R.-C. Nanson, R.A., Lieutenant C. G. Moores, R.E., and myself.

By previous arbitration the Argentine Court of Award had decided that one of the natural features along this boundary should be the most westerly source of the river Heath. And here arose the principal bone of contention.

Over most of the other portions of the line—mountain chains, well-known streams, or even straight geodetic lines through the forest—there could be no mistake. This river Heath, however, rose in one of the most inaccessible parts of South America, a region which on account of its climate and natural obstacles was going to try the endurance of any exploring party, backed though it might be by ample money and resolution.

"GUARDED BY MISTI, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF THE INCAS."

Moreover, it was not a question of pushing ahead through a district in which previous explorers and Indians had presumably come across this phantom stream, and thus striking the river and ascending it to its source. A number of small streams traversed the country in a direction parallel to the required frontier, eventually merging into one common river, the Heath, but before doing so they ran through a considerable tract of country from east to west.

The Commission was out to discover which of these tributaries, all wrapped as they were in the mystery of the almost impenetrable forest, was the most westerly, and then if that was the main source from which the Heath derived its waters. Further, the exact geographical position of that river's initial spring had to be definitely fixed.

The Governments of Bolivia and Peru had been confronted with the usual disputes common to these regions. Ownership of rubber lands was a constant source of friction, for many people claimed the right to gather rubber over the same areas.

Previous skirmishing between troops of the two states on the border had arisen from the action of Bolivian rubber collectors who pushed their employées as far westwards as they could into Peru, just as the Peruvians took toll of the natural products of the forest as far eastward as they dared until checked by actual force of arms.

Working in the Bolivian interests was another British Commission, changed later to one consisting entirely of Bolivian officers, and finally in 1912 and 1913 composed of two French officers, especially lent to Bolivia to delimitate the boundary under the same conditions as we were loaned to Peru.

On our arrival at Lima, Peru's capital, we were fêted in sumptuous fashion by all and sundry, and dogged by photographers for the local papers as if we were European celebrities. From Lima we journeyed to Arequipa, the starting point proper of the expedition.

The ambition of every newly-arrived "Gringo"—that is, a European in South America—is to see a revolution and go through an earthquake. As far as revolutions were concerned our luck was out. The interiors and ceilings of the office and reception rooms in the Palace carried indeed the hallmark of maxim and rifle fire in the recent past, but it was not until a month after we had left the country, when our contracts were over and the work accomplished, that a fresh upheaval occurred, in which the Palace was carried by storm and the President of the Republic dethroned by his own Army.

Different countries have different methods of settling political disputes. Here in South America it is thought little out of the ordinary that an army or navy, which on one day has done homage to the head of the State, should on the next help to put him and his family on the first steamer bound for Europe or any other conveniently distant port.

We ourselves saw in Lima what might have become a capital example of street fighting, if it had not been for the tact and forbearance of the Government.

A general strike of workmen had been called throughout the city. At an early hour a large crowd attempted to mob the President's private house, and when baulked of this, began to assemble their forces in the principal square around which were the Government offices, the Palace and the Municipal buildings. This square had always been closely associated with the hottest fighting in bygone revolutions, and still bore marks of fierce scrapping. The disturbance had scarcely arisen before the Government took the strongest measures to cope with it. All the streets, public buildings, principal private houses and liquor bars were systematically picketted and the shops ordered to be closed. Infantry, cavalry and police were engaged incessantly from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., without, as far as one could judge, food of any kind, in breaking up the crowds, blocking roads and preventing bodies of workmen from joining hands, and all this without any unnecessary violence. The troops were armed with ball. Many of the strikers carried revolvers under their clothes, and only waited for a first shot to give them the lead.

It was touch and go several times. I saw a troop line across a roadway under the windows of the English Club and lie down, loading hurriedly, at a point where an ugly rush had occurred. Yet darkness fell without a shot having been fired, and the strike eventually fizzled out.

The control that day by Peru of her armed forces was a lesson to other Powers that boast a much higher reputation for civilization than she. Witness the newspaper reports on the strikes and riots during 1910, the year I left England.

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In the present case it took a little time for the town to return to its normal state; but the following day shops opened and peace reigned everywhere until the tyre of a motor car burst suddenly in the main plaza. This was too much. Almost before the echo of the report had died away every cab in the square was galloping for home as fast as its half starved horse could draw it, and shop keepers were feverishly putting up their shutters as if their very life depended on their smartness.

So much for our view of a revolution. The earthquake was also ready to oblige.

Shortly after arrival in Arequipa, and at about half-past five in the evening, we were setting up our instruments outside the railway premises preparatory to doing some star work. A curious rumbling noise started in the distance, giving one the impression, as it came nearer, that a heavy goods train was approaching. No train was due at this time, and Nanson had hardly exclaimed "Hullo! I believe we are in for an earthquake," when there came a shock which made the station people come tumbling out of their offices like bees. Our next conjecture was whether a succeeding shock might not be one of those epoch-making upheavals which would flatten out the town. But nothing more happened and we were left at once relieved and disappointed. The clerks jabbered on their grass plots for a while and then resumed work. As a reminder that something out of the ordinary had occurred, I found, on my return to my hotel, that a stick of shaving soap had removed itself from a ledge over the washstand and was floating, reduced to a creamy mess, in my basin. Our first earthquake, if not very exciting, had been distinctly uncanny.

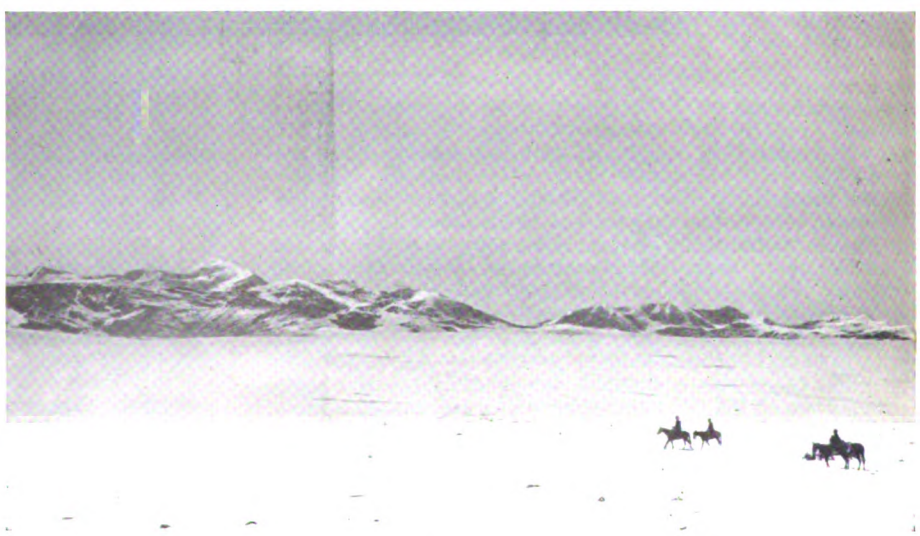
Arequipa, 7,000 feet above sea level, and guarded by Misti, the sacred mountain of the Incas, whose summit is clothed in perpetual snow, was our actual starting point. It was the nearest town to the border whose position had been previously fixed with exactitude, and possesses an observatory equipped and financed by private funds in America.

"FIXING OBSERVATION STATIONS AT 17,000 FEET AND MORE ABOVE SEA LEVEL."

Our instructions were to start from this known point and work to the mutual boundary of the two Republics, as laid down by the Argentine Convention; then, following the boundary and mapping as we went, we were to take the source of the Heath river, so to speak, in our stride as we pushed ahead, until the northern extremity of the line was reached where the boundaries of the three Republics, Peru, Bolivia and Brazil meet in one common point on the river Acre.

The personnel of the Commisson had now been completed, and consisted of our four selves, a Peruvian doctor, two naval officers (Comandante Olivera and Teniente Salaverry) and eleven details—men selected from various ships of war or good appointments in Lima—to act as our personal servants and general utility men. Of these eleven men no more than three remained with us at the end of the first season's work. Would that we had been able to read their characters before leaving Lima. It would have saved us much trouble later on. They were brave fellows enough strutting about Arequipa in their new field boots and letting people know they were off into the interior, but when it came to ploughing through snow or putting up a tent in a driving hail storm they sung a very different tune.

Only two out of the three who were taken on the ensuing year were of any real use. One was a ship's carpenter called Revilla, a well-educated cheery youngster who was always ready to turn his hand to any job. The other rejoiced in the name of Buen Aventura Torre Blanca. This gentleman, the morning after our arrival in Arequipa, met the usual long-lost relative and went absent for a day. African methods of correction are not permissible in South America, but our senior Peruvian naval officer was equal to the occasion. He interviewed the jail authorities, with the result that the offender



"TO BE CAUGHT OUT AT NIGHT ON THAT ELEVATION MEANS BEING FROZEN TO DEATH."

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remained in their custody until we left a fortnight later. There were no formalities, such as appearing before a magistrate or being "crimed" for the offence. He was just given free board and lodging until we wanted him.

When it came to hard work Torre Blanca turned out to be an excellent fellow and was given a rise of wages within two months. On our return to civilization he certainly made up for his lost liquorless months with a vengeance until his savings were run through, but it took a good deal to wipe off our debt to him during our journey up country; and after all, Peru is not the only nation that produces men who break out directly they get their pay and are an infernal nuisance to everyone connected with them, but who, once drink is beyond their reach, buckle to and show their grit.

I had especially good cause to regret that at least one of the remainder had not been returned to duty earlier. This was one Beltron. He was my cook, and had attained that position solely because, after being the Chief's personal servant and having tried the Colonel beyond endurance, he had been sent to me to try his hand at another job. My original "chef" had already shown that cooking was the very last way by which he ought to have been earning a livelihood, so I felt that whatever happened I could not be a loser by the exchange.

Salaverry and myself were together, fixing observation stations on the Andes, 17,000 feet and more above sea level. To be caught out at night on that elevation means either keeping on the move till daybreak or being frozen to death. We were travelling light, away from our main camp, with the fathead in question in charge of our one baggage mule, and were sleeping only at points where huts had been built. The second day out our man was told to make for a rest hut called Tarucani and to get things shipshape by the time we turned up in the evening. He was shewn a map, heard the road pointed out to him, and set off on the only trail which led to his destination. A child could not have missed the way.

We arrived at sundown to find the hut in possession of a Bolivian swashbuckler with a fierce moustache, saucer sized rowels to his spurs, and field boots. Two Indians accompanied him; but there was no Beltron. The stranger asked if we had any rice; said he had been snowed up crossing the mountains and had no food. We assured him that we had eaten nothing since a very early breakfast and that unless our worthy cook turned up we saw no chance of getting any. Salaverry then remembered he had been told of another hut half-way up a mountain side, two valleys away. Perhaps Beltron was there. Anyway there was no object in staying where we were to share a blanketless, foodless hut with our new acquaintance, and possibly to find by morning that he had decamped with our mules as well as his own, especially as Salaverry was positive we could find the other hut. So we turned out and made towards it.

It was almost dark, but a light-coloured spot showed up in the hills ahead and Salaverry was certain that this was the place. We kept our eyes glued on a peak which was visible against the skyline in line with it, and made across country. On the way we passed an Indian kraal. The occupants refused to show us the trail and had a supreme contempt for money, but threw their chins in the direction of the white patch which had now disappeared in the darkness, and assured us that we were all right. The patch turned out to be a sort of fungus growth on the hillside and the hut itself had no white about it, as we discovered later, being merely a mud and wattle shack. Still, Salaverry was not far out in his bearings.

On arrival at our bit of fungus we found nothing there in the shape of a lodging for the night. Then, just as we were wondering what to do next we stumbled across a small track, followed it on the off chance that it led to somewhere, and so, within half an hour, came on our haven, the mule and the cook. The man had been there for hours, knowing well he was at the wrong place. We found him squatting on his hams waiting for something to turn up. The mule was still loaded, and not even a fire had been lit. The result was that it was not till ten o'clock that night that a meal was ready, and this after thirteen hours on muleback.

The following day brought this youth again into prominence and gave us, in addition, a fourteen hours' ride

We were returning to our main camp 30 miles off, but first had to fix up a trigonometrical station on the way. An early start was made to avoid the chance of darkness overtaking us before we got home. There was one river to be crossed, the Suches, which as it lay almost parallel to our route, could be passed at any of several fords without making much difference to the distance. Remembering how our cook had lost his way overnight we determined to take no risks and brought him along with us until the river had been safely crossed. To reach the tents, he and his cargo mule had then only to follow their noses and keep plodding along on the trail leading straight to camp on which we placed him. Off we went to erect our cairn, but, half-an-hour later on, looking down from the hill, we saw the idiot meet a trail almost at right angles to the one he was on, which as the broader of the two he must needs take. This led him back again across the river, hopelessly out of his way. To follow and put him straight cost us two hours of daylight, the loss of which we were to repent later. Beltron was faced about towards camp, after which we had to retrace our steps and finish building the cairn. By the time the work was done the sun shewed 4 o'clock, and the camp was 22 miles off. We knew now that we should have a ride in the dark; but there was the consoling thought that Beltron had received a long start and could not fail to be in before sunset and have our beds and food ready for our arrival. Hustling the mules for all we were worth left us with still another ten miles before us when the sun sank. The going, however, appeared to be fairly flat pampa, with a few native huts scattered here and there, and we could see the hill under which our camp lay standing out in the middle of the plain. We kept our attention fixed on the hill until it vanished in the gloom, then on a distant snow mountain beyond it, whose whiteness reflected the last rays of light, and finally, as this also disappeared in the darkness, to the stars, and so kept our heads straight.

That was the longest ten mile ride in my life. It is easy to lay down in books that you can't get lost if you have an elementary knowledge of the stars. I was out in Peru paid to fix an International boundary by them, and thankfully I recognised most things in the heavens that night as old friends—that is, when they were visible; but looking back over the plains next morning, with the obstacles we had passed still fresh in mind, it was plain that we had taken a sufficiently tortuous line. Indeed, every river and swamp for miles seemed to place itself in our way, and the mules, cold and tired, instead of doing their best to get along, played the fool and had to be kicked or dragged over them. To make matters worse a mist arose, and whenever we dropped into any low ground all stars were blotted out. Twice from the thickness a dog barked, and making for the sound, we found a native hut, the sleepy occupants of which reassured us of our general line of advance. One does not often feel much gratitude towards the native "pie" that rushes from every village barking at your mule's heels, but we blessed them on those occasions. Later, when it began to freeze, as only it can on the Andean pampas, we realised that previous days in the sun had left very little skin on our faces to keep the cold out; while as a finishing touch the damp mist of each depression we passed through soaked through and through our clothes. On topping a rise this moisture was turned into ice by the wind; each succeeding hollow added a fresh layer, and we were literally frozen stiff when at 10.30 p.m. we saw our hill looming out ahead and kicked our mules into a trot.

The honours of the night went to Salaverry. Neither of us were carrying a compass; but somehow he kept his bearings. I had lost mine in the fog an hour before, and although he was confident we were going straight, I had fully made up my mind we should have to walk the night out or die of cold.

Of course Beltron had not turned up, and we were forced, frozen as we were, to lie down till daylight in a groundsheet

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and our mule blankets under a bedless tent. There was no supply of llama dung to make a fire with. On the table stood a bottle of lime juice and another of Worcester sauce, the contents of both frozen into solid blocks since our start three days before.

The cook crawled in half dead next morning at nine, leading the baggage mule and his own both white with hoar frost. He got scant sympathy from us. He had reached to within a couple of miles of the tents before sundown, but even then had lost the trail and his bearings in the mist, and had only kept himself alive by walking about all night with the mules.

We discovered later that we had been "planted" with a collection of wastrels, some of whom were engaged on account of personal influence with the official responsible for attaching them to the Commission, and the rest because the same officer found it simpler to take the first that came along than look about for sound men. By a process of liberal weeding out I had by the third year obtained a most excellent staff, all hardworking, willing youngsters who thoroughly earned the bonus they received when conclusion of the work gave them their discharge.

Our first job now was to transfer the longitude of Arequipa by telegraph to a spot as near the actual boundary as possible. The Government and local authorities were all vying with each other to help us, and they arranged to connect two lines together and give us absolute control of the wires during certain hours each night. This meant that we could get direct communication between Arequipa and Poto, a hamlet 290 miles by rail and road from the former and only 20 miles from the boundary. This entailed splitting into two parties, one at each end of the wire, for exchanging telegraphic signals, in order to get the difference in time between Arequipa and Poto and thus deduce the longitude of Poto.

"MULES WILL TRAVEL ON THE HIGH OPEN LANDS."

Leaving the chief and Moores at Arequipa, I went off with Nanson and the doctor for Poto by railway as far as Tirapata, taking with me also a year's supplies for the whole expedition. These stores were re-sorted at Tirapata and pushed forward to various depôts along the frontier, which we hoped nothing would prevent us reaching, and where we should be able to replenish the stock we actually carried with us.

Transport is the main difficulty of travelling in South America, and every load carried with you means more trouble sooner or later. It is necessary then to make depôts of reserve food and spare kit. Mules will travel on the high open lands, but you have to feed them down below in the forests. Except where there are a few roads made by rubber companies a path has to be cut through dense vegetation and across places a mule could not possibly travel. Mules then have to be replaced by Indians.

Men whose only experience of exploration has been in Africa will hardly comprehend the difficulty of keeping mules or obtaining Indians, and how this lack of transport is hampering the development of the country.

(To be continued).

TO THE BITTER END.

(Continued from page 84).

Chapter VIII.

"Forrester Explains."

As the aeroplane mounted higher and higher in the gathering clouds, Springer from his seat behind the pilot, surveyed the earth beneath him. Corbould, though daring, was a skilful airman, and Springer accordingly had no misgivings; yet, he could not help wondering as he put it to himself, "what's up?"

But where he reflected, was the line of the Midland Railway which should have been followed as a general direction to Leicester?

Then, at this moment, there came into his head a line of a once-familiar recitation given at a "gaff" many years ago by the flapper daughter of the Sergeant-Major:—

"Theirs not to reason why"

and with this line running in his brain he abandoned his attempt to solve the problem.

Far in front of him like a large flying insect he could see the foreign machine moving steadily high above the earth; beneath him, fields and houses, open spaces and crowded suburbs, the outskirts of greater London, flitted by. Away on his right a silver streak twisting and turning indicated the line of the Thames; on his left the wooded heights to the north of London. The roar of the powerful engine, the whirr of the propeller, and the slightly swaying motion of the machine exercised a soothing effect on him, inducing that blissful state on the borderland of sleep where one is conscious of events but has neither capacity nor inclination to take any part in them.

Corbould, with his hands on the controls, watched the foreign machine, and glanced occasionally right and left to note his position. Wild anxious thoughts chased through his brain. Then as the monoplane settled down to a steady even flight, he became calmer, and reconstructed the scene at Hendon which he had so hurriedly left. In a flash the true meaning of it all came to him; the German airman's arrival; the obvious uneasiness and anxiety of the passengers to get away; and finally the fleeting moment when his eyes had met those of one of the passengers.

A deep laid scheme, indeed, he thought, and worthy of the brain of the highly-placed official who had concocted it. Unable to get his men away in the orthodox method because of the close watch kept on the ports of departure for the continent, he had adopted this guileless plan for rescuing them from the clutches of the host of detectives eager for their capture.

Their monoplane steadily forged ahead of Corbould's slower machine, though he drove it at the full limit of its speed. A faint, white line far below him and a wide expanse of grey beyond it, told him he was approaching the North Sea. For a

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moment the hopelessness of the pursuit caused him to hesitate; he had no chance of overtaking the machine in front, in fact he would soon lose sight of it altogether. Suddenly there flashed through his mind, the recollection of what had occurred while the mechanics were filling up the foreigner's petrol tank. Was the foreigner reckoning on filling up his tank during his journey? if so, he had abandoned the idea, for he was now over the North Sea.

He shouted, and in response Springer seized a pair of field-glasses and focussed them on the foreign craft, keeping it under close observation.

Minutes passed quickly. The shores of England had receded into the distance. Far and wide there remained nothing but a vast expanse of grey sea, as yet unruffled by the coming storm, and blurred only by the smoke of scattered steamers.

Then Springer leant forward.

"She's dropping," he yelled.

Corbould nodded; he was once again the calm resolute man who had triumphed over many difficulties, and with eager glance he watched the distant machine. He even fancied that he could observe the dropping altitude.

"Coming down quick," cried Springer again after an interval. Corbould made no sign that he had even heard the words; for his position was now clear to him. The fate of the foreigners would be his fate and also that of the faithful Springer. If his thoughts for a moment dwelt on all that he was leaving, life, which he had risked so often in the last few weeks, Margaret Thornhill, his fine property they were quickly put aside. He had vowed to run Dick's murderer to earth; the man was in front of him and where he went he would follow.

Right ahead Corbould saw the smoke of a steamer. His aeroplane was coming down quickly. Objects hitherto invisible now caught his eye; a fishing smack; a lightship marking some deadly shoal. Springer with his glass to his eyes leant forward again.

"They're very near in," he shouted.

Corbould with the calmness which sometimes comes to men to whom death is imminent and who are resigned to their fate smiled slightly at his servant's description of the falling aeroplane. Then through his glasses Springer saw the splash which the foreign aircraft made as she met the water and became merged in the surrounding grey.

"They're in," he shouted.

Turning his head without taking his eyes from the spot whence the other machine had disappeared,

"Unstrap yourself and jump when we touch the water," screamed Corbould.

And now the aeroplane was almost down: for some yards it skimmed a few feet above the sea until the heads of two men struggling in the water appeared just clear of the left wing; then pilot and passenger jumped; the machine carried on a few yards by its impetus, struck the water and became partly submerged. Corbould as he came down had marked the close-cropped head and stubbly beard of Korlowitz battling for his life and at once struck out for him. As he neared him he noticed that his enemy was bleeding freely from a terrible gash on the head. Even so as he approached Korlowitz with an oath struck fiercely at him. Though staggered by the blow the Englishman seized his man by the throat and a terrific struggle ensued. Desperately injured as Korlowitz was he was by no means done for. Clutching his assailant by the hair and putting forth all his immense strength he dragged his head under water. There was a rushing sensation in Corbould's ears; the grey waters closed over him and he remembered no more.

* * * * * * * *

"That's better," said a voice, "he's coming round at last; give him a little more and then wrap him up in some warm blankets." Corbould moaned and opened his eyes.

"Well, mate," said another voice cheerily, "that's all right; you've had a narrer squeak, but you're alright now, just you keep quiet for a bit and go to sleep."

Half conscious Corbould lay back. Then as his brain became clearer he surveyed his surroundings. He lay on a narrow bunk in a tiny cabin. Near his head, swung with the motion of the ship a small oil lamp which gave out a fitful flicker illuminating the dingy walls and bare furniture. A table in the centre contained an inkpot, a much nibbled pen, and a couple of well-thumbed volumes dealing with pilotage and coast lights; while the ceiling was almost black from the fumes of the smoking lamp.

"Where the devil am I?"

"Steam trawler *Florence*," said a bearded man with kindly eyes dressed in a rough blue jersey and sea boots, "and its lucky for you, young gentleman, that we was about; otherwise you'd be in Davey Jones's locker by this time."

"How did I get here?" continued Corbould.

"Now, you keep quiet and get a bit of sleep," said the sailor, "you'll hear all about it afterwards."

"No, no," said Corbould "tell me now: I'll sleep later."

"Well, if you must;" grumbled the other, "Captain's orders is to keep you quiet for a bit. Lucky for you we saw the first of them flying machines fall into the sea near us, and Bill and I gets out the boat and rows over and blame me, if another of 'em don't flop down." "Bill," sez I, "it ain't one but 'arf-a-dozen you and me's got to rescue," and with that we gives way and fishes out you and a feller what's still talking, an' a bloke with his head slit open. Seemed to me a pretty near thing between you and 'im—you're alright now, but 'is number's up for sure."

Archie Corbould started up in his bunk.

"Is the man dead?" he asked anxiously.

"Not dead," replied the other, "but our old man who's looking after him don't think he'll last long."

"Quick, give me some clothes," he cried, "I must see this man."

"Now, now! Just you keep quiet for a bit," said the other persuasively, putting a hand on his shoulder.

Corbould thrust him aside, and wrapped in his blanket leapt from the bunk.

"Get me some clothes of some kind, can you? I tell you," he added, as the other made a gesture of dissent," I must see this man before . . . . before anything happens to him."

The sailor left the cabin and returned shortly with a shirt, a rough seafaring suit, and an old patched pair of sea boots.

Corbould hastily dressed himself in these togs and prepared to leave the cabin.

"Show me where he is," he said. The other opened the cabin door.

"He's right forrard," he answered, "there ain't much what you'd call passenger accommodation on these 'ere trawlers. I'll show you the way."

Following the sailor, Corbould climbed painfully the narrow companion and reached the deck. It was almost dark and the trawler was labouring in the short seas. The wind roared angrily, rising occasionally to a shriek as a gust struck the ship.

"Give me your 'and," said the sailor, as Corbould lurched heavily across the deck and brought up in a heap against the bulwarks, "we're in for a dirty night. This way." Thus assisted, Archie made his way slowly forward until he came to another companion which seemed to penetrate to the bottom of the sea. Assisted by the sailor he descended this and found himself in the fo'c'sle. Two rows of narrow bunks lined the sides of this unsavoury and uninviting apartment, where the smell of stale humanity and the last meal pervaded everything. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of a smoky lamp he saw forward on the starboard side the figure of a man bending over a bunk; on the port side stentorian snores from another bunk proclaimed the sleeping Springer.

Corbould took a little involuntary run forward as the ship dipped her nose in a sea which fell with a hiss on the deck above him. The captain looked up and nodded. "You ought to be in bed, mister; you can't do any good here for he won't last long."

Following the direction of the captain's eyes, Corbould saw Korlowitz stretched on the bunk. The hand of death was plainly on him; his face, surmounted by a dirty, improvised bandage, was deathly pale, and he muttered incoherently, sometimes in German sometimes in English.

Archie bent over him.

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"Korlowitz!" he said, softly.

The dying man moved restlessly and opened his eyes.

"Korlowitz . . . von Blowitz, . . . von Berger," he muttered ". . if Mannheim had only . . . couldn't avoid the wing . . . poor Mannheim strapped in . . . ."

The captain bent over him.

"That's what happened," he said, "there were three of 'em in the machine, we saw two in the water; the third must have been strapped in. I expect the wing of the machine did this," he added, pointing to the bandaged head, "the blow would have killed any ordinary man outright."

"Captain," said Corbould, "this man is connected with a very important case which is in the hands of the police. I will explain matters to you later on, we must try and get a statement from him before it's too late. Can you get me some paper and a pencil?" The captain nodded and left the fo'csle, returning in a few moments with a pencil and writing pad.

Archie bent over the prostrate figure again.

"Korlowitz," he said, touching the man, who opened his eyes for a moment, "why did you murder Captain Balmain?"

The sick man looked at him; a gleam of recognition came into his eyes; he gasped and tried to raise himself in the bunk, "Corbould! . . . I know . . ." Then as the full import of the question dawned on him he shrieked:—

"I know . . . . you think that. Is that why you follow me . . . . always. But it's a lie . . . . a lie. I swear to you . . . . I did not murder your friend."

He made another effort to rise but fell back feebly on the bunk exhausted.

Some minutes passed. Corbould watched the man while the captain administered a spoonful of brandy to revive him. Springer on the other side trumpeted ceaselessly; the trawler heaved and rolled, and the seas fell hissing on her deck; an empty can had fallen from another bunk and was rolling about the fo'c'sle with the motion of the ship, while the dim lamp flickered and flared.

"Korlowitz," began Corbould again eagerly, "you followed Captain Balmain that night, you robbed him, you broke into his flat, yet deny the crime; I know you're a spy; but if you didn't murder him for God's sake tell me who did."

The dying man winced at the words; but in a voice so faint and weak that they had to lean forward to catch the words he muttered: "Spy, if you like; but . . . we do not commit murder in . . . . our secret service. . . . I swear . . . I did not murder Captain Balmain. I wanted some papers which he had in his rooms. . . . . As we followed him we saw a man overtake him . . . . . struck a blow. . . . . Balmain fell. . . ."

He paused, exhausted, for a few moments; then with a supreme effort summoned strength to continue.

"When we came up the captain was dead . . . . we took only his keys . . . . and . . . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Corbould anxiously, "can you describe the man?"

Korlowitz opened his eyes; his mouth twitched; again he tried to raise himself on his elbow. It was too late. With a faint gasp he fell back heavily on the bunk and lay still.

"He's gone, poor chap," said the captain in a low voice. Corbould looked up with reeling brain, and as the steamer lurched heavily fell headlong.

* * * * * * * *

It was broad daylight when Archie Corbould opened his eyes; a gleam of sunshine penetrating the tiny porthole illuminated the dingy cabin. For a moment his mind was a complete blank. He could neither remember why he was there, nor how he got there. Then gradually the sequence of events ranged itself in his mind, down to that last scene in the dismal fo'c'sle. He sat up in his bunk, regarded the sea boots on the floor of the cabin, and then glanced out of the porthole at his side. The storm of the night before had gone, and in its place the sunlight danced on the rippling water. The sea, too, had gone down, and the trawler pounded along on an even keel.

Corbould was just about to climb out of the bunk, when the cabin door opened and the bearded sailor entered.

"That's better," he said cheerily. "When I carried you here from the fo'c'sle last night I thought you was going to be bad. I've often seen 'em took bad again after they've been fished out. Sort of reaction they calls it, and it seems to knock 'em all of a heap."

Archie smiled faintly.

"Where's this trawler going?" he said.

"Grimsby," answered the other. "We'll be in in the forenoon, and I expect you'll be glad to be ashore again after last night."

"Yes; and I shouldn't be sorry for a bit of something to eat."

The man laughed.

"That's all right," he cried, "the captain sent me to see how you were getting along, and I'll send the boy down with some breakfast."

With a cheery nod he left the cabin, and Corbould addressed himself to the task of getting into the sea boots once more.

This accomplished and his breakfast devoured he made his way on deck. The fresh air and sunshine quickly revived him, and as he glanced around he saw on the port bow the low-lying shores of Lincolnshire, while right ahead the smoky trail of several steamers indicated the presence of some busy port. He was beginning to review in his mind the events of the preceding day when a cheery "Good morning, sir," from behind caused him to turn.

There stood Springer in a "get-up" as original as it was remarkable. A pair of once-white sand shoes, a greasy pair of trousers far too short for him, an oilskin coat and a "sou-wester" crowning a beaming face completed the picture. He seemed none the worse for the immersion and entered at once into a description of his rescue by the trawler's boat. Corbould however was in no mood for the story and quickly stopped the recital.

"Springer," he said, "remember when we land, the less said about last night's business the better. Keep your mouth shut and if any reporter comes along refer him to me. Mind, now, no canteen tales."

"Very good, sir, I'll tell him I'm one of the crew and wasn't on sentry when it all happened." Archie turned and climbed the few steps to the bridge. The captain greeted him with a cheery nod and fell at once to discussing the accident of the previous day and the "fuss" as he described it, which would follow their arrival in port. He had it seemed, been unlucky enough to effect other rescues from the deep and the ensuing investigations and the delays they caused had not increased his respect for the machinery of the law.

He was, therefore, quite ready to adopt the suggestion that in his statement to the police when handing over Korlowitz's body he should make no reference to the scene in the fo'c'sle.

Corbould impressed by the man's transparent honesty and simplicity gave him a brief account of the Balmain case to which the captain listened with interest. During the recital the trawler had pushed along steadily and it was now possible to make out ahead the forest of masts of the fishing fleet in the port.

The trawler's arrival occasioned no comment. As soon as she was moored Archie shook the captain warmly by the hand, thanked him for all that he had done, and seizing a parcel containing his still wet clothing, hurried ashore, with Springer.

The latter's costume, remarkable even in a fishing port, where men are not particular about their dress, quickly drew a small crowd of quay loafers. The two men, however, hurried along the water-side, and once through the gates hailed a passing cab. A visit to an outfitter's was their first object, and having procured some "reach-me-down" suits and arranged for the return of their seafaring garments to the rightful owners, Corbould and Springer, the former thankful to have escaped an interview, and the latter rather disappointed at having to forego a "chat," made their way to the railway station.

As they entered the booking office a sallow youth, with his trouser ends in cycling clips, approached him, and raising his "trilby" hat from a perspiring brow, said unctuously:—

"I represent *The Grimsby Tribune*; may I have the honour of a few words with you, Mr. Corbould?" Archie cut him short, and dragging Springer with him, took refuge in the

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station-master's office, where they were treated with the utmost courtesy by the station-master, who escorted them to a carriage just before the train started.

Hardly had they left the station when a quiet-looking man in the corner leant forward, raised his cap and said:—

"Mr. Corbould, I believe? I represent *The Grimsby Herald*, and should be glad if you would accord me a few words."

Corbould looked at him, and in a few blazing words expressed such an opinion of press and pressmen that the man was glad to leave the carriage at the first stop, where Archie, who had feared to attract attention at Grimsby, despatched two telegrams; one to Forrester, announcing his return to London and making an appointment to see him on his arrival, the other to Margaret, asking her to meet him at Kings Cross. She had shown the greatest anxiety on his account, both at Hendon on the previous day, and when he had announced his intention of running Dick's murderer to earth. If words meant anything his safety was of the greatest moment to Margaret.

Moreover, the events of the last twenty-four hours had provided an answer to a question he had been asking himself since Balmain's murder and his succession to his uncle's property. With such pleasant thoughts the journey to London passed quickly. When the train steamed in to Kings Cross Archie eagerly scanned the platform. He soon caught sight of Margaret Thornhill. As they shook hands their eyes met, and Archie read in hers the joyful confirmation of his hopes. Margaret was in no hurry to withdraw her hand; it lingered in his longer than is customary even between old friends. Then, after a few words of congratulation on his safe return, and some questions on his flight, which Archie managed to evade, she said,

"I have the car here, let me drop you at your flat."

"Very kind of you, Margaret, but I must see Inspector Forrester first; can you take me to him?" Margaret agreed, and after Corbould had given a few instructions to Springer they entered the car.

As they drove to Scotland Yard, Archie gave Margaret a brief explanation of his extraordinary flight from Hendon on the previous day. He glossed over the story of the descent into the North Sea, and omitted all reference to the fate of the foreign monoplane and its occupants, explaining his own descent as being due to shortage of petrol. Only too happy in his safety, Margaret did not notice the numerous discrepancies in the story.

"You'll come and dine with us to-night, Archie, when you've seen the Inspector? Father will be so interested to hear of your adventures," she said, as the car drove up to Scotland Yard. Corbould accepted the invitation with the proviso that he might be late, and entered the building. It was clear that his arrival was expected for he was conducted at once to Forrester's room. He found the latter seated at his table. Before him was an evening paper, and on his face a smile of contentment.

As Archie entered Forrester rose and came forward. "Glad to see you back, Mr. Corbould; London's ringing with your heroism."

"What do you mean?" asked the latter in astonishment.

The Inspector picked up the evening paper and handing it to Corbould indicated the page with his finger.

"Disaster in the North Sea."

"Wreck of German aeroplane."

"Gallant rescue by English airman."

Archie read the headlines and a few words of the printed matter underneath.

"Damn these reporters," he said heartily; for the paper contained a vivid account, largely drawn from the writer's imagination, of the rescue in the North Sea, including the announcement of the loss of the foreign airman and his two passengers, and also a description of Corbould's efforts to rescue them, sent by special wire from Grimsby.

"They have their uses," laughed Forrester, "but sit down, sir, and tell me all about it."

Corbould recounted the events of the flight, fall and rescue, and of Korlowitz's dying words. "Anyhow," he concluded, "I don't think there will be any difficulty over the death of Korlowitz. The press has contrived that in the most satisfactory manner. The trawler's captain was the only other person present at his death besides myself. I told him the story, of course, for I could hardly do otherwise. He has, however, had enough of inquests, and I know he will be only too glad to hold his tongue. I am convinced that the words of the dying man were true. So we are exactly where we were; it's all a horrible mystery."

For some moments Forrester, who had listened with deep attention, did not speak, then he broke the silence. "If your sea captain doesn't give the show away no one else will, least of all Korlowitz's employers, who will be glad to keep quiet. So we'll let the public keep the reporter's pretty story, and tell our Secret Service they can strike Korlowitz off the black list."

"Now for my story. But for this," and he pointed to his injured arm, "I could have saved you all you have been through since you left Hendon yesterday. On my way there my car collided with a motor bus, and I was thrown out. The delay caused me to arrive late, and to see you away in pursuit of the German. I wonder if there was anyone at Hendon besides myself who knew what you were up to?" he added.

"But I don't understand," said Corbould. "You had come to Hendon to arrest Korlowitz?"

"No, to bid him a hearty farewell, and to recommend him not to renew his acquaintance with this country either in archæological or any other interests."

"You would have let him escape," cried Corbould, bewildered.

"Yes; though I confess it was letting him down easy. You were right in supposing that his death-bed statement was true. Before you embarked on this wild-goose chase we had tracked the murderer."

"What!" shouted Corbould, springing to his feet. "You've got the man?—this man he spoke of. But why didn't you tell me before?"

"Listen," said Forrester quietly, "and I'll tell you. You know that, at Scotland Yard, we keep careful records of all criminals who come into our hands, and the foreign police are always ready to exchange information. Evidence was strong against the Korlowitz gang. It was established that they had shadowed Balmain for some days, that they had followed him on the fatal night, had entered his rooms the same night, opened drawers whose keys had been taken from the body. Though I was never satisfied with it, I could not abandon the line; it was too strong to disregard, except with the clearest and strongest reason—the fixing of the crime of another."

"But why were you not satisfied that Korlowitz was responsible for the murder?"

"The difficulties of convicting a spy are infinitely greater than those of convicting a murderer. This would be realised by a secret service agent, who, apart from shrinking from a crime that is no part of his business, would from policy alone refrain from a deed for which he would be hounded down throughout the civilized world, and render his capture a hundred times more certain. Was there, then, I asked myself, necessity for these spies to kill their man, even granted that they were prepared to soil their hands with blood. A lonely street in the small hours of the morning, was there no other course? But then there was the evidence of the missing keys. It was scarcely conceivable that they would have obtained them from the living man, or they would not have been following him, as had been established, to within certainly a few minutes before the crime was committed. They had taken them from the dead body. It looked black, Mr. Corbould, but in twenty-five years' experience of crime I have known blacker evidence against an innocent man. Korlowitz knew he was suspected; under ordinary circumstances he would have come forward and established his innocence. But he had got himself in a mess; rather than abandon the job he had pledged himself to carry through, he consented to become an accessory after the fact.

"But the murderer, who was the murderer?" asked Corbould impatiently,

"A man, of whom you hold a high opinion, I believe."

"A friend of mine?"

"I did not say a friend, sir. The methods of criminal

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investigation and those of unravelling a detective romance have one point, and one only, in common. I commend it to you for probing the mysteries of Sherlock Holmes. Never overlook an incident, however small, which remains unexplained. When you left in haste for Cornwall you wrote a note to Captain Balmain, informing him of the reason for your sudden departure. Captain Balmain's servant, Springer, professed an entire ignorance of the receipt of that note."

"Springer," cried Corbould, "but was it ever delivered?"

"Who could say," replied Forrester blandly, "that was what I set myself to find out. The note was missing, that was established, and that fact formed the basis of my investigations. You know more than most people of this man Springer, but not as much as I. I could now write a detailed biography of him, from childhood to the present day."

"Good God!" exclaimed Corbould.

Forrester smiled. "It would form an interesting and varied tale, but would show him to be as honest a soul as has ever served his King and country. But there was another in the case. His biography would not be so complete, but sufficient to disclose him as the perpetrator of a cold-blooded murder abroad, whose identity could be established by one man alone. One of my men, who had seen this individual in the early stages of this case, was put on his tracks and quickly located him among some disreputable company. He was further identified by someone who had known him before. To get into conversation and get an impress of his finger-prints was a simple matter. Our records could not help us, for the reason that the man had not passed through our hands.

"But our Continental friends came to our rescue. The man was supposed to have fled to England. He was a man of warped intellect; in other words his cunning was blended to some extent with a certain mental disability. There were times when he was not responsible for his actions. I pursued my investigations, paying particular attention to the crime for which he was 'wanted.' The sole witness of the crime was a Secret Service agent named Simmonds whom with the help of the War Office I soon traced and identified."

Forrester paused and looked across at Corbould.

"Simmonds was murdered in London on June 17th," he said slowly.

"Great Heavens," cried Corbould hoarsely, "not Dick Balmain?"

Forrester nodded. After a pause he continued, "As you see, here we had a motive for his murder. I made all arrangements for nabbing our man yesterday morning and came up to Hendon to tell you. When I reached the Yard my man Giles, who was to effect the arrest, was waiting for me. He was pulling a long face and this was the story he told me. He and his men had surrounded the house of a disreputable Jew named Rosenberg, where our man lodged. Giles and two men were standing at the door awaiting admittance when the sound of a shot was heard from an upper room. At that moment Rosenberg opened the door. Without waiting to explain matters my men rushed into the house and up the stairs. They burst open the door of the front room and dashed in; but too late. Stretched on the floor with a bullet in his brain lay the man we wanted. On a table in the middle of the room was a document, rambling and disconnected, but practically a confession of having murdered Balmain. The ink was hardly dry, and as he could not have known of his impending arrest his brain must have given way and he prepared the confession before committing suicide."

When Forrester ended there was a brief silence, then Corbould burst out, "And the murderer's name, Inspector?"

Forrester looked at him for a moment, then asked quietly, "Who was responsible for the delivery of that note?"

"My valet."

"The murderer, Lucien Laroche."

* * * * * * * * *

The hour for dinner in fashionable circles was nearly past when Archie Corbould left Scotland Yard. In frantic haste he drove home where he found Springer had reverted to a costume more in keeping with his position as a gentleman's gentleman.

Hastily changing his clothes he went on to Cavendish Square, where General Thornhill greeted him affectionately, Margaret a little shyly.

At dinner he had to give the General an account of his flight and the story he had lately heard from Forrester. He also recounted what he had since recollected—Dick Balmain's recognition of the man in his rooms on the night of his return to England, his questions, and request that he would send for Laroche again, the significance of which had come to him in the last few hours.

The General was horrified, but becoming wise after the event remarked "I always thought the man was a blackguard and mistrusted him, Archie, but I'm glad they've got the damned scoundrel—excuse me, Margaret. Well, I'm going to smoke a cigar. I daresay Margaret would like to hear more of your adventures," he added with a wink, "and when you're tired of each other you can join me in the library."

As the door closed Archie crossed the room to Margaret and took her hands.

"Margaret," he said slowly, "You and I understand each other at last; let us join your father in the library and ask his blessing."

FINIS.

A QUICK MOVEMENT.

Two recruits, stationed at a fort overlooking the sea, were examining one of the fort guns. One suggested that they should let it off; adding that nobody would be any the wiser. They loaded the gun, and one of them said he would hold a bucket over the muzzle to drown the sounds, so that they would not be heard. The gun was fired, and the shell and bucket, with the soldier clinging to it, went flying gaily out to sea. An officer immediately rushed up to the remaining soldier to inquire the cause of the commotion:—"Where is Murphy?" he yelled. "Gone for a bucket of water, sir," coolly remarked the soldier. "And how long will he be?" roared the officer. "Well" said the soldier "if he comes back as quick as he went, he's due any minute."

"YE DIVENT KNAW YOR AIN MIND."

In the early days of volunteering, *i.e.*, during the sixties, a sergeant-instructor in Northumberland was putting a squad of pitmen through the rudiments of drill, when he was greatly amazed to see one of them leave the ranks, and on asking his reason for such an irregularity, received the following reply:—"Forst ye say 'reet torn,' then ye say 'lift torn,' next ye say 'aboot torn.' Hoots, man, ye divent knaw yor ain mind haft a minute tegither. I'se away hame." He took up his Davy lamp and went.

B-B-BIRDS O-O-F A F-F-FEATHER.

A corporal with a slight stutter was drilling a squad in which was a particularly dull recruit. Losing patience, he strode up to him and said, "D-d-don't y-you k-know h-h-how to f-f-orm f-fours b-b-better t-than t-that?" The recruit grinned, but did not answer. An officer observing this approached the recruit and said, "Why don't you answer the corporal when he speaks to you?" "N-n-n-no f-f-fear, I-I-'d g-g-get p-p-put in t-the g-g-guardroom," stammered the recruit, "h-h-he'd t-t-think I w-w-was m-m-mocking him."

Who says it's not a good thing occasionally to have a reputation as a good staying incorrigible liar? Take the following as an instance:—In a Washington county town a little while ago the champion fabricator was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case and by the advice of his lawyer the prisoner said:

"I plead guilty."

This surprising answer in place of the string of lies expected staggered the justice. He rubbed his head.

"I guess—I'm afraid—well, Hiram," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

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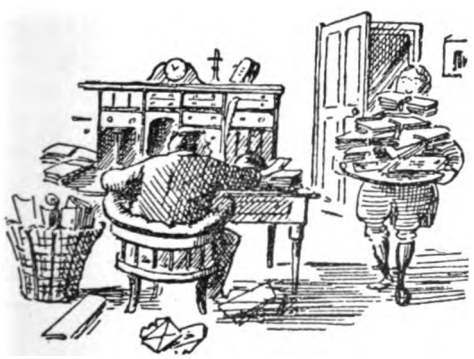
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
31st August, 1914.



Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Miss Grounsell ...	... to 31/12/14	Mr. G. H. Lewis ...	... to 31/ 8/15
Mr. Ridgewell ...	... „ 31/ 7/15	P.R.I., 2nd Battalion	
Brig.-Surgeon Rutledge	... „ 31/ 8/15	June and July *Gazettes*	
Bandmaster Smith ...	„ 31/ 8/15	P.R.I., 1st Battalion	*Gazettes*

BIRTH.

CORRIGHAN.—On the 13th July, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Sergeant W. Corrighan, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

MEMORANDA.—The following Officers are granted the temporary rank of Brigadier-General:— . . . . Colonel J. F. Riddell, Colonel C. H. L. James . . . . The following Officers are granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel:— . . . . Major A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Supernumerary-Lieutenant A. P. Garnier is restored to the Establishment (dated 30th June, 1914).

The following Gentlemen Cadets from Royal Military College to be Second-Lieutenants:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—E. H. Tottie.

GENERAL RESERVE OF OFFICERS.—R. G. Raw, D.S.O., late Second-Lieutenant Northumberland Fusiliers, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 19th August, 1914).

First Appointments. The following Cadets and ex-Cadets of O.T.C. to be Second-Lieutenants:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—E. G. L. Keatinge, A. H. S. Tuke, J. H. Sellers, C. E. Hamilton, H. A. Jung, K. Shann, R. Taylor (dated 15th August, 1914); V. C. Hardy.

The following Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers to

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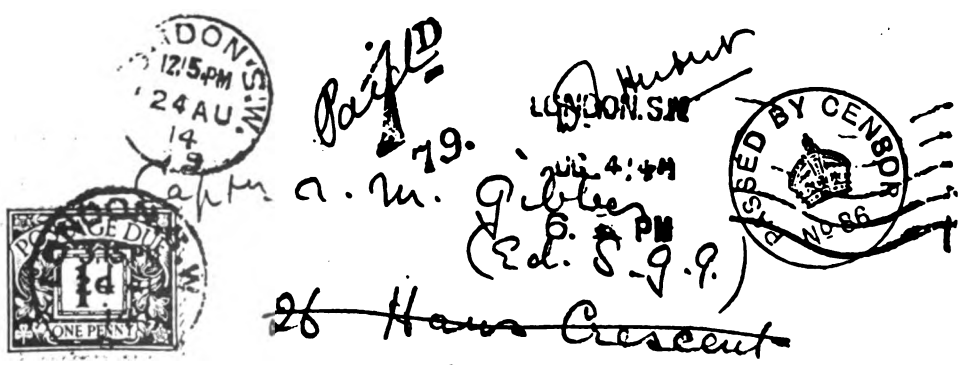
1st Bn. Notes. Somewhere
18th Aug.

We are ℔ in the exceeding ly unique position so far as the 3rd. are concerned of not knowing where we are (officially) nor what we are doing (also officially) Any way we are all very fit & cheerful and are living on the fat of the land We apologize for so scant a note as to our doings but hope that in the September number we shall be able to give a long and glowing account of ourselves & our doings.



a.m. Gibbes
(Ed. S.G.G.)

~~26 Haus Crescent~~
~~London.~~
S.W.

be Quartermasters with honorary rank of Lieutenant, dated 25th August, 1914 :—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colour-Sergeant W. Smith.

The following Officers to be appointed General Staff Officers, 2nd Grade :—Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O., Captain F. L. Festing, Northumberland Fusiliers.

Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-Generals.—Brevet-Colonel W. E. Sturges, retired pay.

TERRITORIAL FORCE :—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain D. K. McComb, from the Territorial Force Reserve, to be Captain (dated 22nd August, 1914). The following Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants :—H. M. Carrick, H. Goodall, C. M. Joicey, M. Ayton (dated 22nd August, 1914). The following to be Second-Lieutenants :—C. G. Arkwright, J. T. Henderson, H. Cheesemond, E. Anderson, P. E. Cox, R. Johnson, T. W. Gregory, J. S. J. Robson, to be Supernumerary (dated 22nd August, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following Officers are absorbed into the Establishment :—Captain E. Temperley and Second-Lieutenant F. C. Judges (dated 19th August, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Captains :—Hon. J. A. Joicey (late Major 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers), G. S. Jackson (late Captain 7th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers) (dated 22nd August, 1914). The following to be Lieutenants :—The Hon. J. F. Lambton (late Lieutenant 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers Militia), Second-Lieutenants G. Mac K. Jobling, Hon. W. J. M. Watson-Armstrong, P. C. Swan, W. N. Craigs, J. A. Flint (dated 22nd August, 1914). The following to be Second-Lieutenants :—J. W. Merivale, W. J. Davis, H. Liddell, C. Kay, J. Welch (dated 22nd August, 1914).

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE 1st BATTALION.

THE veil which in these critical days hides the movements of the Expeditionary Force on the Continent prevents us giving any account of the doings of the 1st Battalion since they left Portsmouth. We can only be sure that wherever they are, whether marching or fighting, the old fame of the Regiment is being well cared for, and that in the stern days ahead—it may be while these very words are being written—deeds of courage and determination are being performed which shall for ever adorn the pages of the Regiment's history. They who are at the front will not need to be told with what feelings of confident expectation we await the news of their achievements. Every officer and man of the 5th Fusiliers, and especially those who are first in the firing line, must feel now that he has in his hands an individual part in the shaping of the history of his country. All the old watchwords will spring to mind with a real intensity such as they can never bear in the piping times of peace, and in this great struggle with a powerful foe the true value of *esprit de corps* will be realized as never before.

The first day on which our daily life at Portsmouth was actually affected by the European situation was July 27th—four days after the then 1st Battalion correspondent had written of "the period of peaceful repose" which we were enjoying on our return from camp at Wool at the end of June. On that night a detachment of fifty men were despatched to a spot about three miles outside Portsmouth. A second detachment was sent on the next day, and others again, as the war-clouds loomed nearer, dispersed in various directions according to the pre-arranged plans. Meanwhile those who remained in barracks were not idle, and when on the evening of Tuesday, the 4th inst., the order came to mobilize it was possible to proceed smoothly and methodically with the work with practically none of the flurry and bustle that has sometimes characterised the opening days of a war.

With the packing and disposal of such things as belong only to peace and the issue of such as are called for only in war little remained to be done but to deal with the personnel. The barracks were soon filled with the reservists from the north, and when these had been allotted to companies and all those unfit or unqualified by age for active service had entrained for Newcastle there began to appear on parade a very fine-looking Battalion only waiting for orders to go whither the fates should call them. In due course these orders came, and on Thursday the 13th inst., the Battalion marched out and away to the great war.

Portsmouth and Southsea during these days of preparation had presented what must have been a unique spectacle. Those who are familiar with the sea front at Southsea crowded with holiday makers and seaside loungers would scarcely have recognised it under its changed aspect. Everywhere guns pointing to sea, sentries walking to and fro, and lines of barbed wire; the streets of Portsmouth almost empty as compared with their normal state, and not a sailor to be seen of all the hundreds that throng them in normal times.

We grew accustomed to the noise of guns fired across the bows of advancing ships or to signal the beginning of the official night during which no vessel could enter the harbour. One of these shots went further than the layer of the gun intended, glanced off the water, and fell into the garden of a house on the front luckily empty at the time. Some of our men were marching not far from the spot, and the concussion was plainly felt by them.

The officers who have gone abroad with the 1st Battalion are :—Colonel Ainslie, Major Yatman, Captains Toppin, Sandilands, Gatehouse, Mathews, St. John, Herbert, Forster, Selby and Landen; Lieutenants Sloper, Watkin, Booth, Ovans, Cogan, Vachell, Sutherland, Barrett, Boyd, Gunner, Swaine, Dorman-Smith, Hobbs, Surtees and Geddes. Lieutenant Stephen followed with the first reinforcement of 100 men on Friday, the 21st inst. Captain Williams is at present at Portsmouth with a party of details. Captain Fletcher and Lieutenants Garnier and Buckley have been ordered to join the 8th (Service) Battalion which forms part of the 11th Northern Division of the new Army of 100,000 now being raised. They are at present at New-

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castle, but will shortly move to their training centre near Grantham where they will train this new Battalion for service wherever required. Everyone will sympathise with them in having been deprived for the present of the chance of seeing active service, but they should not despair. The Germans are not going to throw up the sponge after a few months' fighting, even if (which is by no means assured) they are worsted in the first big encounter. We and the French have at least learnt not to underrate our enemies. No, the issue may well call for military forces on a scale greatly beyond our present armies in the field, in which case there will be need for the active services of every one of our regular officers, and for most of the others too.

Before the 1st Battalion left they received telegrams or letters of good wishes from Colonel Sapte, Mrs. Enderby, General Pilcher, Colonel Armstrong, and Captain Wreford Brown. Scores of others will follow their movements with equal love and equal faith.

Recruiting for the 8th (Service) Battalion has been magnificent. 1,100 men were enlisted in the first eleven days, and the inflow has not stopped. The present arrangement is that those surplus to the establishment shall be sent to York to join a similar unit whose numbers have not been filled at so rapid a rate. Thus the condition of "general service" under which the men are joining is not a mere figure of speech. This precocious youngster of a Battalion will need notes of its own next month. Meanwhile we may mention on its behalf that Major Fishbourne has been appointed to command it, and that besides the three officers mentioned above there are also present with it for duty :—Major C. A. Armstrong, Captain Tyrrell and Captain Atkinson both of the 25th Punjabis, Lieutenant Powell, and Lieutenant and Quartermaster Smith, whom we congratulate on his commission from the 3rd Battalion.

2nd Battalion Notes.

SABATHU,
5th August, 1914.

AT the time of writing news has just been received that war has been declared. We wish the 1st Battalion the best of luck, and that we could be with them.

Very little has happened during the past month in the way of games owing to the rain, which has made the ground unplayable.

Captain Foster has returned from his shoot with a good bag of 3 ibex, 3 bushel, and one gooral. He has walked about 900 miles chiefly amongst the snows for which we envy him considerably. Captain Auld got two cheetah, and it is pleasing to hear that some luck has come our way at last.

Those officers who went to Gulmerg have had very bad luck, the weather being such as to spoil all chance of polo.

The finals of the Inter-Company Boxing took place at the beginning of the month, and were fought out between B and H Companies. H Company finally winning after the reserve men had had to fight.

The following is the correct results of the Marathon Race, 1914 :—

	Pts.		Pts.
1st, H Coy.	345	5th, D Coy.	960
2nd, F „	574	6th, A „	1194
3rd, B „	834	7th, E „	1363
4th, G „	892	8th, C „	1504

1st, Pte. Banks, B Coy.
2nd, Lce.-Cpl. Speight, H Coy.
3rd, Sergt. Fletcher, H Coy.
4th, Lce.-Cpl. Forrest, H Coy.
5th, Pte. Hayes, F Coy.
6th, Pte. Beal, F Coy.

CORPORALS' MESS NOTES.

Nothing of importance has happened during April, May or June, except that we had one or two smoking concerts, which passed off very well indeed, to commemorate "St. George's Day" and the presentation of our new colours. We have started a Corporals' Dance Club and have a dance every Thursday night, when there are no entertainments. This month (July) we have started a Quoit Tournament which we hope to hold weekly; below will be found the result of the first one which was held on the 18th and finished on the 20th. There was some very good play in the final, Lance-Corporals Halliday and Elders being opposed to Lance-Corporals Bell and Boyes, the former pair eventually winning a good game by 21 points to 17. Results :—

SEMI-FINAL.

Lance-Corporals Halliday and Elders (21 points) v. Corporal Richardson and Lance-Corporal Whelan (16 points).

Lance-Corporals Bell and Boyes (a bye).

FINAL.

Lance-Corporals Halliday and Elders (21 points) v. Lance-Corporals Bell and Boyes (17 points).

Quartermaster-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) J. Tindle, Sergeant Walker, Sergeant Smallwood, Lance-Sergeant Norris, Corporal Featherstone, Lance-Corporal Henry, No. 2304 Private C. Ford, No. 2370 Private G. Mathews, No. 3129 Private H. Booth, and No. 2577 Private Fitzgerald passed an examination in Pushtu, Elementary Standard, dated July, 1914.

Lance-Corporal P. Webb has been awarded an Assistant Instructor's Certificate of Army Signalling, dated Kasauli, the 3rd ult.

Certificates of Education have been awarded as under:—

1st Class :—

No. 2507 L/Cpl. W. F. Cooper No. 3078 Pte. R. Fisher

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Group 1 :—

No. 3072 Pte. W. E. Bagshaw

Group 2 :—

Sergeant H. Morris Pte. Harback Pte. Derrick

(dated Sabathu, 17/7/14)

2nd Class :—

No. 3161	L/Cpl.	F. Bell	No. 3482	Pte.	J. Ross
„ 3176	„	J. Curry	„ 2877	„	R. Mitchell
„ 2605	„	H. Wheatley	„ 2203	„	D. Piper
„ 2384	„	T. Sutton	„ 3377	„	J. Banks
„ 2425	„	N. Douglas	„ 3224	„	H. Mawson
„ 2746	Pte.	A. Sudbury	„ 3387	„	E. Hindmarsh
„ 2308	„	W. Fuller	„ 3506	„	L. Petty
„ 2362	„	W. Hastings	„ 3537	Boy	J. Fleming

3rd Class :—

No. 2405	Pte.	E. Puxty	No. 2720	Pte.	J. Snaith
„ 3099	„	N. Roberts	„ 2602	„	E. Brookes
„ 2244	„	C. Birkett	„ 3370	„	Smickersgill
„ 2895	„	A. Hebbes	„ 2858	„	A. McGowan
„ 3238	„	E. Hammond	„ 3514	„	T. Lovell

No. 2898 Pte. L. Clappen

The following Appointments have been made :—

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 2784	Lance-Corporal	R. Walker	from 4/7/14
„ 2821	„	A. Dodsworth	„ 4/7/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—

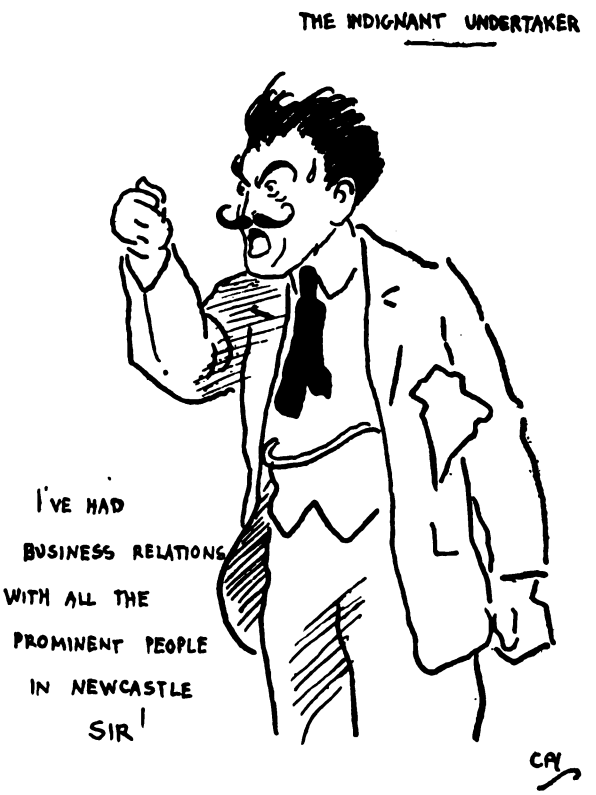
No. 3810	Private	S Forrest	from 27/7/14
„ 2994	„	G. Thynne	„ 27/7/14
„ 3443	„	L. Forrest	„ 27/7/14
„ 5892	„	H. Manby	„ 29/7/14

Depôt Notes.

Canning Street Council School,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
24th August, 1914.

MOBILIZE ! What a lot this magic word telegraphed to all parts of the United Kingdom signified, and for the first three days perhaps there were no busier places than regimental depôts. On receipt of the order to mobilize we expected 1,766 reservists of the FIFTH to report themselves at the Depôt Barracks to be medically inspected, clothed and armed. Within forty-eight hours all had put in an appearance except forty-four, and perhaps of this number some were at sea, a truly magnificent answer to the call. Many had long distances to come from, Aberdeen down to the Isle of Wight and all parts of England. All were desperately anxious to join the Colours and get in the fighting line as soon as possible, and it was a very fine, sturdy stamp of soldiery that formed the party of 600 which were sent down to Portsmouth under the command of Captain Selby and Lieutenants Barrett and Boyd to join the 1st Battalion. One felt proud of such a body of men, and no wonder they got such a fine reception from the crowd as they marched to Newcastle station.

In the dim and distant future when the historian sits down to write of the greatest war of all time there will have to be an exclusive chapter about the silent passing of the British Expeditionary Force from shore to shore whilst all the world wondered and no one knew. Our thoughts are frequently with the 1st Battalion who we know are somewhere in France; we wish them God-speed and a safe return and congratulate them on being among the first troops to land and uphold England's honour.



THE SPY PERIL.

We actually received the order to mobilize on the night of the 4th August, but as early as 28th July we were suddenly called upon to find an officer's guard for some oil tanks. Captain Gordon left us to be a staff officer under the Coast Defence Commander and Lieutenant Trench was sent to the cable office as one of the local press censors till the permanent officers for that duty arrived. During the last few years the machinery and arrangements for carrying out mobilization have been so perfected that one can safely say that everything went off without a hitch, though in this case we had ample

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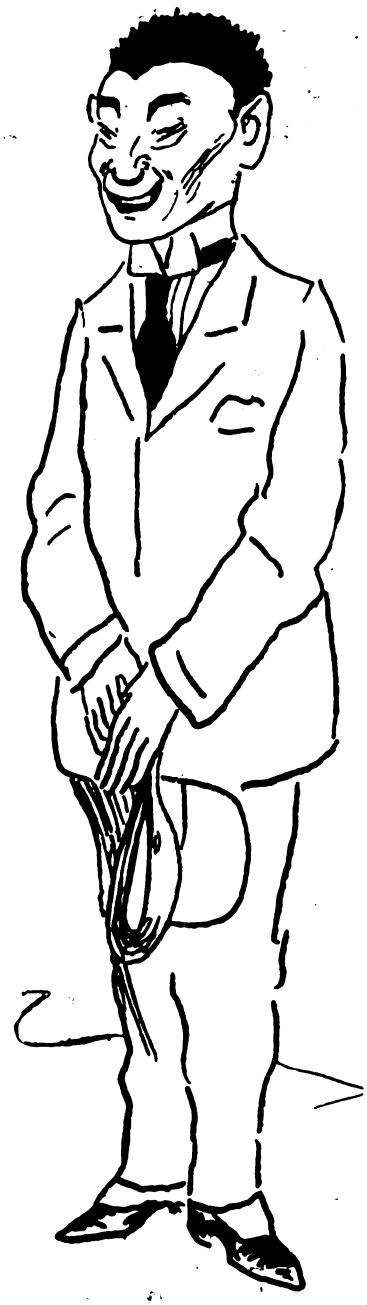
time in the precautionary period to get things as much ready as possible before the actual order to mobilize was received.

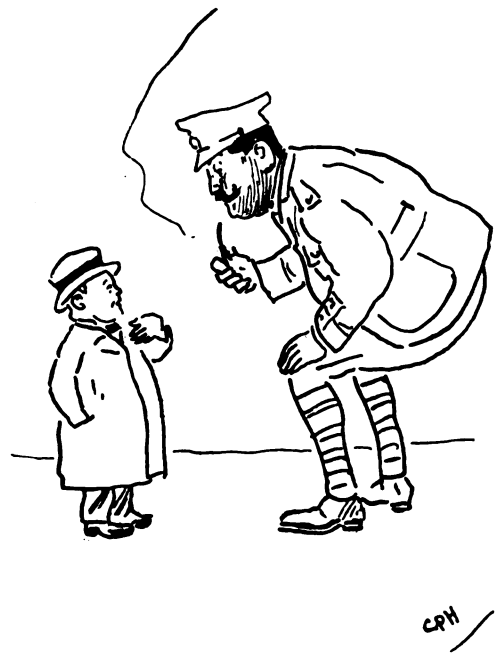
Newcastle has answered Lord Kitchener's appeal



YES, SARE; ME JAPANESE GENTLEMAN, YOUR HONBLE ALLY, SARE.

splendidly, the barrack gates are besieged by crowds. Inside the barracks are all and every kind of man of all ages, all anxious to do something for their country. The only difficulty now being to get them completely clothed and armed and to accommodate them all. At present there are over 1,000 recruits billetted in the town.

The headquarters of the 3rd Battalion are at Canning Street Council School, about two miles from the Depôt Barracks, and from here we presume will be sent the first reinforcements. We have a battalion strength of 1,780, of whom the vast proportion are reservists, whilst recruits are posted to us in batches every day. Our chief duty up-to-date has been furnishing guards for important railway bridges, works, etc., Newcastle station, German prisoners of war, and a Turkish battleship, besides a large



MOBILIZATION OF "TOM THUMB."
Quartermaster, Detachment 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, acts as recruiting officer.

number of supply fatigue parties which all help to diminish our numbers.

Various supposed spies have been brought in, especially so by the guard at the Central Station whose suspects range from a local undertaker to a former Chamberlain to the Russian Court. Both, however, were able to prove their identity. The Ooseburn Viaduct guard has also had its share of arrests, which included a Polish Jew who insisted on loitering in the vicinity of the bridge. On being searched he had nothing more formidable in his possession than the ace of clubs tucked away in his bowler hat. Whether he was an anarchist who had drawn the fateful card or had revoked at bridge we know not, anyhow he was handed over to the police.

Many past members of the Regiment are now meeting again in the Depôt Barracks. Colonel Lambton has assumed

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ENGLAND DECLARES WAR ON AUSTRIA.

command of the War Depôt, whilst others include Colonel Dashwood, Major Thomson and Captain Hall. Major Armstrong, Captain Fletcher and Lieutenants Garnier and Buckley have joined at the Depôt to form one of the new battalions.

We are very glad to have with the 3rd Battalion several former officers of the Regiment who have come to give us a helping hand, including Mr. Mitford, who left the 1st Battalion shortly after the South African War, Mr. Christopher Leather and Mr. Nunneley, whilst Major Wright has joined us from being Assistant Inspector of Gymnasia at Aldershot.

"How do you like your new parson, Mr. Jones?" asked a wanderer not far from Newmarket of a stableman.

"Lord bless you," was the answer, "e's a real good 'un, he is. Always trying, that's a cert. And then as for 'is sermons, why, 'e begins awful bad—sends us to a thousand to three at the start; but when he comes to finish, e' leaves us at a 'undred to eight quite comfor'able. That's what I call a real good parson."

3rd Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

4th Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

5th Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

6th Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

7th Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

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Editorial Notes.

26, Hans Crescent,
London, S.W.,
25th August, 1914.

THIS number is unique in the history of the *Gazette*. Six out of seven units comprising the Regiment are mobilized and on service; the seventh unit is abroad.

In his official capacity the Editor endeavoured to find out from **The Authorities** whether the 2nd Battalion was likely to leave India soon, bearing in mind the rumour that the Indian Government was despatching troops to the seat of war. It would have been a pity, of course, to send a bundle of several hundred *Gazettes* to India if the 2nd Battalion was coming West.

However, the particular **Authority** who dealt with the communication was too old a bird to be caught in this way and his official reply was cold and formal.

So the Editor having done his best to discover a State secret expresses his regret in advance if the 2nd Battalion *Gazettes* go astray.

There is published this month the only "Notes" from the 1st Battalion which have been received. Some readers no doubt will recognise the writing, and everyone will be glad to hear that on the date given the 1st Battalion were in such good spirits and living so well.

Though perhaps rather late, we print an appreciation of Major Somervell by our former well-known contributor B.D., which does more justice to the subject than the brief obituary notice which has already appeared.

Readers of the *Gazette* will be glad to know that B.D. is back in England again and we hope to receive further articles from his facile pen, war permitting.

There are no notes this month from any of the Territorial Battalions. The Editor hopes that amid a strenuous life correspondents may find time to send some account of the doings of their Battalions even if, for fear of the Press Censor, their actual locality has to be suppressed.

Some doubts seem to have arisen regarding the publication of the *Gazette* during the War, and enquiries to this effect have been addressed to the Editor. Every effort will be made to maintain the continuity of the paper and if the Editor is moved to a position of greater responsibility and less freedom perhaps some other retired officer will fill the breach.

In common with hundreds of other Reserve Officers, the Editor has been mobilized. He is at the time of writing over ten hours by train, and more than 400 miles by rail or road, from his office in London; moreover, such is the importance! of his position that he is not allowed to be absent from his station for a single night and leave can only be obtained by direct application to no less a personage than a G.O.C.-in-C.

In these circumstances he may be forgiven if he pleads inability to get at the "copy" now reposing in his office and if in consequence there should be a shortage in the paper.

Letters to the Editor.

York House,
St. James's Palace, S.W.,
24th August, 1914.

Dear Sir,—We regret to say that the Subscription Sub-Committee of the National Relief Fund has heard of a good many cases in which use has been made of its name, or of the names of those connected with it, with the object of securing support for appeals which are quite unauthorised.

We hope you will be so good as to permit the appearance of this letter, the object of which is to inform your readers that they may be assured that any extravagant or grotesque appeals emanate from persons who have neither the authorisation nor the support of this Committee.

Yours faithfully,
C. Arthur Pearson
Hedley F. Le Bas
Frederick Ponsonby
Joint Secretaries, Subscription Sub-Committee,
National Relief Fund.

Canning Street Council School,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
24th August, 1914.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I enclose a cutting from the *Yorkshire Post*, dated 25th August, 1914, which will be of interest to your readers.

Yours truly,
"Depôt Correspondent."

"LORD KITCHENER AND THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

"Earl Grey, addressing an enthusiastic meeting of Northumberland miners at Bedlington last night, in support of Lord Kitchener's Army Scheme, said he had seen Lord Kitchener, who remarked to him:—

> "I want you to take a message to the Northumberland miners. Tell them, from me, that I have often had occasion to thank Heaven that I had the Northumberland Fusiliers at my back. Tell them I have often relied upon the Northumberland Fusiliers in the past, and I know I may do so again in the future, for I want their assistance. Those who give me their aid will have an opportunity of proving their worth.

Tommy Atkins had been posted as sentry at a gate in a wood and instructed to question all persons who passed through. He had also been instructed that the colonel and his staff would on this occasion represent the enemy. To him appeared the said colonel and staff.

Tommy stared blankly before him into vacancy.

Colonel: "Now, now, my man, haven't you received your instructions? I represent the enemy, you know."

Tommy (with a gleam of recollection of having heard something of the sort somewhere): "Advance one enemy, and give the countersign."

Colonel: "You blanked blanketty idiot, just think *one* moment. I represent *the enemy! the enemy! the enemy!*"

Tommy (after deep agitation): "Pass enemy. All's well."

Exit colonel, fuming.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 31ST AUGUST, 1889.

WOOLWICH, SATURDAY, 31ST AUGUST, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—On the 4th inst. a match which had been previously arranged between those well-known pedestrians, Captain S. Moore of the 18th Royal Irish, and Lieutenant Casson, of the FIFTH, was decided. The course chosen was from Chelmsford to Colchester, some twenty-four miles or so. Neither of the competitors were in good condition, but the match ended in an easy victory for Lieutenant Casson, who out-distanced his opponent in the first few miles and continued to increase his lead, winning by about half-an-hour.

On the 9th inst. the 1st Battalion left Colchester for Woolwich by rail in two special trains to North Woolwich. As the Regiment fell in, General Buchanan rode up and in a short speech bade us good-bye and wished us good luck. An enormous crowd lined the streets to St. Botolph's Station and evinced their goodwill to us by frequent bursts of cheering, which will cause us to look back on our stay in Colchester with pleasure for many a day to come. On the station platform were assembled all the officers of the 18th, and, among several other old friends, General Buchanan, Colonel Leach, Colonel du Vernet, Colonel Campbell, R.E., Dr. Kenny, etc. The band of the 18th struck up the touching strains of "Auld Lang Syne" as the trains steamed out of the station, amid much cheering.

On arriving at North Woolwich the Regiment crossed over the new Free Ferry and marched up to Cambridge Barracks, preceded by the splendid band of the Royal Artillery, through one of the biggest crowds we have ever seen. After getting settled down a little the officers were entertained at lunch by the Royal Artillery. As an additional proof of the goodwill between ourselves and the 18th, we may add that their drums played a special selection of tunes in our honour on the evening of the 8th inst., amidst repeated cheering and outbursts of good feeling on both sides.

A staff officer interviewed a sentry the other day for the purpose of finding out whether he was acquainted with the orders, when the following dialogue ensued:—

S.O. "What would you do if the General was to pass your post?"

S. "Turn out the guard and present arms, sir."

S.O. "And if the Field Officer was to come this way, what would you do?"

S. "Turn the guard out and present also."

S.O. "And suppose a drunken man attempted to pass your post, what would you do?"

S. "I'd turn out the guard and present to him, as well."

S.O. "What! to a drunken man?"

S. "Well, you see, sir, he might be the General in plain togs."

A small Jew boy was being violently buffeted by a Christian ditto, yet stood patiently, making but a poor defence.

The Jew boy's father arrived and drove away the Christian infant. Then he turned to his offspring.

"Vy didn't yer fight him, Ikey, vy didn't yer jump out an' hit him back?"

"I couldn't, fader, I was standing on a sixpence."

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday School, asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?"

A little girl in the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and in a shrill voice inquired—

"Well—what do you know?"

WILLIAM.

SOME called him "Bill," but for the most part he was "William," and usually affectionately spoken of as "Old William." Off parade he had no surname; its existence was forgotten.

I suppose that no one ever joined the Regiment who combined in himself more completely the qualities of a sound, common sense, conscientious and deeply knowledgable regimental officer with those of the jolliest of good fellows that ever stepped.

Sitting writing this, on a boat between Japan and Vladivostock, having only yesterday chanced upon his obituary notice in a service paper, it seems hard to believe that I shan't find him ready to welcome me on my return, with his jovial smile and the genuine delight with which he always greeted an old brother officer. My knowledge of him goes back to the year '94, when the 2nd Battalion went to Sitapur, and from that time we soldiered together continuously till I was invalided home from South Africa in 1901. He was made adjutant at the time we moved to Singapore, and it was then that one realized what a really sound soldier he was, with all his love of a "rag" and a "big night." Those were the days when a battalion was made as much by its adjutant as by its C.O.—in some cases more so. Certainly he followed one of the best we ever had—poor old Boy Booth, who joined the majority at Sannas Post—but in most respects William was fully his equal, and in one his superior, as he made fellows do their own work instead of doing it for them.

The extraordinary knowledge that he had of Thomas Atkins was to some extent the result of his experience in the ranks, but more so I think to his infallible instinct and wonderful insight into character. When he had to tell off prisoners (who in those days were more numerous than they are now) every man knew before being marched up what award he was going to be given.

He had a fine word of command, and drilled the battalion splendidly—an accomplishment which at that time was considered even more indispensable for an adjutant than it is now.

His invariable popularity was the more remarkable as he was neither a sportsman nor expert in any game. On the solitary occasion in my recollection when he was inveigled out shooting, his only contribution to the bag was a "*Kooch-né*," which remained attached to him longer for his discomfiture than did the albatross to the ancient mariner. So far as games were concerned, the only one I ever remember his playing was tennis, of which he was a most indifferent exponent.

I like best to think of him as the centre—frequently the instigator—of many a jolly evening in the mess, when things strange and wonderful used to happen. He was then in his glory, and there was no withstanding the infection of his light heart and jovial personality. As memory ranges back to old times, scenes with William as their central figure come irresistibly up into the mind.

There was that awful night, for example, in 1897, when the 2nd Battalion was quartered at Portland, on which was held the farewell dinner for Major Buchanan. For some occult reason, out of this apparently innocent occasion, there arose a night which for "bigness" can have few parallels in regimental history. The guest of the evening was forgotten in the midst of the fighting, which began early and was of the most determined and sanguinary nature. The old shoulder cords were still being worn on the mess jacket, and before long the flames of their silver grenades were responsible for considerable damage to both flesh and clothing. It was a really dreadful evening, the terrors of which were much enhanced by the presence of the Hathi, who had not yet been interned in the matrimonial *Kedah*, and was still in his untamed, aboriginal state. The immortal Count was there in all his glory, and Mowbray, whose behaviour, to say the least of it, was not such as one would have expected of the father of a

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family. So also were poor old Cassoon, Dakins, and many another good fusilier whose place in the FIFTH now knows them no more.

After a tug-of-war (Subalterns v. the World) with the mess table cloth, William, who was still adjutant, had "crept silently to rest" in his huge four-poster bed which he had picked up at a sale, remembering that he had an early parade next morning. It was not long before his absence became conspicuous, and an adjournment to his room was at once made by all hands to demand an explanation. His door was locked, but presented no obstacle to the Hathi who went through it much as his jungle prototype might through a sugar cane *Keht*.

William was disclosed, sitting up in his Sahara of a bed, with righteous indignation depicted on his countenance.

— "D—n it all, you fellows, a joke's a joke—" he began but could get no further, the storming party had precipitated itself as one man on to the top of him.

The constitution of the four-poster was not proof against this outrage. The bottom yielded beneath the load of struggling officers with a loud, rending noise, till it came to rest on the floor. It took some moments of bloodshed and blasphemy to sort everybody out of this confused heap, but presently William's head appeared out of the debris of his couch.

"Here, you, Farmer!" he said in the voice with which he used to drill the battalion, "over you go to the mess and bring some drinks."

Off went the Farmer, nothing loath, followed by the white bull dog and bull terrier with whom he used to share his bed, and by the time he reappeared with a mess waiter and a tray of *pao* pegs, we had bedded William down on the floor as comfortably as circumstances would admit, and peace was for the time established.

When at some awful hour of the morning we retired to where we hoped to find our respective beds mine was "found to be deficient," and after diligent search discovered in the barrack square. This I was not slow in recognising as the handiwork of the Hathi, but consoled myself with the reflection that the identical inspiration must have occurred to each of us at the same moment, and that he must even then have been seeking his own couch to the removal of which I had given my personal attention, a remarkable instance of thought transference.

It was during the campaign that one realized more than ever the value of Old William. He grumbled, of course, like the rest of us, at the long duration of the war, but his grumbling was a jovial grumbling, and usually concluded by a minutely detailed description of the menu of the dinner he was going to have in town on his return, including the brand of champagne. He never, in fact, got his tail down, and his jolly example heartened many on whom the burden and the heat of the day were beginning to tell.

How well I remember the strange figure he presented after a few months of hard trekking! At the start of the campaign he was distinctly a man of a full—a very full—habit, which shewed no tendency to diminish as time went on. South Africa corrected this to such an extent that a large football might easily have been interposed between his coat and his person in front, and another in the seat of his breeches would hardly have been noticed.

All that time is filled with memories in which he plays a part. The infinitesimal quality of muddy water in which he, as O.C. Company, had the first wash daily at Putters Kraal, followed by his two subalterns, of whom I was the senior; that horrible night of rain and wind at Sterkstroom when, on leaving old T.'s tent after a "doch an' doris" of ration rum, he pointed to a soaked tent lying in a disconsolate heap on the ground and said, roaring with laughter, "Some d—d fool has forgotten to slacken his tent ropes." That tent proved to be his and mine, and was a subject about which it was unsafe to joke for some time. Then there were those long days at Bloemfontein when we used, three or four times a week, to make our way down after dinner from camp to the town where an atrocious theatrical company performed nightly. Their entire repertoire consisted of "Charley's Aunt" and a variety entertainment, and by the time we left we could have taken any part in the former at a moment's notice or sung any of the songs in the latter. Fragments of these I remember even now, as, for example, that concerning a gentleman who made what he considered to be a number of fortunate exchanges.

"I got 'is drink, 'e got mine,
'Is was a lemonade and port wine," &c.

Why this should be a matter for congratulation is not on the face of it apparent, whatever his own drink may have been (which I forget); but it will awaken memories of that time in those who were with us.

Then on that long hunt after De Wet across the Vaal River, when that confounded bolt hole through the Megaliesberg at Olifants Nek was unblocked at the wrong moment, I have a vivid recollection of having started one day without my mid-day ration of bully beef and biscuit, and William, having expressed with unnecessary force what sort of a fool he thought me, insisting on my going halves in his. This, to those who know what a meal in those days meant, will convey considerably more than to those who don't.

After Nooitgedacht, when I was invalided home, we only soldiered together again for a couple of years at Gravesend and Aldershot, and the next time I saw him—in 1907—he had just taken up his recruiting billet in London, and was still quite his old self. Up to that time I'd never known him to be either sick or sorry. The change in him began not long after then and was marked by a certain anxiety about his health to which neither he nor anyone else had heretofore given a thought. The change from the active life of regimental work to that of what was practically a city clerk was probably responsible for this. It was only comparatively rarely that one got flashes of his jolly old self, and as time went on the William of former days with his love of a joke and good fellowship generally gradually disappeared and gave place to the invalid.

When last I left England in 1911 he seemed to be on the mend, and I hoped on my return to find him fully recovered. The announcement I have just read in the *Broad Arrow* has shattered all that, and nothing now remains but to try and put on paper some sort of appreciation of him for our old brother officers to read. Those of them who joined as subalterns when he was adjutant will remember how good and helpful he always was to them at what was the most trying time of their service. No kinder or better hearted fellow than William ever joined the old FIFTH, and I know that all who served with him must now be sharing with me the sorrow I feel at his loss, and in the feeling that from the ranks of our friends one is gone whose place can never be filled.

B. D.

He was the dear old grandfather up from the country, and he was a real glutton for going about, so he was, and during his first few days his sons took him about and gave him a good time and then they handed him over to their sisters.

"Wouldn't you like to go to the opera and see *Faust?*" asked one of the girls. "*Faust!* What is there in it, eh?" "Oh, lovely music, you must know; you must remember the beautiful music, the 'Chorus of Old Men,' you know."

"The 'Chorus of Old Men,' be darned!" said the old gentleman with singular distinctness. "Take me somewhere where there's a chorus of young girls, same as your brothers go after."

Alas for the regeneration of age.

He was a poor hard-worked clerk, and his wife was ill. The doctor came in and asked searching questions, and finally up and gave his decision:

"You must send your wife to a warmer climate," he said.

The clerk looked sadly at the doctor, went out and returned with an axe.

"Do it yourself, doctor," he murmured, "I haven't the heart."

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THE QUEST OF A RIVER'S SOURCE.

By H.S.T.

(Illustrated by Photos taken by the Writer).

(Continued from page 98).

A discussion on the Indian porter must come sooner or later in any article written about Peru. He is the main topic of conversation to anyone away from the towns and dependent on him for getting from place to place—so let me start at once and finish with him.

Having halted in my narrative in order to consult my diary, there to find some jottings in his favour, I am obliged to admit that the only good point to credit him with is the simplicity of his food. All he requires or expects is parched Indian corn (maize)—a few grains of which he eats whenever there is a halt—a further ration of the same article which he grinds up and makes into a kind of porridge, and a small pouch of dried coca leaves to chew. When he gets the chance, however, he will consume a 2lb. mixed ration of anything handy.

An inspection of our first batch of porters left two impressions: first, that they were men of uncommonly fine physique, with muscles just itching to be at work toting your loads (but this illusion was soon dispelled) and secondly that an extraordinarily large number of them, considering that they were not regular meat eaters, seemed to have trouble with their teeth. There was hardly one who did not show what looked like an abscess on one side of his face or the other. But there is another explanation. Every native of the interior habitually takes cocaine in the leaf, and the lump you see is only a wad of coca leaves in his cheek. Each man carries a small bag of dried leaves and whenever he halts he puts a few into his mouth, chews them round a little—occasionally adding a pinch of lime to aid the chemical action of the drug—and then joins them with his tongue to the main ball which was probably started when he woke up in the morning and will remain in the same position till he goes to bed.

THE INDIAN PORTER.

In effect coca is much the same as opium is to the Chinese rickshaw coolie and just as much a curse. It is stimulating enough to keep a man going through immense physical exertion and takes the place of proper food for a short period, but used habitually, as the Indian uses it, it very soon deadens the intellect and makes him dull and stupid.

The coca shrub from which cocaine is extracted must not be confused with the cacao from which cocoa and chocolate are obtained. 200lbs. of coca leaves only produce 1lb. of cocaine, and the drug is very costly owing to the enormous difficulties and expenses of transportation. The plant only grows at certain altitudes on the slopes of the Andes, and the leaves have to be forwarded to the coast for treatment by modern machinery. In 1912 cocaine was worth some £2,500,000 annually to Peru, and if in time her internal communications improve it should become one of her most valuable assets, provided that a cheaper substitute is not discovered meanwhile. As an anæsthetic it is of immense value to minor surgery in every part of the civilised world, but as used by the Indians it is a drug habit of the worst description.

If you treat an African squarely he will become attached to you and reciprocate in greater or lesser degree your dealings by him. A South American Indian on the other hand shows you no affection and little respect, however much you may do for him. He is sulky and non-communicative. Occasionally one will come up and gabble something in Quechua or Aymara, of which probably the only word you can understand is "Father," his mode of salutation to chiefs. In such a case you can rest assured that this sudden access of courtesy denotes, not respect, but that he has come to request an advance of pay, or that he wishes to stop work for the day on the plea that his stomach is out of order or to return to his home before his contract is out. On other occasions he is just a surly animal, working as little as possible for an exorbitant rate of pay and taking no interest in anything.

Yet, after three years' contact with him I consider that the Indian, given fair treatment and paid full wages without leakages by his actual employer, would honestly try to carry out his share of the bargain and voluntarily apply for work rather than avoid it. But this state of affairs very rarely exists. We had the greatest difficulty in establishing during our third year's work the system which in the end produced the happiest and, to the Peruvian official's mind, the most surprising results. That porters should willingly remain with their employers and even, as they did, volunteer for further service was something unheard of in this land of peculation. It will take years of honest dealing to eradicate the recollection of a contrary system that has been handed down through his forefathers, but once the Indian's suspicions have been disarmed the labour question will be solved. At present there is no one to stand up for his rights except the so called "Pro-Indigena Society," and so, exploited at every turn, he trusts no one.

The Pro-Indigena Society consists of a body of so called philanthropic persons who stand up for the rights of the down-trodden native and allow him to get gloriously drunk on all his feast days, which are very numerous. The Society will not allow the native to work for more than eight days on end. These arrangements hamper only the traveller or the official outside the immediate locality in which the Indian lives, and the travelling official is so rare that his case need hardly be considered.

The Indian will work for no one of his own free will; but as his plot of land is probably owned by the Prefect of the district he is not by any means a free agent as far as that individual is concerned.

We required 100 men to carry our camp and stores, and the

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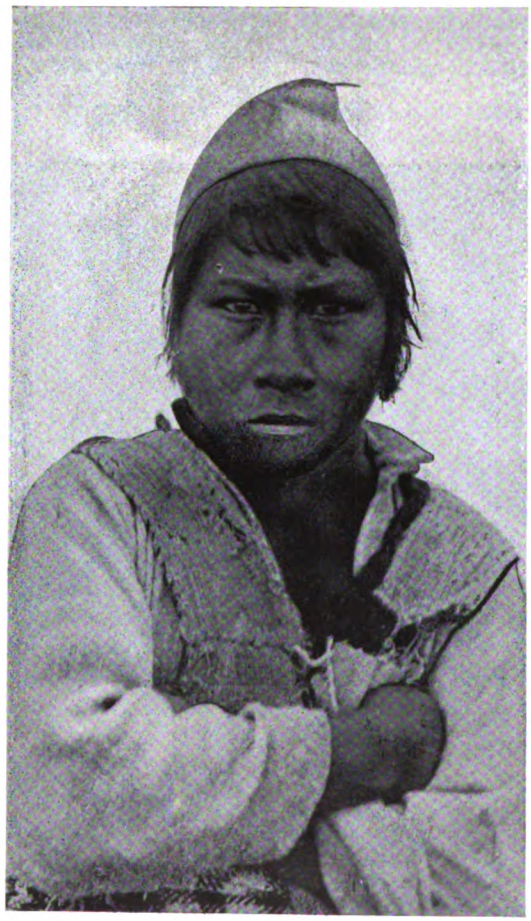
Government had made arrangements for us to draw them from a town called Sandia, where there are over 5,000 able bodied Indians. We could not have obtained a single man without leave from the Prefect who in our case graciously waived the eight day clause and allowed the men to sign on for a fortnight, the journey one way to us counting in the fourteen days. A further period he absolutely refused to concede. This was practically useless to us, especially when we got a little way in, and six out of the fifteen days were spent by the porters dawdling on the road to our camp: but we had to take what we could get. No sooner has one got to know who are the skrimshankers and which few can be trusted to do a little work, than the whole gang claim that their contract has run out and are off. If the fresh lot turn up to time, well and good; otherwise you sit down marooned and wait until such time as his lordship the Prefect shall think fit to send the relief party.

Whatever a man does or doesn't do, unless you want the lot to bolt and leave you stranded you cannot punish him. Anyone who dared to "hammer" an Indian for misconduct would be so roasted in the Press, which in turn is ruled by the Pro-Indigena Society, that he would probably believe in time that he really was a tyrant of the worst order. Meanwhile every other native in his employ would have left him. Yet without the Indian it is impossible to leave the beaten track, since the greater portion of Peru is absolutely unexplored and under present conditions will remain so.

I was told a yarn by a large employer of labour, an Englishman, whose word I have no reason to doubt, which, if not a typical case of the working of the Pro-Indigena Society is probably far from unique.

My friend wanted a continuous supply of some 500 Indians, and although paying them at the rate of two soles (4/-) per diem, he always had difficulty in procuring labour; so he determined to visit the Prefect of the town where his supply came from and see if a personal interview would not better matters. The Prefect, all smiles and hospitality, assured him that as far as he was concerned there was no difficulty in providing him with all the natives he required, but that Dr. X, the Pro-Indigena representative in the place, was the person causing all the trouble. The doctor was next interviewed. He explained that his only desire was to see justice done to the Indians, but that they were being paid through the Prefect, who pocketed the greater portion of what they had earned before he handed over the remainder to the workmen. My friend now suggested that he should personally pay the men employed, and was told that in that case there would be no difficulty in future in obtaining as many men as he required. After the usual round of handshaking and cocktails and other outward manifestations of friendship he went back to his estate carrying with him sufficient money for full payment of the next batch. That night Dr. X called a mass meeting of the leading inhabitants and addressed them to the effect that if my friend was going to pay natives two soles (4/-) a day how could *they* get Indians to work on their fields for twenty centavos (5d.)! My man still has the same trouble in getting labour, and the Pro-Indigena doctor is presumably still guarding the interests of his flock.



"HE IS JUST A SURLY ANIMAL."

You hear it said that the Indian population is decreasing and must be protected. Strong waters and coca are the reason, not oppression. The Indian has no ambition except to get drunk on his numerous feast days and to plant enough maize and potatoes to keep his stomach full.

But to revert to our muttons, as the French say. After the run through by train to Tirapata in two days some of us felt the sudden rise in altitude pretty severely. Tirapata is only 11,600 feet above sea level, but the quickness of our ascent caused no little discomfort. My head kept going, the first night, like a blacksmith's shop, the doctor vomited continuously, and one of the men bled freely at the nose. The slightest exertion was exhausting. It was three days before we were acclimatised and ready to push on to Poto (15,200) by a four days' journey on muleback over the mountains.

As the train wound under snow-capped peaks and over huge pampas (plains) backed by more ranges, and all in an atmosphere so clear that every summit stood out distinct however far distant, one got some sort of an idea of what a vast uninhabited country we were about to penetrate.

The Pampas were dotted with flocks of llamas and alpacas. These domesticated wool-bearing animals of Peru are curious beasts until one gets accustomed to them. To the uninitiated it is difficult at first to distinguish between a llama and an alpaca. They are almost identical in form, a sort of cross between a sheep and a camel. The llama, however, is the more cleanly built animal and the stronger of the two. He is Peru's national beast of burden, and is immortalised by his image on all coins and on the national coat of arms, as well as on the earlier issues of stamps. Before leaving England I overheard a discussion in a well-known London club as to whether he was an animal or a bird. Eventually it was decided that he was an animal *but with feathers*! A llama only travels some twelve miles a day and carries no more than 100lbs., but he is cheap and plentiful, and lives and works at altitudes where men and mules would suffer badly from "sorroche" or mountain sickness if called upon to exert themselves.

With the exception of the vicuña there was very little game. The vicuña is a small wild cousin of the llama. It takes the place of plain antelope in other parts of the world, such as blackbuck in India or the Thompson's and Grant's gazelles of East Africa. A poncho (cloak) of vicuña wool is the finest garment you can purchase in the country, and costs anything from £5 upwards. The vicuña is exceedingly wary once he knows that man means danger, but before he has come into contact with human beings and been fired at his curiosity is often his own undoing, or at any rate affords a shot at reasonable ranges. A yellow dog at heel—and tradition says it must be a yellow one—is a sure draw, and is so irresistible that

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the vicuña simply must stand and stare. Vicuña flesh is poor eating, but better than nothing when other food runs short, and it can always be kept till wanted. At these altitudes

"THE PAMPAS WERE DOTTED WITH FLOCKS OF ALPACAS."

meat does not go bad. You just hang up a carcase and cut off pieces as you want them. Then, when the sun has turned the remainder into such hard material that a "fry" tires the teeth, soak it in water and start afresh.

Our three days at Tirapata were pretty laborious ones, for in spite of mountain sickness we had to break in saddle mules, get everything sorted and packed into loads, and do the hundred and one things that require looking into when cutting adrift from the railway for the first time with a large transport column.

On the 14th May, 1911 we left Tirapata behind and headed for Poto. Naturally everything was not plain sailing with a freshly collected expedition like this. Suffice it to say that on one occasion during the first day's journey four riderless mules were careering over a pampa so large that you could have dropped Salisbury Plain into it and lost it, whilst the rest of us were riding finishes in various directions trying to lasso them. On the fourth afternoon, about three o'clock, after steadily mounting all day with the knowledge that Poto lay in the next valley, we topped a ridge of 17,000 feet and saw, twenty miles away, a magnificent snow-clad range of mountains that hitherto had been invisible. We were then ourselves on the snow-line, but although it was bitterly cold, fortune as regards weather had favoured us throughout the whole trip. An ominous darkness on our right drew little attention as the wind was blowing from us towards it. Wind and clouds, however, seem occasionally to travel in opposite directions, and before long soft hail was making the ground white.

It is as well to explain that above a certain height it never rains. Hail takes the place of rain so long as there is any wind, and when the wind dies down the hail changes to snow.

By the time we arrived at our destination, Poto, a straggling hamlet of a dozen dirty Indian shacks, a snow blizzard of the most approved pattern was in progress and when we struggled into the hut which had been partially cleared for us we were as white as sheets. To encounter a blinding snowstorm—and that one our first—just at the end of the journey, was sheer bad luck. Two hours more would have seen us home in decent weather. Later on, when we had shaken down and become acclimatised, weather mattered little, but at this period mules and men were raw—the latter literally so from four days' hard riding—and everyone was more or less tired out.

Having shaken off the snow and kraaled the mules we took stock of our temporary house. We had been prepared for a good deal worse and congratulated ourselves on having a roof over our heads. The excessive cold, too, has one advantage. It is fatal to lower life, so that there were no honorary members in the place. In the towns lower down fleas make one's nights a burden. Long before you get up to these heights they quit, and you may wear the same clothes for months on end without harbouring anything. Arctic conditions have, in fact, some real compensations.

One matter there is that requires training to get accustomed to, and that is the mixed odour of Indians and llama dung. For the equivalent of 1/- a sack of "bosta" (llama's dung) was always forthcoming and over its pungent fumes we pretended to warm ourselves before turning in. The district does not boast a stick of wood or bush. Two sorts of fuel only are obtainable: llama dung, and a species of moss, and both are unsatisfactory from a heat-giving point of view, as they only smoulder.

Our troubles did not end here. The mules, coming up

"A LLAMA . . . CARRIES NO MORE THAN 100LBS."

from a reasonable level, had not seen snow before. Bundled hastily into an adjoining kraal during the blizzard, and

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accustomed, no doubt, to grazing at nights on a grass-covered pampa, they had nosed away hungrily at the rickety gate until it gave way and allowed them to stampede into the night on a fruitless quest for food. Two days later one of our searchers found them in a valley twenty-one miles away scrabbling at the snow to try and get a meal from the moss and stones below it.

Another constant source of anxiety was the fear that they would be lifted by thieves. Here on the border, out of arm's length of the law, Bolivian Indians are always raiding Peruvian flocks and driving them across the frontier, whilst the Peruvians retaliate whenever they see an opening.

A party of "gringos" such as we were, with over forty mules worth perhaps £20 apiece, was sure to have been marked down far and wide by our own natives and Bolivians alike as a pretty soft thing, and we were continually expecting an attempt on them. The first and, as it proved, the only one came a month later. I was away from head-quarters with some fifteen mules which were luckily kraaled in a mud enclosure and had two watchmen sleeping inside with them. The guards, who were raw Indians, had refused the offer of a shot gun, preferring, so they said, their knives, but in reality hoping to clear quietly if trouble came. A party of men, finding our sentry for some unaccountable reason awake, crept up one night and tried to open out the back of the kraal. The watchman was afraid to close with the would-be looters and could not escape, but his frightened cries woke the camp, and the thieves bolted out of sight before I could get in a shot. It was well for us that the robbers failed in their attempt, for the loss of mules at an altitude where you can hardly smoke a cigarette or walk a hundred yards without being pumped is a serious matter.

"THE VICUÑA IS A SMALL WILD COUSIN OF THE LLAMA."

Peru, a territory of great extremes of climate and altitude, is divided officially into three zones:—

1. The "Sierra," which consists of the mountains and the snow-covered pampas lying at a high level;
2. The "Montana," or forest country below the snow line where tropical conditions abound in their most luxuriant form;
3. The "Coast Lands," which extend from the forests to the sea and although wooded in parts are mostly grass lands and agriculture.

We were now in the Sierra, and my business was to establish direct communication with the Chief comfortably housed at Arequipa, and transfer the longitude of that place to Poto, our present camp. Most of us have been out practising outpost duty in England in late March or early April, and have wondered if, when the "close" sounded and we were at last able to move about and smoke, we should ever get warm again. Here we were perched up in the clouds nearly three miles above the sea. For three successive nights I had to "shoot" stars through a theodolite from 8 p.m. till midnight while between the observations my numbed fingers wiped away the tears drawn by a biting wind from eyes which I tried to keep open as I stared through the telescope with cracked lips and skin peeling off the nose and ear tips. Platoon training in an English spring was nothing compared to this. Nanson had the best of the game as he only had to book figures whilst I shouted them out, and on the principle that it was useless for two men to be uncomfortable where one victim was sufficient a tent had been rigged up over his table. A break of an hour in the middle of the work relieved the strain a little, as I was then only sitting down at a telegraphic key board, in direct communication with Arequipa, where, though in the open, I could send signals to and receive them from the Chief. The whole of each day had to be spent in computing the previous night's work and wiring the results down to Arequipa. When at the end of the three days a telegram came through to say that our work was successful Nanson and I turned into bed to sleep until we woke of our own accord. This was pleasanter than being pulled out at daylight to continue the scramble of getting through two hard days' work in one.

Colonel Woodroffe shortly afterwards joined us with the rest of the Commission. The position of Poto, almost within sight of the actual boundary, had now been accurately fixed. We measured our initial base and commenced triangulation.

Our duties when thus together were broadly as follows:—

The Colonel took charge of all the office work; Nanson and Moores used the plane tables and filled in details, whilst I was responsible for the triangulation. Olivera attached himself to the Colonel and Salaverry to myself.

(To be continued).

Country gentleman, engaging a farm hand.

C.G.: "Well, my man, what did you leave your last place for?"

F.H.: "Cos of the fewd us 'ad to eat."

C.G.: "Indeed, what was the matter with the food?"

F.H.: "Month ago come Monday t'old cow died."

C.G.: "Well, what then?"

F.H.: "Us 'ad to eat 'ur."

C.G.: "Well, that don't seem to have hurt you."

F.H.: "Wuss than that, zur. Last Wensday fortnight t'old zow died. Us 'ad to eat 'ur."

C.G.: "I don't see that you are any the worse for *that*. But what was the *immediate* cause of your leaving?"

F.H.: "Well, zur, last week maister's missus died, and I com'd away."

An anti-teetotal lecturer was discussing on the absurdities of the teetotal position when a red-haired, blatant teetotaller interrupted, assuring the speaker that he, the teetotaller, abstained from alcoholics and drank ginger beer.

"Evidently so," replied the orator, "and the beer appears to have got into your tongue and the ginger into your hair."

Collapse of the auburn-haired teetotaller.

It was the smart adjutant of a Territorial corps, and he was watching an old major struggling with the intricacies of the drill book. He blundered through some manœuvres dating from the Peninsular War, and the adjutant, more in sorrow than in anger, checked him.

"I think, sir," he said, "that we might proceed to a little *Anno Domini* drill."

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

Officer: "Rounds."

Sentry: "What Rounds?"

Officer: "Grand Rounds."

Sentry: "Pass, Grand Rounds, and give the countersign."

Officer: "Hum-ha-er, I have forgotten it, send for the sergeant of the guard."

Sergeant of the guard appears. "Ah, sergeant, what's the word, I have forgotten it?"

Sergeant of the guard (reflecting): "Shure, sorr, so have I, but nivver mind, sorr, pass Grand Rounds, and all is well."

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 381.] **Wednesday, 30th September, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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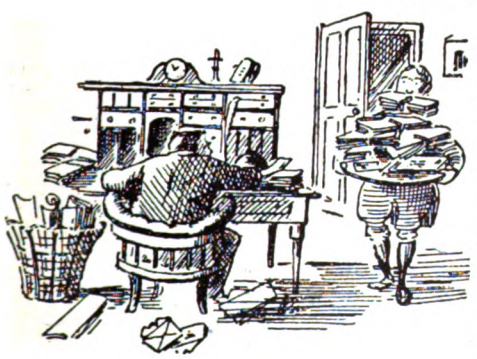
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
30th September, 1914.



Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Eagle" [Journal"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Mr. Bustard ... ... to 1/ 7/15
Mrs. Rushbrooke ... ... to 1/ 9/15
Mr. T. Scott ... ... to 30/ 9/15

BIRTHS.

BOSTON.—On the 13th August, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Sergeant A. Boston, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

MAYNARD.—On the 3rd September, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Colour-Sergeant J. Maynard, 2nd Battalion, of twins, son and daughter.

WARDLE.—On the 2nd September, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Sergeant J. Wardle, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

DEATHS.

MOORE.—On the 27th August, at Kasauli, India, No. 2556 Lance-Corporal R. Moore, 2nd Battalion, aged 23 years.

SISTERN.—On the 6th August, at Kalka, India, No. 436 Sergeant A. Sistern, 2nd Battalion, aged 32 years.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

MEMORANDA.—The following Colonels are granted the temporary rank of Brigadier-General:—. . . . The Hon. C. Lambton, D.S.O.

The following are granted the temporary rank of Captain (dated 16th September, 1914):—. . . . G. P. Westmacott (late Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers).

The following are granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant (dated 16th September, 1914):—. . . . The Hon. S. J. D. Joicey (late Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers).

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The following to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation) (dated 15th August, 1914) :—G. Bramwell, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

COMMANDS AND STAFF :—

General Staff Officer, 2nd Grade :—Major O. H. Pedley, Reserve of Officers.

The following Colonels are granted the temporary rank of Brigadier-General :—. . . . T. G. L. H. Armstrong.

The following are granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant :—Second-Lieutenant R. G. Raw, D.S.O., Reserve of Officers, Northumberland Fusiliers.

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS (General Staff Officers, 3rd Grade) :—

Captain E. B. Gordon, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley, Northumberland Fusiliers, General Staff Officer at War Office, is advanced from 3rd to 2nd Grade, *vice* Major B. W. B. Bowdler, R.E. (dated 5th August, 1914).

The following officers are granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army on appointment to command battalions of the new Army (dated 19th August, 1914) :—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major C. E. Fishbourne to command 8th Battalion. Lieutenant A. P. Garnier to be Adjutant, 8th (Service) Battalion (dated 12th August, 1914).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant H. R. Barkworth to be Lieutenant (dated 13th August, 1914). Sergeant-Major H. M. Belchem to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 9th September, 1914).

The following Cadets and ex-Cadets of O.T.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation) (dated 15th August, 1914) :—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. C. Watmough (Supplementary List).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Shoubridge, D.S.O., to be Major (dated 14th September, 1914). The following Lieutenants to be Captains :—R. M. St. J. Booth (dated 14th September, 1914), I. M. Bonham-Carter and to remain seconded, H. L. Ovans, and H. C. Stephen (dated 16th September, 1914). The following Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants :—L. A. Barrett (dated 13th August, 1914), K. G. Williams (dated 14th September, 1914); E. S. Swaine and B. G. Gunner (dated 16th September, 1914).

ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT.—Major H. T. Crispin, from the Northumberland Fusiliers, to be Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 14th September, 1914).

SPECIAL RESERVE OF OFFICERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation) :—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—N. J. Allgood, D. F. P. Reavely, Second-Lieutenant R. Lord (from 3rd Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment) (dated 15th August, 1914).

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain A. W. Rickman to be Major (dated 4th September, 1914). The following Lieutenants to be Captains :—G. C. Holderness, J. M. Lambert, E. J. Lamb, G. E. D. Waddilove (late Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion). The following Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants :—A. B. Surtees, A. F. Geddes, D. M. Coles, R. H. Hoffman, C. H. Van Neck (dated 3rd September, 1914). The following to be Lieutenants :—C. Leather (late Lieutenant) (dated 20th August, 1914); C. F. Nunneley (late Second-Lieutenant) (dated 4th September, 1914).

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—D. F. de C. Buckle (late 3rd Battalion) to be Lieutenant.

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The appointment of E. G. L. Keatinge to a Second-Lieutenancy, which appeared in the *Gazette* on 21st August, is cancelled.

The following to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation) (dated 15th August, 1914) :—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. H. Allgood.

SERVICE BATTALIONS :—

The following are granted the temporary rank of Captain :—. . . . C. S. M. Trench (late Captain, Northumberland Fusiliers). The following are granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant :—R. C. Hopkinson (late Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers). R. St. J. Willans (late Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers). The following officers to command battalions of the new Army (dated 6th September, 1914) :—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel H. St. G. Thomas (Indian Army), 9th Battalion.

TERRITORIAL FORCE :—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—T. Wallace to be Second-Lieutenant (to be supernumerary) (dated 2nd September, 1914).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 12th August, 1914) :—H. B. Speke, W. G. Banbury, E. N. Rees. The following to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 10th September, 1914) :—J. L. Knott, H. B. Knott.

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. H. Digby-Seymour to be Second-Lieutenant (to be supernumerary) (dated 29th August, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants :—H. T. Richardson, U. R. Gerry (dated 11th September, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants :—E. L. Bell, W. H. Price (dated 29th August, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. W. Nicholson (late Lieutenant of this Battalion) to be Lieutenant (dated 22nd August, 1914). Second-Lieutenant F. C. Judges resigns his commission (dated 23rd September, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. F. Ball to be Second-Lieutenant (to be supernumerary) (dated 29th August, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants :—R. E. Smith (dated 14th August, 1914); D. R. Herriott (dated 12th September, 1914).

RESERVE REGIMENTS.—The following is granted the temporary rank of Captain (dated 17th September, 1914) :—H. J. C. Rostron (late Captain, Northumberland Fusiliers).

THE GERMANS AS FIGHTERS.

Private Burrell, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, is recovering at Pentney from injuries suffered in an attempt to recapture some trenches near Mons. He states :—

I saw my mate blown out of a trench. He had just before bought a pound of butter for us. I don't know where that went. I had a loaf of bread strapped to my back all through the fighting, and very glad I was of it afterwards. At night we still retired pretty rapidly, but the pressure on our rear being great our section was ordered to retake some trenches we had evacuated. We rushed towards them and I, catching my foot in something which I believe was a potato top on the very edge of the trench, fell headlong in, spraining my leg and foot very badly. A mate of mine said, "Have you been hit?" "No," I answered, "I think I have broken my leg." Two of the Royal Scots Fusiliers thought I was a German, and were about to finish me when I shouted and made them understand who I was.

Speaking of the Germans, Private Burrell said :—"I don't think they want to fight. It seems as if they are pushed into action. We were led, they were driven. It was a terrible sight to see the women and children running away from the advancing Germans. They kept asking if they were safe, and although we formed the rearguard of the retreating army our officers had to tell them that all was right. One case touched me very much. It was that of an old man, I should think between 70 and 80 years of age. His arm was slit from wrist to elbow by a German bayonet. He was attended by our doctor."

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Our Roll of Honour.

UP to the date of writing (September 28th) we have heard of three officers of the FIFTH killed and ten wounded. The three who have died a soldier's death are Captain H. S. Toppin, Captain J. H. Matthews and Second-Lieutenant E. F. Boyd. Of these we have

CAPTAIN H. S. TOPPIN.

all been thinking with hearts full of sorrow and admiration; of sorrow for their loss to the Regiment and to the comrades who loved them, of admiration for the noble end which has come to them in battle for their country and the right. It is not for us to intrude on the deeper grief of mourning parents and personal friends, but we believe and hope that they will pass through this time of poignant grief to a common realization with us of the glory they have earned for ever by this supreme sacrifice that they have made. We shall remember them all our lives. We shall tell their story to those who follow our footsteps. We shall think of them as an example and an inspiration, not only throughout the war but in the long years of peace that come after.

The death of Captain H. S. Toppin is a very grevious loss, not only to the Regiment, but to the Army and the country. He joined the 2nd Battalion in Singapore in 1895, and served in Egypt with the 1st Battalion, and in South Africa with Mounted Infantry of the 1st Battalion, thereafter joining the 3rd Battalion. For these campaigns he held the two Egyptian medals and the Queen's medal for South Africa.

For some years he was seconded for survey duty in Uganda, having passed the Royal Geographical Society's course of instruction in survey work. Later he spent some months' leave shooting in Senegambia and French West Africa generally. For his intelligence notes on this journey which he presented to the War Office he received the thanks of the Government, which had also been specially accorded him for his work in East Africa. His last appointment, from which he only returned at the beginning of this year to join the 1st Battalion at Portsmouth, was to the Peru-Bolivia Boundary Commission of which, for nearly the whole of the three years, he was the chief. An account of his travels in the heart of South America is at this moment appearing in the pages of *St. George's Gazette*, and in the whole Regiment there was no keener or more generous supporter of this paper or more constant contributor to it with pen and camera. His was a most loveable, a most original and a most gifted nature, but by far the

CAPTAIN J. H. MATTHEWS.

most remarkable characteristic that he possessed was his insatiable desire of and capacity for hard work.

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Few men thought less of mottos or of abstract guiding principles, but if ever a man was governed by a guiding principle it was Harry Toppin. *Whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might.* Whether it was big game shooting, or stamp collecting, or training his Company, or making maps, or bird's nesting, he threw into the work all the ardour he possessed, and not the least result of this was that success came to him by many channels. His fame as a hunter was very wide. The value of his collection of stamps ran into thousands of pounds. For his arduous and most successful work for the Peruvian Government he received many tributes

LIEUTENANT E. F. BOYD.

from official and unofficial sources, and offers of further employment by other States anxious for his services were his to choose from. He had the genius for dealing with men of all sorts and conditions, and many old friends and acquaintances—natives of Africa, south, east and west; French officers (with whom he was on specially cordial terms) and inhabitants of Lima and other South American towns—will have much reason to mourn his loss. We offer our truest sympathy with Major-General and Mrs. Toppin for their irreparable loss.

Captain Matthews joined the FIFTH at Portland in February, 1899, serving throughout the South African War with the Mounted Infantry, earning the two medals for the campaign. He was promoted captain in October, 1901, continuing to serve with the 2nd Battalion at Gravesend, Aldershot and Dover until he joined the 1st Battalion in India.

After a tour of duty at the Depôt Captain Matthews rejoined the 1st Battalion at Portsmouth on its return from foreign service. Of him it may be said, as it was of another officer who fell in the Boer War, that in all the world he had not an enemy. His gentle kindly disposition endeared him to everyone he met. It is hard to believe that we shall never shake him by the hand again.

Lieutenant Boyd joined the 1st Battalion in January, 1914, being ante-dated, by virtue of his commission from Oxford University, to September, 1912. He was then with us a short seven months, but all who knew him can testify to the affection in which he was held. At football, cricket and other games he was conspicuous for his ability, and his whole personality was that of a fine young English gentleman. What higher praise can one give?

1st Battalion Notes.

FRANCE,
12th September, 1914.

SINCE the last appearance in print of the chronicles of the 1st Battalion much water has flowed beneath the bridge of the history of the Regiment. Your correspondent does not propose in these notes to attempt to give any but the briefest resumé of our doings and that of necessity is confined to his own personal observation. The writing of a full account is not a matter to be undertaken lightly, and at the present moment we are without means of getting at any statistics or of comparing notes with other people.

We embarked at Southampton on the 13th ult. and arrived at Le Havre in the early hours of the following morning. We were roused from our beauty sleep with news of arrival at a very early hour, shortly after midnight in fact, but it took us another couple of hours to steam through interminable docks, locks and basins the while we marvelled at the skilled seamanship that brought the troopship through the narrow passages in which it seemed that we touched the quay on both sides.

We di-embarked at about 4 a.m., and sat in a none-too-sweetly scented shed till 6 a.m., when we proceeded to march to our rest camp which was situated some seven miles (as we marched) from Le Havre. We stopped there in considerable discomfort, owing partly to the delay in getting up our transport which came on a later ship, and partly to the occurrence of a violent thunderstorm which

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broke on the night of the 14th and was followed by heavy rain which continued all day on the 15th and which soon converted the stubble field on which our camp was pitched into a veritable sea of mud.

At midnight on the 15th we marched out of camp, and by dint of manhandling most of the transport we managed to march the five miles to Le Havre station in about four hours. There we entrained, and at 7 a.m. steamed out for the front though our destination was still unannounced. Our journey up country was a regular triumphal progress. At every station we were greeted by large crowds of French people who cheered us vociferously and pressed gifts of tobacco, etc., etc., into the by-no-means unwilling hands of the troops amid cries of "Vive L'angleterre" and "Vive La France."

We reached our destination, which was a place called Landrecies, at about 11 that night and were put in billets, the men in barracks and the officers in a girls' school denuded for the time being of its rightful occupants and arranged as a hospital with nice beds into which we gratefully crept.

On the 17th we marched another six miles to a village called Noyelles where we were billeted for four nights and where we spent our time in route marching, drilling, bathing and perfecting our French conversation. It was wonderful to see how soon the men after finding to their disgust that Hindustani was of no use to them picked up such words as "pain," "non," "bier," "lo" and "tabac," which with suitable pantomimic gesture sufficed to produce for them the greater part of their requirements.

On Friday, the 21st, we continued our march northwards for 15 miles to La Longueville, and on the 22nd we crossed the frontier into Belgium. Shortly after crossing the border we received a word of the presence of the German Army not far from our front and half of the Battalion (B and C Companies) proceeded at once to take up a position between Quarengnons and Jemappes, south-west of Mons, and to hold the bridges crossing the canal. We reached our portion of the defensive line, which was at Quarengnons, at about one, after a twenty mile march, and at once proceeded to put the place into as good a state of defence as we could. To do this it was neccessary to turn families out of their houses bag and baggage and it was sad work to see the poor frightened peasants leaving all they had to call home. However there was no alternative and it was our first taste of war. We worked till it was dark and then dossed down in the street. As soon as it was light we continued the work, which included the sinking of five barges on the canal, whose owners wept many bitter tears at losing their homes. At about eleven the Germans commenced their attack, but for a long time did not honour us with their attention, confining their activities to bridges on our right and left. We could see their shells bursting all over the place and wondered how soon our turn would come. It came all right in due course and was heralded by the approach of infantry who obligingly marched up a road in fours; they were seen by our advanced post across the canal who inflicted much damage before they evacuated their post and crossed the water. For some time we waited and saw occasional small bodies of infantry and were able to account for a good number of them without suffering any harm ourselves. Then the shells began to come and things were not so pleasant, particularly for those who were inside houses prepared for defence. However, we managed to withdraw these small detachments, but not without one or two casualties, behind the barrier erected across the street. Presently the Germans established a gun 200 yards away from us and this proceeded to blow down a house against which one side of the barrier was erected. The men inside suffered, but though the Germans turned their attention to the barrier and bombarded it with case shot it stood firm and we were able to hold on and cover the very gallant attempt of an R.E. officer to blow up the bridge. The Engineers had previously prepared the bridge for demolition, but had not long enough leads and the R.E. officer alone crossed the inner canal by swinging himself under the bridge and tried to reach the ends of the leads. Unfortunately he failed and at five or thereabouts we retired to Frameries, a place about five miles away, where we joined up with the rest of the Battalion after dark.

We rested for an hour or so and then dug ourselves into a position, finishing our trenches at about two next morning. At dawn on the 24th we were greeted by the enemy's shells and were subject to a heavy shell fire and some rifle fire until about ten, when we retired. We continued the retirement with a midday rest till ten at night when, having again crossed the frontier, we bivouacked with the rest of the Division at Bermeries, south-west of Bavai.

Next morning, the 25th, we continued in a southerly direction and, after getting nicely wet in a thunderstorm, billeted in the village of Inchy. On the 26th we again entrenched ourselves and were subject to an attack mostly from shell fire which did a certain amount of damage among the reserves and wounded Second-Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, but the attack was directed more to the right of our position, where eventually the line was broken, and at about 4.30 p.m. we had to retire. We marched all that night and the following day; for part of the afternoon of the 27th fighting a rear guard action though we never had to open fire although we saw small bodies of Uhlans. We bivouacked at dusk and continued the march at midnight. We were pretty well tired out by now and were more asleep than awake during the march bumping into each other and waking up again and again falling asleep. We reached the village of Ham in time for breakfast and took up a prepared position to cover the crossing of the river Somme by the rest of the Division, ourselves being in reserve. At 2 p.m. we marched again and halted that evening in the village of Cresil where we bivouacked, having covered 58½ miles in 48 hours.

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During this march we saw two fights in the air. The first between two English aeroplanes and a German one. We watched them manœuvre for nearly an hour until the Englishman at last got in the *coup de grace* which brought the German to earth. The second was between a large German monoplane and a small French one. The Frenchman was far more active and flew all round and over and under the German, but unfortunately failed to injure it. It looked just like a sparrow attacking a hawk, and both fights are not likely to be forgotten by those who saw them.

On the 29th we were on outpost duty all day and saw a little scrapping, mostly between the opposing cavalry. At night we continued our march again and marched till the following evening when we billeted near Vic-Sur-Aisne. On the 31st we marched again and trekked every day and sometimes by night as well till we halted at the village of Chartres, S.E. of Paris, on the 4th September.

2nd Battalion Notes.

SABATHU,
3rd September, 1914.

ALTHOUGH the 3rd Lahore Division forms part of the force that is being sent to the scene of operations from this country we unfortunately have not accompanied it, it being our luck to be an extra Battalion in the Division. So, instead of proceeding on active service, as of course we all hoped, we have had to find detachments to replace troops who have left.

A Company has proceeded to Jutogh from Dagshai to assist H Company, on whom the numerous guards in Simla were falling very heavily.

G and C Companies have proceeded to Amritza and now Headquarters, and two Companies are proceeding to Ambala, leaving two Companies in Sabathu.

Major Turner has been appointed Disembarkation Officer to the Indian Expeditionary Force and has already sailed from Bombay.

Lieutenant Molineux has been appointed temporary A.D.C. to the Viceroy.

Major Crispin has proceeded to Kasauli as Commandant of the Hill Depôt.

Shortly after the declaration of war all officers on leave were recalled. Those of us who were on leave in this country immediately returned. As regards the two officers on leave in England, we hear hat Lieutenant Powell has already sailed for India, but no news has been received of Lieutenant Sutherland. Rumour has it that he has joined the 1st Battalion and proceeded with it. If this is true we congratulate him on his good luck.

We get no news and our letters are taking nearly a month to come from England.

The following non-commissioned officers and men have gone with the Expeditionary Force:—

No. 5892	Pte. Manby	B Coy.	Servant to Major Turner
„ 931	Lce.-Sgt. Kennett	F „	No. 7 Field Ambulance
„ 2787	„ Christie	G „	„ 7 „ „
„ 2748	Pte. Paradise	A „	„ 7 „ „
„ 2584	„ Davenport	C „	„ 7 „ „
„ 6520	Sergt. Smallwood	E „	„ 8 „ „
„ 7761	„ Graham	B „	„ 8 „ „
„ 2918	Pte. Chaney	E „	„ 8 „ „
„ 2228	„ McDonald	H „	„ 8 „ „
„ 3027	„ Dawson	G „	Supply Section
„ 2851	„ Spencer	G „	„ „
„ 923	Corpl. Ryan	E „	„ „
„ 2370	Pte. Mathews	C „	32nd Signal Company
„ 3129	„ Booth	F „	„ „
„ 2839	Lce.-Cpl. Steele	C „	„ „
„ 2424	Pte. Watson	D „	„ „
„ 3366	„ Harbuck	F „	„ „
„ 2698	„ Millard	G „	„ „

No. 2204 Private L. Collins and No. 2270 Private T. Galbraith transferred to the Highland Light Infantry on the 31st ult.

3rd Battalion Notes.

SCOT'S HOUSE CAMP,
23rd September, 1914.

THE Battalion mobilized at Alnwick on Thursday, the 6th ult., and at once proceeded to Newcastle to absorb its Army reservists. Several companies afterwards proceeded on detachment for the protection of various important points, whilst Headquarters and the Recruit Companies were quartered at the Canning Street Schools. During the last month the various detachments have been called in one by one as their duties were taken over by parties furnished from the National Reserve. On Wednesday, the 23rd inst., Headquarters and four companies, fully equipped and ready for service, proceeded to Scot's House Camp, leaving the remaining four companies behind at Canning Street, under Captain Holderness, to train recruits. Over 500 non-commissioned officers and men and 23 officers have already proceeded overseas to join the Expeditionary Force, and further drafts are detailed to be dispatched at once as occasion requires. The officers who have already gone include Captains Hardman-Jones, Gordon, Lambert and Lamb, Lieutenants Platt, D.S.O., the Hon. D. Freeman-Mitford, C. Leather, Nunneley, Hervey-Bathurst, Creswell-Hobbs, Hodgson and Waddilove, and Second-Lieutenants Surtees, Geddes, Coles, Hoffman, Van Neck, Mortished, Edwards and Lawson.

Major Fishbourne has been appointed to command the 8th (Service) Battalion, in which Battalion Captain Williams, D.S.O., commands a company, and Lieutenant Smith is Quartermaster. Lieutenant Chenevix-Trench has been appointed Adjutant of the 9th (Service) Battalion,

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Colonel Roundell has with him in camp at Scot's House Captain Thornton as Adjutant, Captain Wallace as Quartermaster, and Major Burdon, Captains Rickman, Lloyd and Hawkes in command of companies.

Several of the old officers of the Regiment are serving with the Service Battalions of the new Army, including Captain R. G. Westmacott and Lieutenant the Hon. S. J. Joicey. Sergeant-Major Belchem and Colour-Sergeant Smith have received commissions in the 3rd and in the 8th (Service) Battalions. As I write comes the information of the inclusion in the casualty list of the name of Captain J. H. Matthews as having been killed and that of Captain R. F. Gatehouse as being wounded and missing. Both these officers served in recent years with the 3rd Battalion, all ranks of which received the sad news with the deepest regret. The present strength of the Battalion is 2,011 of all ranks, and it is understood that it is to be brought up to 2,600.

6th Battalion Notes.

Gosforth Park,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
24th September, 1914.

THE Battalion Sports were held on the 1st ult., at the Durham University Athletic Grounds, Heaton, and were a great success. The Lady Mayoress presented the prizes, and the Lord Mayor was also in attendance.

We received the telegram to mobilize on Tuesday evening, the 4th ult., and orders were issued for embodiment at 6 a.m. on the 5th ult. We mobilized in all respects ready for service in under two hours. Five companies proceeded to billets in Tilley's Rooms, Market Street, two companies to the Central Station, and one company to Benwell, and between the 5th and 7th ult. we guarded various important points in and around Newcastle, including some prizes on the river.

On the 7th ult. we concentrated in billets close to Tilley's Rooms, and on the 8th ult. the Battalion marched to Forest Hall and were billeted in schools and public buildings in the district.

Between the 7th and 14th ult. we were engaged in digging trenches in the neighbourhood.

On the 14th ult. we marched to Blyth, again billeted as the garrison of the seaport, protecting the docks and harbours until the 30th ult.

On the 20th ult. we sent a detachment of 50 men to Newbiggin-on-Sea and 16 to Amble.

On the 30th ult. the Battalion joined the Northumberland Infantry Brigade, under General Riddell, at Gosforth Park and went under canvas.

All the officers and 80 per cent. of the men of the Battalion have volunteered for foreign service and we are therefore designated an Imperial Service Battalion. We have now recruited up to strength and are engaged in forming a Reserve Battalion.

The men are all being inoculated against enteric, and their physique has much improved.

7th Battalion Notes.

Gosforth Park,
21st September, 1914.

IN the piping times of peace the difficulty has been, from the writer's view point, to send a respectable contribution to *The Gazette*. Now, since the wonderful word "mobilize" was sent over the wires, the difficulty is how to curtail these Notes. So much could be said and so much has to be left unsaid.

The 30th July saw our Special Service Section, under Second-Lieutenant Jobling, off to its war station. Orders were received to mobilize on the 4th August and on the afternoon of the following day some 16 officers and 450 other ranks had arrived at their destinations on the North-East Coast. Considering that Companies forming the Battalion are scattered all over North Northumberland this was highly creditable both to the Adjutant (Captain Archer) and Headquarters' Staff for the arrangements made and to Company Officers for the manner in which they carried out their orders. On the second day we were reinforced by five officers and 150 other ranks. Lieutenant-Colonel R. Scott was in command.

Every credit is due to non-commissioned officers and men for their prompt response to the call. Numerous instances of self-sacrifice could be given—such as of men donning the uniform immediately after a shift underground, but probably the record, certainly for distance travelled, is held by two men of the Amble Company who made the trip from Canada.

On the 11th August the regimental transport, which had been purchased by Lieutenant V. Merivale in Alnwick district, arrived at the coast defence stations.

The 15th August saw us relieved by Special Reserve Battalions, and after a short sojourn in the salubrious neighbourhood of Byker we went into camp with the remainder of the Brigade at Gosforth Park. And here we have remained since the 18th August.

On the 1st September the question of volunteering for foreign service was put to the Battalion by Colonel Scott, with the result that 21 officers (including those who have lately joined) and 650 other ranks took upon themselves that further obligation. Officers and men who could not see their way to do so have since gone on detachment duty under Major Gillespie.

To bring up the Service Battalion to strength recruiting has been strenuously prosecuted at the various stations

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and so good has been the response that within a very short period there were no vacancies. Most of these recruits are now being trained at the Depôt at Alnwick.

One of the most pleasing features to date has been the influx of new officers. We have great pleasure in welcoming back to our midst Captains G. S. Jackson and the Hon. J. A. Joicey and Second-Lieutenant J. W. Merivale. We also welcome Captain Wright (late 1st V.B.N.F.), Lieutenant Lambton (late 3rd Militia Battalion), and the undermentioned Second-Lieutenants:—Messrs. W. J. Davis, H. Liddell, C. Kay, J. Welch, G. F. Ball, E. J. Smith, D. R. Herriott and E. Motum.

Meanwhile we are making every endeavour to become more proficient and live in hopes that, when inspected, we may be so favourably reported upon that active service may soon be our lot.

8TH (SERVICE) BATTALION CAMP NEAR GRANTHAM.—BETWEEN THE COOKHOUSE AND A COMPANY LINES.
(*Photo by Lieutenant Powell.*)

8th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BELTON PARK, GRANTHAM,
27th September, 1914.

THIS Battalion was born at Newcastle on the 11th August. From the first it shewed extraordinary vitality and no barracks, least of all a modest regimental depôt already shared with another thriving corps, could be expected to house it. At this period three-quarters of the men were accommodated in various schools in Newcastle. Meals took forty minutes to serve. No one was comfortable or completely clad, and yet everyone worked hard whether drilling or being drilled. At length after countless roll-calls, postings and repostings, seeming chaos began to disappear. Orders that had been counter-ordered more than twice were sternly ignored and so in really creditable fashion the first new unit of the Regiment—the precursor of six others now in training in various parts of England—took military form and substance.

On the 27th August one company left Newcastle for the training centre of the 11th (Northern) Division near Grantham. A few days later it was followed by the rest of the Battalion. The divisonal camp, and more particularly that of the 34th Brigade to which we belong, is two miles from Grantham in a field outside Belton Park. Lord Brownlow, our landlord, has shewn us all what a patriotic and generous man can do for his country in time of war and takes the keenest personal interest in the 11,000 troops now quartered on his property. The whole of his beautiful park is used for training and in it the huts of corrugated iron are being built in which we should all be housed before another month is over. The 32nd Brigade are to move in almost at once.

Major-General Hammersley, C.B., commands the Division, and Brigadier-General Hon. C. Lambton (late 5th Fusiliers) our Brigade.

In addition to the nine officers mentioned in the August number of *St. George's Gazette* as having joined the 8th Battalion, the following have since reported themselves:—Captains E. E. Williams, D.S.O., de L. W. Passy (25th Punjabis), C. R. L. Fitzgerald (126th Baluchis), Lieutenents R. G. Raw (late 5th Fusiliers), J. A. L. Paton (late 5th Fusiliers), A. H. James, L. H. Shaw, F. G. Buckley, O. H. Lindberg, T. A. Straughan, S. P. Bedson, A. G. Lane, H. E. Hobbs, A. Wedgwood, G. S. Terry, W. R. Allen, H. G. Sale, F. M. M. Carlisle, W. S. Oliver and G. Campbell. Most of these come from the Officers Training Corps. Lieutenants Shaw and Campbell are from the Artists' Rifles. Lieutenant Buckley is a brother of Lieutenant E. G. M. Buckley of the 1st Battalion, now with us in the 8th. Lieutenant Lindberg is a son of Major Lindberg, late of our 3rd Battalion.

On the other hand we have lost several subalterns who almost as soon as they had arrived were sent on to other service battalions of the Regiment. Major Morley was with

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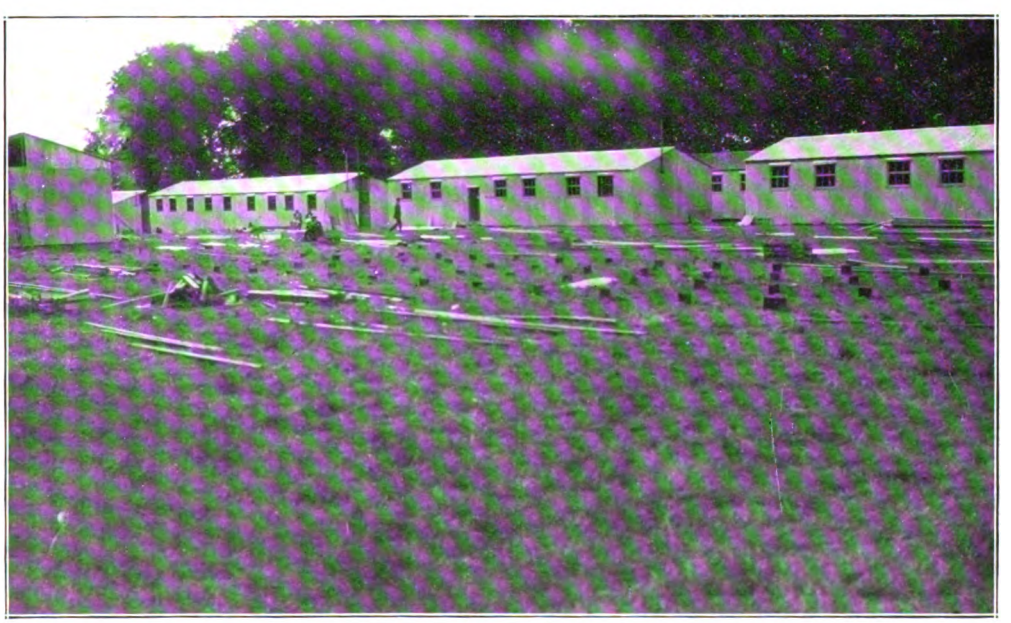
us for a short time as second-in-command, but soon left to command the 14th Battalion. Lieutenant Trench has gone to be adjutant of the 9th Battalion now training at Wool where the 1st Battalion spent two months of this summer. Captains Gordon-Steward and Warwick who also belonged to us for a while have departed, the one to be adjutant of the 11th Battalion and the other of the 12th Battalion. The first is encamped at Pirbright and the other at Tring Park, near Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire. We have thus more than our full complement of officers; but whether this happy state of things will be allowed to continue remains to be seen, and we still lack a second-in-command.

8TH (SERVICE) BATTALION CAMP NEAR GRANTHAM.—D COMPANY FITTING EQUIPMENT.
(*Photo by Lieutenant Powell.*)

Sergeant-Major G. Wooll, late 1st Battalion, is our Battalion Sergeant-Major, having been promoted to that rank from private in the record time of one day. Our Quartermaster-Sergeant is Q.M.S. J. R. White, late 3rd Battalion. The four Company-Sergeant-Majors are :—C.S.M. Walsh, Rood, Pierce and Ambury, and the four Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants are :—C.Q.M.S. Pell, Ashton, Hamilton and Dresser. All these are past or serving 5th Fusiliers. Staff-Sergeant Eltringham, also late of the Regiment, is here as physical training instructor.

Lack of a complete issue of arms and equipment has somewhat hampered methodical training, but this state of things, inevitable under the circumstances, is gradually passing away, and the Battalion as a whole shows really noticeable progress. No one watching them at work would guess that all but a few individuals have little more than a month's service behind them. The good opinions already earned it is our firm intention to deserve right through the training period and beyond that in the theatre of war where all ranks hope one day to find themselves. The idea that the conclusion of peace or any other event should prevent us joining the British Forces in the field, whether in December, January, February or March, is one too dismal even to be considered. To change one word, "Its a long, long way to Pomerania, But my heart lies there."



8TH (SERVICE) BATTALION CAMP NEAR GRANTHAM.—HUTS NEARING COMPLETION IN BELTON PARK.
(*Photo by Lieutenant Powell.*)

One hundred recruits have just joined us to replace those medically unfit or discharged. This puts a severe

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strain on the supply of blankets which had hitherto been sufficient for our needs, and necessitates raids on orderly-room tables and other places where blankets mysteriously accumulate.

We apologise for having mis-spelt Captain Atkins' name in last month's notes.

9th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BOVINGTON CAMP, WOOL, DORSETSHIRE,
28th September, 1914.

TWO more precocious youngsters have sprung into existence since the last issue of this paper, the 9th and 10th Battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers. These two Battalions left Newcastle in four trains in the small hours of the morning on the 7th inst., the 9th under the command of Captain J. H. White and Captain Westmacott, and the 10th Battalion under the command of Captain Lord Crofton and Lieutenant the Hon. S. Joicey, all ex-members of the FIFTH.

Some of the companies were escorted to the railway station by a piper and a boy scout, the latter insisted on being allowed on the platform (though the railway officials protested) as he considered it was his duty to the Regiment he had been serving with to see them safely off the premises and bid them good-bye with the martial air of a great commander.

After 14 hours in the train the Battalions arrived here and found no tents and a dearth of blankets and had to content themselves with sleeping in the open. Thanks to our thoughtful Quartermaster at the Depôt, who provided us with rations for our arrival here, we had substantial rations in hand on our arrival. However, all ranks made the best of it and it gave the people of Dorsetshire an idea of what our "canny north-country men" are made of. We have settled down here now, a fine Battalion, 1,121 strong, perhaps on the very spot where our 1st Battalion was encamped this summer.

At present we have not had a Commanding Officer posted to us, but up to date the Battalion has been commanded by Captain Lord Howick, the remaining officers who have arrived for duty being :—Captain G. R. Westmacott, Lieutenant and Adjutant J. F. Chenevix-Trench and Second-Lieutenants E. M. Jackson, R. V. L. Dallas, H. W. R. Haselhurst, R. B. Garrard, J. S. Allen, A. D. Haslam and G. E. M. Gray, whilst Lieutenant A. E. Read has been posted to us as Quartermaster and has been untiring in his efforts for the welfare of the Battalion.

Colour-Sergeant F. T. Poulter and Colour-Sergeant J. Hatton (both late of our 2nd Battalion) have been appointed Regimental Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Regiment. Amongst other past non-commissioned officers who are well known and esteemed in the Regiment are Colour-Sergeant Menham, Sergeants Armitage, Gent, Nolan, Matthews and several other good Fusiliers. Great praise is due to the senior non-commissioned officers of this Battalion for their untiring efforts and energy on our arrival here under very adverse circumstances.

Let us hope that this 9th (Service) Battalion will try and emulate and live up to the glorious records of the FIFTH, and have that great feeling of *esprit-de-corps* for which 5th Fusiliers have always been known in the past.

Up to date we have been fully occupied with square drill and have had two or three route marches to Lulworth Cove where we have been all bathing. We expect to leave here at the end of October for a month and go to Lulworth whilst huts are being erected here, and we all hope that we will soon be fitted to take our part on service on the Continent.

The 10th Battalion, much to our regret, left us on the 17th inst., for Pirbright, where we wish them the best of luck.

Editorial Notes.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
29th September, 1914.

WE very much regret to record the following list of casualties in the 1st Battalion in France as announced in the *Times* :—

OFFICERS.

KILLED.

Captain H. S. Toppin — Captain J. H. Matthews
Lieutenant E. F. Boyd.

WOUNDED.

Captain H. R. Sandilands — Lieutenant C. T. S. Cogan
" B. H. Selby — " G. O. Sloper
" E. L. D. Forster — 2nd-Lt. E. E. Dorman-Smith
Lieutenant H. L. Ovans — " E. H. Tottie

WOUNDED AND MISSING.

Captain R. F. Gatehouse — Lieutenant H. O. Sutherland

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

WOUNDED.

No. 9130 Pte. A. Pickering — No. 1378 Pte. C. H. Smith
" 6449 Sergt. R. Samuels — " 9483 " E. Whitfield
" 8814 Pte. T. Thody — " 9969 " H. Hill
" 642 " W. Gilroy — " 1170 " A. Chatfield
No. 1375 Pte. H. Williams

Of former officers of the Regiment the following are casualties :—

Captain Duncombe-Shafto, Royal Scots, killed
" G. J. Jackson, 60th Rifles, wounded
Lieutenant N. C. G. Cameron, Cameron Highlanders, killed
" E. W. Gower, Royal Munster Fusiliers, missing
Captain B. Evans, S. Lancs. Regiment, wounded

Among the numerous items which appear under the heading of "Extracts from *The London Gazette*" in this month's issue is one which will arouse a feeling of regret, from our own point of view, among the subscribers to the *Gazette*. We allude to the appointment of Major Crispin to command a battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

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For years past Major Crispin has been one of the props and pillars of the *Gazette* both with pen and pencil, and his assistance to the present Editor has been invaluable on more than one occasion. His clever sketches will be much missed in the future unless the hope which we shall continue to cherish should be realised and he can find opportunity to send us something occasionally.

The gain of the Royal Sussex Regiment—whom we congratulate on their new C.O.—is the 5th Fusiliers' loss. Major Crispin leaves the Regiment with the best wishes of his former comrades who hope that the "exigencies of the Service" will allow him to pay them many visits on future occasions.

We are asked to insert the following notices :—

Mrs. H. S. Ainslie appeals for comforts for the men of the 1st Battalion now at the front. Suggestions :—mufflers, mittens, sleeping caps, tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, indelible pencils, handkerchiefs (khaki), 1d. tins boracic ointment. Cheques and parcels to be sent to Mrs. H. S. Ainslie, 32, Nightingale Road, Southsea.

Mrs. Thomson, assisted by Mrs. Dashwood and Mrs. Hubert Hall, have kindly consented to collect articles for despatch to the men of the Northumberland Fusiliers now at the front, or to receive subscriptions for the purchase of such articles.

It is considered that the articles most desirable for the purpose are socks, Balaclava helmets, woollen khaki-coloured gloves or mitts, chocolate, briar pipes, tobacco, leather boot laces, and coloured pocket handkerchiefs.

Packages or subscriptions should be addressed :—Mrs. Thomson, 247, Wingrove Road, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Letter to the Editor.

24th September, 1914.

Dear Sir,—I wish to acknowledge, with grateful thanks, the present of a parcel of cigarettes forwarded by Messrs. Pierce and Sons, 7, Castle Street, Liverpool, per instructions by Mr. Ernest Baxter. They were received about five days ago and were much appreciated. On or about the same day a parcel of tobacco was also received. What has happened to that parcel is something of a mystery. It was either mislaid or else the contents were issued with some ration tobacco that was received about the same time. At any rate I am sorry to say that all trace of the sender's name has been lost. I hope the unknown sender will see this letter and realize that we are very grateful to him for his kind present. Incidentally I should like to point out that parcels should be as small as possible. Big bulky parcels have very little chance of getting up to the front. I hope we may be able to give you some details of our movements before long. At present it must suffice to say that the health and spirit of the Battalion is excellent. We received the *Gazettes* for August three days ago.

Yours very truly,

H. S. Ainslie.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Woolwich, Monday, 30th September, 1889.

First Battalion Notes.—On the 7th inst. H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief made his annual inspection of the Woolwich Garrison on the Common. The Battalion paraded in marching order (with tunics) and consisted of six companies of about thirty-two files each.

. . . . . Whilst the mounted troops were marching past in various formations, the Regiment marched up to the Shooter's Hill end of the Common and prepared for the sham fight, which was to follow, against an imaginary enemy holding the ha-ha. This attack was a great success and seemed to delight the thousands that had assembled to see the inspection more than any other part of the parade. . . . The troops were then reformed on their original ground, advanced in review order and gave a Royal salute, after which H.R.H. called the commanding and field officers to the front and addressing them expressed his entire satisfaction with the turn-out and performances of the Garrison, and turning to Colonel Hackett said : "The Fifth Fusiliers—the Northumberland Fusiliers—are a very fine body of men, very smart and exceedingly well turned out."

Among the spectators at the Review were Colonels Fitzroy and Robinson and Major Drake, and last but, from a modern point of view, most important, an energetic reporter for the *Morning Post*, who sent that paper a most thrilling account of how "the Fusiliers climbed up the ha-ha like cats in the twinkling of an eye," etc. By-the-bye, he could not have seen the ineffectual attempts of certain distinguished soldiers to get over the obstacle in question. Personally, we choose a bridge as the quickest way over—not being cats.

We were delighted to hear the results of the musketry in India last year and heartily congratulate the 2nd Battalion on their magnificent performance. We give the titles of the three first battalions :—

1—4th Battalion Rifle Brigade	Figure of Merit	170·29
2—2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers	„ „	169·43
	difference, ·86	
3—1st Battalion Border Regiment	Figure of Merit	165·00
	difference, 4·43	

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S DISPATCH.

War Office,
9th September, 1914.

The following dispatch has been received by the Secretary of State for War from the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief British Forces in the Field :—

7th September, 1914.

My Lord,

I have the honour to report the proceedings of the Field Force under my command up to the time of rendering this dispatch.

1. The transport of the troops from England both by sea and by rail was effected in the best order and without a check. Each unit arrived at its destination in this country well within the scheduled time.

The concentration was practically complete on the evening of Friday, the 21st ult., and I was able to make dispositions to move the Force during Saturday, the 22nd, to positions I considered most favourable from which to commence operations which the French Commander-in-Chief, General Joffre, requested me to undertake in pursuance of his plans in prosecution of the campaign.

The line taken up extended along the line of the canal from Conde on the west, through Mons and Binche on the east. This line was taken up as follows :—

From Conde to Mons inclusive was assigned to the Second Corps, and to the right of the Second Corps from Mons the First Corps was posted. The Fifth Cavalry Brigade was placed at Binche.

In the absence of my Third Army Corps I desired to keep the Cavalry Division as much as possible as a reserve to act on my outer flank, or move in support of any threatened part of the line. The forward reconnaissance was entrusted to Brigadier-General Sir Philip Chetwode with the Fifth Cavalry Brigade, but I directed General Allenby to send forward a few squadrons to assist in this work.

During the 22nd and 23rd these advanced squadrons did some excellent work, some of them penetrating as far as Soignies, and several encounters took place in which our troops showed to great advantage.

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THE FIRST POSITION.

2. At 6 a.m. on the 23rd August I assembled the Commanders of the First and Second Corps and Cavalry Division at a point close to the position, and explained the general situation of the Allies, and what I understood to be General Joffre's plan. I discussed with them at some length the immediate situation in front of us.

From information I received from French Headquarters I understood that little more than one, or at most two, of the enemy's army corps, with perhaps one cavalry division, were in front of my position; and I was aware of no attempted outflanking movement by the enemy. I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that my patrols encountered no undue opposition in their reconnoitring operations. The observation of my aeroplanes seemed also to bear out this estimate.

About 3 p.m. on Sunday, the 23rd, reports began coming in to the effect that the enemy was commencing an attack on the Mons line, apparently in some strength, but that the right of the position from Mons and Bray was being particularly threatened.

The Commander of the First Corps had pushed his flank back to some high ground south of Bray, and the Fifth Cavalry Brigade evacuated Binche, moving slightly south; the enemy thereupon occupied Binche.

The right of the Third Division, under General Hamilton, was at Mons, which formed a somewhat dangerous salient: and I directed the Commander of the Second Corps to be careful not to keep the troops on this salient too long, but, if threatened seriously, to draw back the centre behind Mons. This was done before dark. In the meantime, about 5 p.m., I received a most unexpected message from General Joffre by telegraph, telling me that at least three German Corps, viz., a reserve corps, the Fourth Corps and the Ninth Corps, were moving on my position in front, and that the Second Corps was engaged in a turning movement from the direction of Tournay. He also informed me that the two reserve French divisions and the Fifth French Army on my right were retiring, the Germans having on the previous day gained possession of the passages of the Sambre between Charleroi and Namur.

RETIREMENT BEGUN.

3. In view of the possibility of my being driven from the Mons position, I had previously ordered a position in rear to be reconnoitred. This position rested on the fortress of Maubeuge on the right and extended west to Jenlain, south-east of Valenciennes, on the left. The position was reported difficult to hold, because standing crops and buildings made the siting of trenches very difficult and limited the field of fire in many important localities. It nevertheless afforded a few good artillery positions.

When the news of the retirement of the French and the heavy German threatening on my front reached me, I endeavoured to confirm it by aeroplane reconnaissance; and as a result of this I determined to effect a retirement to the Maubeuge position at daybreak on the 24th.

A certain amount of fighting continued along the whole line throughout the night, and at daybreak on the 24th the Second Division from the neighbourhood of Harmignies made a powerful demonstration as if to retake Binche. This was supported by the artillery of both the First and Second Divisions, whilst the First Division took up a supporting position in the neighbourhood of Peissant. Under cover of this demonstration the Second Corps retired on the line Dour-Quarouble-Frameries. The Third Division on the right of the Corps suffered considerable loss in this operation from the enemy, who had retaken Mons.

The Second Corps halted on this line, where they partially entrenched themselves, enabling Sir Douglas Haig with the First Corps gradually to withdraw to the new position; and he effected this without much further loss, reaching the line Bavai-Maubeuge about 7 p.m. Towards mid-day the enemy appeared to be directing his principal efforts against our left.

I had previously ordered General Allenby with the Cavalry to act vigorously in advance of my left front and endeavour to take the pressure off.

CAVALRY'S SEVERE LOSSES.

About 7.30 a.m. General Allenby received a message from Sir Charles Ferguson, commanding the Fifth Division, saying that he was very hard pressed and in urgent need of support. On receipt of this message General Allenby drew in the Cavalry and endeavoured to bring direct support to the Fifth Division.

During the course of this operation General De Lisle, of the Second Cavalry Brigade, thought he saw a good opportunity to paralyse the further advance of the enemy's infantry by making a mounted attack on his flank. He formed up and advanced for this purpose, but was held up by wire about 500 yards from his objective, and the 9th Lancers and 18th Hussars suffered severely in the retirement of the Brigade.

The 19th Infantry Brigade, which had been guarding the Line of Communications, was brought up by rail to Valenciennes on the 22nd and 23rd. On the morning of the 24th they were moved out to a position south of Quarouble to support the left flank of the Second Corps.

With the assistance of the Cavalry Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was enabled to effect his retreat to a new position; although, having two corps of the enemy on his front and one threatening his flank, he suffered great losses in doing so.

At nightfall the position was occupied by the Second Corps to the west of Bavai, the First Corps to the right. The right was protected by the Fortress of Maubeuge, the left by the 19th Brigade in position between Jenlain and Bry, and the Cavalry on the outer flank.

DANGER OF BEING SURROUNDED.

4. The French were still retiring, and I had no support except such as was afforded by the Fortress of Maubeuge; and the determined attempts of the enemy to get round my left flank assured me that it was his intention to hem me against that place and surround me. I felt that not a moment must be lost in retiring to another position.

I had every reason to believe that the enemy's forces were somewhat exhausted, and I knew that they had suffered heavy losses. I hoped therefore that his pursuit would not be too vigorous to prevent me effecting my object.

The operation, however, was full of danger and difficulty, not only owing to the very superior force in my front, but also to the exhaustion of the troops.

The retirement was recommenced in the early morning of the 25th to a position in the neighbourhood of Le Cateau, and rearguards were ordered to be clear of the Maubeuge-Bavai-Eth Road by 5.30 a.m.

Two Cavalry Brigades, with the Divisional Cavalry of the Second Corps, covered the movement of the Second Corps. The remainder of the Cavalry Division with the 19th Brigade, the whole under the command of General Allenby, covered the west flank.

The Fourth Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday, the 23rd, and by the morning of the 25th 11 Battalions and a Brigade of Artillery with Divisional Staff were available for service.

I ordered General Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau Road south of La Chaprie. In this position the Division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the Second and First Corps to the new position.

Although the troops had been ordered to occupy the Cambrai-Le Cateau-Landrecies position, and the ground had, during the 25th, been partially prepared and entrenched, I had grave doubts—owing to the information I received as to the accumulating strength of the enemy against me—as to the wisdom of standing there to fight.

Having regard to the continued retirement of the French on my right, my exposed left flank, the tendency of the enemy's western corps (II.) to envelop me, and, more than all, the exhausted condition of the troops, I determined to make a great effort to continue the retreat till I could put some substantial obstacle, such as the Somme or the Oise, between my troops and the enemy, and afford the former some opportunity of rest and reorganisation. Orders were, therefore, sent to the Corps Commanders to continue their retreat as soon as they

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possibly could towards the general line Vermand-St. Quentin-Ribemont.

The Cavalry, under General Allenby, were ordered to cover the retirement.

Throughout the 25th and far into the evening the First Corps continued its march on Landrecies, following the road along the eastern border of the Forêt De Mormal, and arrived at Landrecies about 10 o'clock. I had intended that the Corps should come further west so as to fill up the gap between Le Cateau and Landrecies, but the men were exhausted and could not get further in without rest.

Enemy's "Tremendous Loss."

The enemy, however, would not allow them this rest, and about 9.30 p.m. a report was received that the Fourth Guards Brigade in Landrecies was heavily attacked by troops of the Ninth German Army Corps who were coming through the forest on the north of the town. This Brigade fought most gallantly and caused the enemy to suffer tremendous loss in issuing from the forest into the narrow streets of the town. This loss has been estimated from reliable sources at from 700 to 1,000. At the same time information reached me from Sir Douglas Haig that his First Division was also heavily engaged south and east of Maroilles. I sent urgent messages to the Commander of the two French Reserve Divisions on my right to come up to the assistance of the First Corps, which they eventually did. Partly owing to this assistance, but mainly to the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his Corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night, they were able at dawn to resume their march south towards Wassigny on Guise.

By about 6 p.m. the Second Corps had got into position with their right on Le Cateau, their left in the neighbourhood of Caudry, and the line of defence was continued thence by the Fourth Division towards Seranvillers, the left being thrown back.

During the fighting on the 24th and 25th the Cavalry became a good deal scattered, but by the early morning of the 26th General Allenby had succeeded in concentrating two Brigades to the south of Cambrai.

The Fourth Division was placed under the orders of the General Officer Commanding the Second Army Corps.

The Critical Day.

On the 24th the French Cavalry Corps, consisting of three divisions, under General Sordêt, had been in billets north of Avesnes. On my way back from Bavai, which was my "Poste de Commandement" during the fighting of the 23rd and 24th, I visited General Sordêt, and earnestly requested his co-operation and support. He promised to obtain sanction from his Army Commander to act on my left flank, but said that his horses were too tired to move before the next day. Although he rendered me valuable assistance later on in the course of the retirement, he was unable for the reasons given to afford me any support on the most critical day of all, viz., the 26th.

At daybreak it became apparent that the enemy was throwing the bulk of his strength against the left of the position occupied by the Second Corps and the Fourth Division.

At this time the guns of four German Army Corps were in position against them, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien reported to me that he judged it impossible to continue his retreat at daybreak (as ordered) in face of such an attack.

I sent him orders to use his utmost endeavours to break off the action and retire at the earliest possible moment, as it was impossible for me to send him any support, the First Corps being at the moment incapable of movement.

The French Cavalry Corps, under General Sordêt, was coming up on our left rear early in the morning, and I sent an urgent message to him to do his utmost to come up and support the retirement of my left flank; but owing to the fatigue of his horses he found himself unable to intervene in any way.

There had been no time to entrench the position properly, but the troops showed a magnificent front to the terrible fire which confronted them.

The Artillery, although outmatched by at least four to one, made a splendid fight, and inflicted heavy losses on their opponents.

At length it became apparent that, if complete annihilation was to be avoided, a retirement must be attempted; and the order was given to commence it about 3.30 p.m. The movement was covered with the most devoted intrepidity and determination by the Artillery, which had itself suffered heavily, and the fine work done by the Cavalry in the further retreat from the position assisted materially in the final completion of this most difficult and dangerous operation.

Fortunately the enemy had himself suffered too heavily to engage in an energetic pursuit.

I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

General Smith-Dorrien's Services.

I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the Army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could never have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operation.

The retreat was continued far into the night of the 26th and through the 27th and 28th, on which date the troops halted on the line Noyon-Chauny-La Fere, having then thrown off the weight of the enemy's pursuit.

On the 27th and 28th I was much indebted to General Sordêt and the French Cavalry Division which he commands for materially assisting my retirement and successfully driving back some of the enemy on Cambrai.

General D'Amade also, with the 61st and 62nd French Reserve Divisions, moved down from the neighbourhood of Arras on the enemy's right flank and took much pressure off the rear of the British Forces.

This closes the period covering the heavy fighting which commenced at Mons on Sunday afternoon, 23rd August, and which really constituted a four days' battle.

At this point, therefore, I propose to close the present dispatch.

I deeply deplore the very serious losses which the British Forces have suffered in this great battle; but they were inevitable in view of the fact that the British Army—only two days after a concentration by rail—was called upon to withstand a vigorous attack of five German Army Corps.

Officers Mentioned.

It is impossible for me to speak too highly of the skill evinced by the two General Officers commanding the Army Corps; the self-sacrificing and devoted exertions of their Staffs; the direction of the troops by Divisional, Brigade and Regimental Leaders; the command of the smaller units by their officers; and the magnificient fighting spirit displayed by non-commissioned officers and men.

I wish particularly to bring to your Lordship's notice the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps under Sir David Henderson. Their skill, energy and perseverance have been beyond all praise. They have furnished me with the most complete and accurate information which has been of incalculable value in the conduct of the operations. Fired at constantly both by friend and foe, and not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout.

Further, by actually fighting in the air, they have succeeded in destroying five of the enemy's machines.

I wish to acknowledge with deep gratitude the incalculable assistance I received from the General and Personal Staffs at Headquarters during this trying period.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the General Staff; Major-General Wilson, Sub-Chief of the General Staff; and all under them have worked day and night unceasingly with the utmost skill, self-sacrifice and devotion; and the same acknowledgment is due by me to Brigadier-General Hon. W. Lambton, my Military Secretary, and the Personal Staff.

In such operations as I have described the work of the Quarter-master-General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major-

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General Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination; and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater.

Major-General Sir Nevil Macready, the Adjutant-General, has also been confronted with most onerous and difficult tasks in connexion with disciplinary arrangements and the preparation of casualty lists. He has been indefatigable in his exertions to meet the difficult situations which arose.

I have not yet been able to complete the list of officers whose names I desire to bring to your Lordship's notice for services rendered during the period under review; and, as I understand it is of importance that this dispatch should no longer be delayed, I propose to forward this list, separately, as soon as I can.

I have the honour to be,
Your Lordship's most obedient Servant.
(Signed) J. D. P. FRENCH, Field-Marshal,
Commander-in-Chief,
British Forces in the Field.

THE QUEST OF A RIVER'S SOURCE.

By H.S.T.

(Illustrated by Photos taken by the Writer).

(Continued from page 116.)

The three months spent in the Andes have left no pleasurable recollections. The daily routine for me hardly changed. Up in the dark or at dawn. A dive into one's sponge-bag produces a complicated mass of sponge, tooth and nail brushes, bottle of Odol, and anything else that the sponge, damp from the last time it was called into use, has come in contact with, the whole frozen into a solid lump. If you are in too much of a hurry to coax the sponge out gently the bag in which it lies will probably tear in half.

Dressing, of course, should be mentioned first, taking the day's work in order. But before dressing you had first to undress; and yet to do that literally would have meant courting pneumonia. Overnight, coat, putties, breeches and boots come off, but nothing else. Besides one's undergarments—say two pairs of socks, two pairs of drawers, a thick vest, flannel shirt and as many sweaters as your coat will button over—a woollen headgear and five blankets must be worn to ensure a comfortable night's rest.

After a hurried breakfast one mounts saddle and rides at walking pace over a snow-covered pampa, or it may be loses temper and energy in efforts to force a stubborn brute of a mule over some ice covered swamp which you know perfectly well will bear his weight but which he probably refuses to face until he has reduced you to a state of choleric frenzy.

Later in the day you lie huddled under as much shelter as a saddle, tipped on end, will give you, waiting on a mountain top for the usual snowstorms to blow over and so give you a chance to get on with the work or see your way back to camp.

Then, after dinner, you mean up the angle books as quickly as possible and so to bed.

Baths? Well, we had heard that an Indian only sees water twice during his lifetime, but had hardly believed it. Later on I asked several men if they had ever had a wash, and they fairly laughed at the idea. The Cordillera Indian *never* washes or changes his or her clothes, and really I don't blame him. When a pair of trousers or a petticoat becomes rotten with age or worn out another garment is just pulled on over the old one. Anyone brave enough to explore the lower layers would probably enrich science by his discoveries. We soon came to the conclusion that to allow cold air, let alone cold water, to ply on one's skin was an unnecessary discomfort. Alcohol, if you are a teetotaller, is a useful substitute for water for ablution purposes. Pour a little on to cotton wool and rub the parts exposed to the atmosphere such as neck and hands. The dirt will come off in grand style. As, however, your companions are probably not all abstainers, this process should be done in the privacy of your tent; otherwise they may make nasty remarks concerning the waste of good liquor. When new to the country and revelling in the sunny climate of Arequipa I scorned the idea of not bathing regularly. Two months after reaching the Sierra I thought it was due to myself to have my first bath and a change of clothes. Not that I had the slightest inclination for either; but habits die slowly, and we had reached a miner's house on Lake Suches where we could escape from the freezing winds always present in a tent. The Chief made an entry recording the deed in his official diary. There are a few Englishmen gold mining up here. These men wait for their annual holiday to Arequipa or Lima before launching out into anything so unnecessary as baths.

Of sport there was plenty to be taken on the way to and from work, and our shot guns kept the larder well-filled with geese, duck, or teal, that frequent in hundreds the lakes and pools common on every pampa. Good wild sport it was too; but as cartridges were valuable and game was the only food besides tinned stuff a sitting shot was generally taken in preference to a sporting one. Personally I regard a cold roast teal, if properly hung and cooked, as one of the best birds that fly, and I always went for them in preference to larger fowl. The goose is worse than his tough old brother found on the Nile, and is quite uneatable until he has been buried for a reasonable period. There were also a fair number of vicuñas, but after securing three full grown heads as specimens I let them alone. Their flesh is one degree worse than that of the goose.

Two species of partridges were seen and bagged, and just on the permanent snow level we found small packs of fine fat grouse. One day Nanson came back from plane tabling and reported that having been obliged to take shelter under a glacier during a snowstorm he had stumbled on a tiny oasis of vegetation. In answer to sceptical remarks he produced a sprig of what looked like an English currant. He had also seen a dark green humming bird, though what it was doing at an elevation of 18,000 feet is a mystery. Further, he reported a small butterfly "about the size of a halfpenny, with yellow splodges on its wings." Nanson is a passable geologist, but unfortunately no naturalist, and I failed to identify the genus from his description.

What we always had to bear in mind both in sport and work was that the altitude we were in was not that at which an European could take any violent exercise. On our first arrival at Poto to walk slowly through the village was an effort. After this we became gradually more or less acclimatised, and occasionally took liberties, but for these we were always called to account.

One evening everyone set out to shoot a lake close by which teemed with water birds. On the way there Nanson had a shot at a goose and brought it down with a broken wing. He dismounted his mule to retrieve it and we went ahead thinking no more about the matter. That goose, however, refused to be brought to bay. The faster Nanson walked the faster the goose waddled, keeping always out of range, and after a mile chase the bird had gained appreciably and was last seen heading for the snows. Nanson, cooked, sat down to await the arrival of his mule. When we returned to camp he was already there vomiting and he kept it up for the next twenty-four hours. Any exertion in fact, whether at work or play, laid one out for the next day.

Our sojourn in the Sierra was one of intense physical discomfort. Apart from "sorroche" the cold was such as we had none of us yet encountered, but it was the absence of any sort of fuel except llama dung that hit us most hardly. Llama dung is stuff from which a man on his knees constantly blowing can extract just enough heat to cook by, but it never breaks out into a cheerful blaze that you can sit round and get warm by before turning in for the night.

The triangulation of this portion of the boundary along the Peru-Bolivian Andes having been completed, we made for the Sina Pass, a gap in the snows 19,000 feet above sea level, and began the descent into the warmth of the Montaña.

When it is known in England that you are going to Peru it is seldom that you do not make the acquaintance of people who tell you tales of gold mines there and other wealth in

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which they are interested. The stories they unfold are so romantic that they make your mouth water with envy. You may also possibly be offered a share in some wonderful venture on condition that you put your money down before leaving; or else you are asked to go and report on such and such a mine, and affix, of course, your official signature to the report.

These people are mostly men who, lured by the vision of boundless wealth, have been induced to finance ventures or take up concessions without leaving England to visit their purchases. And the tales are mainly true.

For the Sierra is just one huge goldfield. Almost every mountain side is scored with old workings from which in past ages a fabulous amount of ore has been abstracted. In most mountain streams an afternoon's work sorting out the gravel with a wash-hand basin will bring you ten shillings worth of gold. But there the matter ends.

On our first arrival at Poto the manager of an alluvial property had given all the commission, officers and boys alike, free permission to retain anything they could find, and on "off" afternoons any utensil sufficiently resembling a miner's pan to do duty as such was requisitioned for service. The result was just sufficient to justify further efforts if we struck a more likely spot. Later we came upon a claim where a man actually shewed us wrapped in an old silk handkerchief several ounces of gold which he had obtained locally. We devoted a Sunday to getting rich quick. We washed basin after basin of dirt without getting a glimpse of colour and were so frozen during the process that most of us gave up the quest. Our old friend Beltron, however, thought his quickest way to wealth was to search for nuggets under the base of a cliff which had been previously hollowed out by the proprietor in his search for the precious metal. His industry cost him a broken head from a stone which fell from the loosened earth above.

Prospectuses are distributed at home of companies that claim to have acquired old forgotten and still wonderfully rich Inca and Spanish mines, and statements that their early owners were so wealthy that their domestic utensils were made from the precious metal are true enough. But this happy state of things was in the 16th not the 20th century, and the majority of these present day companies will never pay. I was put on to two such before leaving England, each of which had had a large amount of money sunk in it, and I thought I was in for a good thing until I found similar concessions could be obtained almost for the asking. The Incas in the 15th century and the Spaniards after them disposed of human labour, forced or paid, to an almost illimitable extent, just as did the builders of the Egyptian pyramids and monuments. Serfdom has now disappeared and benevolent societies protect the Indian who does not wish to work, so that labour is almost unobtainable; whilst the cost of transport for machinery where everything must be carried over the mountains is so prohibitive that no mining enterprise can pay unless it is an exceptionally rich proposition. The man who wants to put by a competence for his old age is he who goes alone or with an assistant, purchases a huge hose pipe called a monitor, and then, with a convenient water supply to pump through it, faces the hose up against a mountain or cliff side and squirts away at the earth. Underneath where his pipe is playing he makes a channel to carry off the water and earth washed away. This channel he lines for a short distance with wooden boxes, at the bottom of which are packed small stones. The gold, which is free in the soil, comes down with the mud and water and is left behind by its weight amongst the stones while the mud is carried on with the water. It is a primitive method requiring no outside labour and little capital, but it produces more returns in cash than the profits of a largely capitalised company whose dividends are swamped by transport fees for machinery.

Fully alive to the possibilities of the country I had gone through a short mineralogy and assaying course directly my appointment to the Commission was confirmed, so that I knew more or less what I was doing. We had come across several companies and private individuals and were not particularly attracted by their prospects, but once I really thought the chance of a life time *had* arrived. This my first experience as a hopeful gold washer was a curious one.

Nanson and myself, after crossing the Cordillera, had been cutting our way for six days through forest probably never before traversed by man unless by a stray Indian gathering incense or searching for the tree from whose leaves they extract aniseed. We had struck the headwaters of a tiny stream and camped. That night, after dinner, I developed some photographic plates and put them into the stream to wash. Bringing them back to the tent to dry, I noticed that every plate had one or more flakes of something deposited on the film side which would not wash off, and these Nanson, who is also a bit of a geologist, immediately pronounced as gold. They must have been silted down by the current and so have passed on to the films and stuck there. We calculated from our position near the outflow of the water that we were either over an extremely rich alluvial deposit or that the mother reef from which it had come must be close at hand. It was not many minutes before both of us were out with hand basins washing the mud. By the light of the flickering candles everything seemed to be shining, but no gold became visible however much we separated the slime with our fingers.

For all that the gold on my plates was a reality, and it had come from somewhere. We turned in, prospective millionaires, nursing visions according to our individual tastes. Mine, I fancy, ran on a country place in England, periodical visits to London in the season, and hunting trips in Africa during the cold months of the year. But these visions, like those of many gold prospectors before us, came to nought. We washed that stream next day up and down from mud right down to gravel, but never a speck of "colour" rewarded our efforts. The flakes of gold are still on those plates. I have shown them to several of my mining friends and told them the yarn, but how they came there remains an unsolved riddle.

Ten weeks after beginning operations our work above the snow line came to an end, and we were ready to cross the divide between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and to push on northwards towards the forests and the river Heath. Ahead, towering above us, was the line of the Andes, its countless snow-peaks glistening in the sun. Away to the north again, connecting with them but invisible from the south, stretched a vast snow-field. There were only two passes by which this range could be crossed, the Sina Pass in Peruvian territory, and the Pelechuco in Bolivian. Beyond again was a stretch of precipitous grass-covered crags and ridges, and then yet further to the north, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, were the forests, extending right across the Amazon basin to Brazil, and ever gradually sloping down until only a few hundred feet above sea level.

We crossed the Sina Pass as cheerily as schoolboys setting out for the holidays, imagining, in our ignorance of the country we were now about to enter, that our discomforts were at an end. The Expedition topped the watershed one midday, halted an hour for lunch in order to give the cargo mules a rest, and then descended immediately into a gulley with precipitous sides. During the subsequent eight hours on a most atrocious track we dropped 4,000 feet. The path wound round and round along the sides of one mountain after another, sometimes built out with loose flags, sometimes cut out of the living rock, and as you rode with one foot brushing against the cliff, the other hanging over 2,000 feet of space, and the usual roaring torrent far away underneath, you felt that the mule fairly had your life in its keeping and that a false step on its part would mean for both of you eternity. The mules themselves had been on Andean trails before, and seemingly with cargo, for they kept to the very outside edge of the track, knowing well that a laden animal bumping against the wall would be hurled over. The "arrieros" consider it safer to ride than lead, and trust absolutely to their mules; but we were not used to negotiating dizzy heights along a four foot ledge, and I don't mind admitting that on the first day I experienced several times a feeling uncommonly like a sharp attack of prickly heat as my mule put her foot on to an insecure stone too near the edge and heaved herself on to the path again as the rock gave way under her.

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Our destination that night was the small village of Sina, erroneously supposed by us to be just over the summit. Darkness found us still plodding downwards, but with no sign of our goal in view. We dismounted and led, a string of weary officers and laden mules. At the head of the procession was a mule with a bell round his neck, accompanied by an Indian. Each person behind was stepping exactly where in the darkness he had last seen the legs of the mule in front. As it had not disappeared over the edge that spot at least might be considered safe. The cargo mules we did not worry about. They would follow the bell as quickly as the last riding mule allowed them, and in any case the trail was too narrow to allow them to turn and break back.

Every bunch of mules has its belled mule, or for preference an old horse called the *madrina* or godmother. If the *madrina* be hobbled to prevent it straying too far the mules of her particular party can be turned loose for the night with no fear of their going off. At times their attachment to the *madrina* is embarassing. You have perhaps gone on ahead of the cargo mules, and have been winding upwards an hour in front of them on some mountain trail. Suddenly, from far away beneath comes wafted on the wind the tinkle of the *madrina's* bell. Your mule recognises it instantly, stops dead, and is only with the greatest difficulty got on the move again. Luckily she has the sense to know there is no room to turn round, or she would dash back; and so she finally agrees to wait until it comes along. By 8 p.m. we reached Sina village, thankful to be safe and to have lost none of the animals. One event during the descent produced a cheer. Far away below us, on the bank of a mountain torrent, was an old stunted tree of some sort. It was the first we had seen for many weeks, and signified that we were at last getting down to an elevation low enough to obtain firewood instead of having to hunt the snow for llama or alpaca dung, which up to date had been the only means of warming ourselves and cooking food. Sina itself is 14,000 feet above sea level, but we were now amongst vegetation, and pitched our camp on a little grass courtyard outside the old church. Though not venturing to get into pyjamas, we were at least able to sleep in our day clothes and to feel warm in them instead of frozen.

We had now crossed the great watershed and were on the Atlantic slopes of the Andes, whereas the previous day all streams had run towards the Pacific. Daylight revealed the desolation and difficulties of the country we had reached, and we realised that the survey of the frontier was going to tax our endurance. Let me quote from a letter written home by Woodroffe about this time:—"The northern slope of the Cordillera is a barren inhospitable land of beetling crags, vertical rock faces, and deserted peaks towering through the driving mists and sleet and unvisited save by the lightning that plays around their rugged summits; where three miles as the condor flies may mean an arduous day's march with danger to life and limb; and where oneself and one's belongings are soaked through for a week at a time; a country, in fact, that holds no magic charm for the weary traveller to linger in."

However, we had to linger until our work was through, and were heartily sick of it before the finish. Once off the little grass plot at Sina there was hardly a piece of ground level enough to pitch our camp, much less to measure the base we required. Although nature has formed the Andes and its northern foothills of serried masses and deep cut cañons on such a stupendous scale, our sense of proportion had been to some extent dulled by the vastness of the country already passed through. Events were to sharpen it now when mules could proceed no further and we had to fall back on Indian porters for our transport and on our legs for climbing. When not engaged in scaling crags our time was spent in reading angles through a theodolite or plane tabling, perched on some precipitous pinnacle, and afraid to look down for fear of getting giddy. We were always thankful when the supper hour arrived and there were no absentees. After a tremendous climb which under even ordinary circumstances would be a task for a mountain goat to the summit of some forbidding but from the survey point of view likely looking eminence we were constantly being baulked by finding the forward view blocked by higher ranges. To add to our difficulties the weather was atrocious. Hail, sleet and driving rain drenched everything and blotted out the neighbouring country for days at a stretch.

120 Indians and their head-men had been sent to Sina for us on the day following our arrival, and our mules went back with the arrieros. Within two days trouble began. The Indians, seeing that we had now no mules to get back on, and knowing we could not return across the passes on foot, concluded that they could exact their own terms as to the amount of labour to be given in return for their wages. Put shortly their terms were:—Length of journey to suit their daily convenience; set out when they chose in the morning, and go as they chose on the march; no start in bad weather, and pitch camp directly rain fell while marching. In fact we were up against a mutiny from the very first. The head-men looked on with a non-committal air, as though each of them were saying, "Well, I am not going to be mixed up in this affair, as it is your show; but I hope you come out top dogs, or else you may give us the sack and we shall lose a good billet." We did come out top at the time, but it was not for long.

There was very little game. The pampas and pools where we had shot enough and to spare of duck and geese were now far behind to the south. Instead we found precipitous gulleys with roaring mountain torrents at the bottom of them. True, a few deer grazed on the slopes. I actually saw seven during this and the subsequent year which I spent in the region, and shot them all for the pot; but the heads were poor. And once a condor came circling far overhead to investigate, till, receiving a rapid discharge of high angle fire, it promptly threw out ballast and concealed itself behind a cloud. With these exceptions we obtained nothing to vary the monotony of dried mutton and tinned foods.

After five weeks of a most strenuous and uncomfortable existence we were congratulating ourselves that it was only a matter of days before we should be through and have reached the forests and warmth, when not only did the porters strike *en bloc*, but the whole of our boys, with the exception of Revilla the carpenter, marched up to our tents with a round robin signed to the effect that they had had enough of it and were off home. Revilla had also signed "for the honour of his comrades," as he put it, but felt rather ashamed of himself after our treatment of him almost as an equal, and managed to be conveniently absent when the rest presented their petition. We soon settled our differences of opinion with the servants. They received their pay through the Commission itself, and were three and a half months in credit. Besides this, they were no more capable of re-crossing the snows on foot and reaching the railway than we were. The Indian porters were a far more serious proposition. Their pay was sent direct by the Government to their own Prefect in Sandia, five days distant, and we had learnt by now enough about this official to estimate the value of any assistance we could expect from him. The majority of the porters clinched matters by bolting the same night, and the other thirty-five signified their intention of going the following evening if we refused to allow them to depart openly. By threats and bribes these finally consented to transfer us and our belongings half a march further north, down off the wind swept ridge we were on to the edge of the forest and comparative warmth. This promise they fulfilled. In three journeys they had deposited all our belongings amidst a tangle of undergrowth and vegetation. They then slung their blankets on their backs, and having reported with due solemnity that they were off, set out for Sandia. Thus we were left to our own thoughts and devices; marooned with fifteen days' food; surrounded with all the paraphernalia of an expedition, including some £1,000 worth of instruments, and without any means of moving a single load.

The Commission was then new to the experience of being dumped down in the midst of nowhere and abandoned. By the end of our second year it had become a matter of congratulation when we had any porters at all, instead of exasperation when they deserted.

(To be continued.)

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

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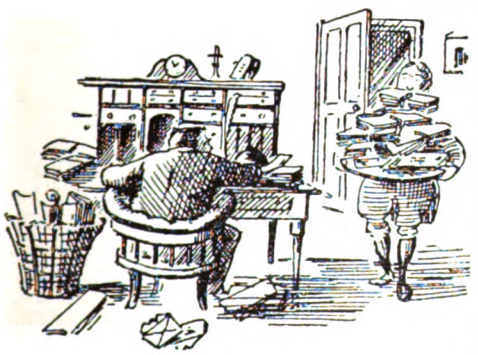
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
31st October, 1914.



Subscriptions to "ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE" are as follows:—Officers (past and present) and their friends, 9d. per copy, post free 10d., or 10/- per annum, post free all over the world; Non-Commissioned Officers and men (past and present) and their friends, 2d. per copy, post free 3d.; or 3/- per annum, post free all over the world.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor; they will be duly notified in the next number of the paper after the remittances have been received.

Subscriptions are due in advance; in the event of a subscription not being paid when due, a bill will be sent (this, however, will not be done in the case of Officers serving with their Battalions, their subscriptions being paid by the Mess President yearly); should a subscription not be paid within two months in the case of a subscriber at home, or three months in the case of a subscriber abroad, after such bill is sent out, it will be assumed that no more copies of the paper are wanted. The name will then be taken off the books.

It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental
"The Eagle" [Journal"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Mrs. Hall	... to 28/ 2/15	Mrs. Fletcher ...	... to 31/ 8/15
Major J. J. Gillespie	... „ 31/ 5/15	Drummer Mudd ...	... „ 31/ 8/15
Mrs. Bonham-Carter	... „ 1/ 6/15	Mr. J. T. Rowland	... „ 31/ 8/15
Captain E. A. Leather	... „ 31/ 7/15	Mrs. Arthur Gibbes	... „ 1/ 9/15
Captain Fitzgerald	... „ 31/ 8/15	Mr. J. Fraser ..	... „ 1/ 8/16
Miss Selby	... „ 31/ 8/15	Depôt	May and June
Miss Gunner... ...	... „ 31/ 8/15	Bandsman Parrant,	Bound Volume

BIRTHS.

KERSHAW.—On the 3rd inst., at Atbara, Camberley, the wife of Captain S. H. Kershaw, 5th Fusiliers, of a daughter.

STEPHEN.—On the 30th inst., at Whitehill Hall, Pelton Fell, Co. Durham, the wife of Captain Humfrey Campbell Stephen, 5th Fusiliers, of a daughter.

WARDLE.—On the 1st ult., at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Sergeant Wardle, 2nd Battalion, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

RICHARDSON—RICHARDSON.—On the 29th ult., at Holy Trinity Church, Southchurch, Essex, Herbert William Richardson, of Thorpe Bay and Southend-on-Sea, to Alice Gertrude, daughter of the late Captain R. Richardson, Army Service Corps.

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

REGULAR FORCES:—

The following Officers to command Battalions of the New Army (dated 1st October, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel D. S. Stewart, C.B., 10th Battalion; Colonel H. Rose, 11th Battalion; Brevet-Colonel W. B. Mullins, 12th Battalion; Colonel H. M. Prior, 13th Battalion; Major F. B. Morley, with temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, 14th Battalion.

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The following Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 10th October, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Quartermaster-Sergeant W. S. Thomas, from Scots Guards; Quartermaster-Sergeant W. W. Arnold, from Grenadier Guards.

The following to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 14th August, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant A. A. F. Geddes, from 3rd Battalion; Second-Lieutenant J. F. E. Radcliffe, from 5th Battalion Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire) Regiment; Lieutenant A. B. Surtees, from 3rd Battalion.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Enderby, on completion of his period of service in command of a battalion, is retained on the active list under the provisions of Article 120 Royal Warrant for Pay and Promotion, 1913 (dated 14th October, 1914).

The following to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 1st September, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenant R. H. Hoffman, from 3rd Battalion.

The following to be temporary Captains:—Captain and Hon. Major T. H. Lindberg (late 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers) (dated 7th August, 1914), H. H. Blair (late Captain, 3rd V.B.N.F.)

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major F. C. Turner to be Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 14th October, 1914, and to rank for seniority without pay or allowances from 17th February, 1912). Captain and Brevet-Major C. A. Armstrong to be Major (dated 14th October, 1914).

The following to be Second-Lieutenants for service in the Field:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Corporal W. B. N. Roderick, from Coldstream Guards (dated 1st October, 1914).

The following temporary appointments are made at the War Office:—Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley, Northumberland Fusiliers, a General Staff Officer at the War Office, is advanced from 2nd Grade to the 1st Grade and is granted the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, *vice* Colonel A. G. Dallas (dated 5th October, 1914).

SPECIAL RESERVE OF OFFICERS:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. B. Coulson to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation).

The following Cadets and ex-Cadets of the O.T.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation):—O. F. E. Carr-Ellison, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. The following to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation):—E. G. L. Keatinge, 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers (dated 3rd October, 1914).

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. St. J. Willans (late Lieutenant, Northumberland Fusiliers) to be Lieutenant.

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant R. C. Roddam is restored to the establishment (dated 21st September, 1914).

TERRITORIAL FORCE:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. A. Herriott (late Lieutenant, Royal Field Reserve Artillery) to be Captain (dated 16th September, 1914). The following to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 16th September, 1914):—S. D. Marjoribanks (late Cadet Sergeant, Wellington College O.T.C.), H. Tully (late Charterhouse School O.T.C.), E. M. C. Reece, R. Allen, J. Hope-Wallace, C. O. P. Gibson (late Cadet, Uppingham School O.T.C.), J. W. Robinson, D. T. Turner, N. B. N. Good, R. W. Cranage (late Second-Lieutenant, Shrewsbury School O.T.C.), W. M. Turner, G. L. Bradley, W. W. Varvill (late Second-Lieutenant, Dublin University O.T.C.).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. C. Hedley (late Captain of this Regiment) to be Major (dated 19th September, 1914); Captain B. D. Gibson to be Major (dated 19th September, 1914). The following Lieutenants to be Captains:—L. D. Plummer, R. B. Webster (dated 19th September, 1914). Second-Lieutenant G. L. Hunting to be Lieutenant (dated 19th September, 1914). The following Lieutenants to be Captains (temporary):—R. S. M. Logan, H. Goodall, M. Ayton (dated 19th September, 1914). J. M. J. Spencer to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 3rd October, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—E. Babst, F. N. Syms, G. H. Middleton (dated 15th September, 1914). To be Second-Lieutenants:—G. I. Haggie, J. McLlellan, G. B. Gill, H. G. Dodds, W. Keen, R. R. Steele, S. Sandars, E. G. Bevan (dated 15th September, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants:—R. Ellis (late Lieutenant, 2nd V.B.N.F.) (dated 20th September, 1914); M. C. Hill (late Cadet, Rossall School O.T.C.) (dated 21st September, 1914); C. A. Patterson (dated 22nd September, 1914); P. H. Edwards (dated 24th September, 1914); S. Moffett (dated 25th September, 1914); J. Daglish (dated 27th September, 1914); Cadet A. A. Hall, from Durham University O.T.C. (dated 21st October, 1914); Cadet D. Myles, from the Cambridge University O.T.C. (dated 21st October, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain J. W. Morrison, from the T.F. Reserve, to be Captain (dated 14th September, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The following to be Second-Lieutenants:—G. E. Wilkinson, G. F. Bell, T. Sopwith, R. C. Dunford, K. M. Drummond, F. Dawson (late Cadet Lance-Corporal, Malvern College Contingent, Junior Division, O.T.C.), B. L. Clay (late Cadet, Trent College Contingent, Junior Division, O.T.C.) (dated 12th September, 1914), W. H. Charlewood (from the Cambridge University Contingent, Senior Division, O.T.C.), T. P. Parmeter, W. Anderson, E. Mortimer, F. C. Clayton (late Cadet, Harrow School Contingent, Junior Division, O.T.C.), W. H. Bainbridge, J. F. Snowball (late Cadet Corporal, Harrow School Contingent, Junior Division, O.T.C.) (dated 10th October, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—H. D. K. Davies (late Cadet Corporal, Rossall School O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 24th September, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain G. S. Jackson to be Major (temporary) (dated 10th October, 1914); Lieutenant V. Merivale to be Captain (temporary); T. O. Wood (late Captain, 4th Volunteer Battalion Durham Light Infantry) to be Captain (dated 10th October, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—N. I. Wright (late Lieutenant, 1st V.B.N.F.) to be Captain (temporary); E. C. Fenwick-Clennell to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 8th October, 1914).

SERVICE BATTALIONS:—

Lieutenant the Hon. S. Joicey to be Adjutant, 10th (Service) Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

FIRST APPOINTMENTS:—

The following Gentlemen-Cadets from the Royal Military College to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 1st October, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. M. Parkinson, G. E. Fenwick, A. H. Gatehouse.

THE ATROCIOUS GERMANS.

Private William Garrod, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, described a horrible outrage by Germans. "We were," he said, "marching through a little village which the Germans had looted when, on looking up at a bedroom window of a house, we saw what seemed to be a life-sized doll stuck up there. An officer entered the house, and on the ground floor saw what appeared to be husband, wife and daughter, all stabbed to death. Going upstairs, he found that what we took to be a doll was a child, which had been bayoneted and stuck up in the window."

Private Garrod paid a tribute to the officers for their cool disregard of danger. Captain Gatehouse, of his company, persistently stood up in the trenches to survey the enemy's operations through his glasses, and how he escaped being hit was a mystery. The company lost five officers—two killed and three injured.

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Our Roll of Honour.

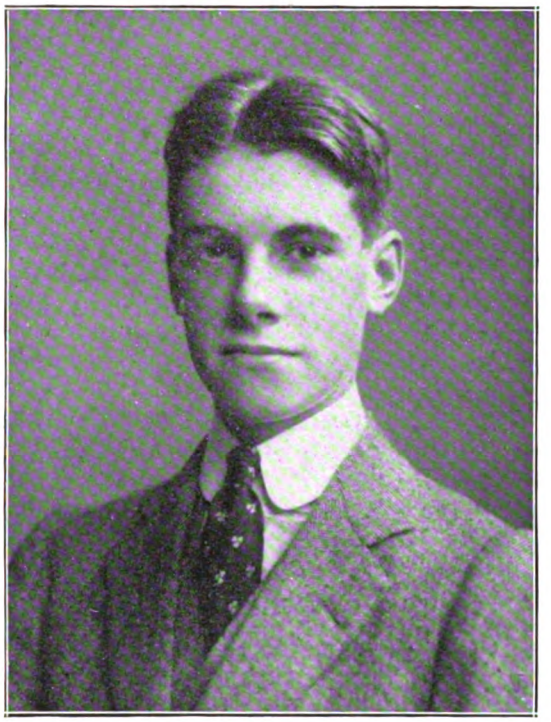
JUST as we go to press the news comes, which we fear must not be discredited, that Captain B. H. Selby has died of his wounds. If this be true then we have lost a loyal and brave 5th Fusilier who served the whole of his time, without a break, in the Regiment.

Captain Selby joined the 4th Battalion at York in February, 1901. In June of that year he accompanied the 4th Battalion to Dublin and in the autumn of 1905 to Limerick. When the 4th Battalion was disbanded he was posted to the 1st Battalion in which the rest of his service was spent.

Beauchamp—it is right to speak of him by the christian name by which all his friends knew him—was an officer with marked individual tastes which he followed with unflagging perseverance and efficiency. He excelled in three particulars: as a boxer, a marksman and a hunter. The encouragement and personal attention which he gave to all promising glove fighters in the Regiment will ever be gratefully remembered by them. He was a keen rifle and revolver shot, and only this summer was busy at Wool training possible

CAPTAIN B. H. SELBY.

members of a revolver team for the Duke of Connaught's Competition. But his first love, and we think his foremost, was *shikar*, and practically the whole of his leave in India during the years he spent there was occupied



SECOND-LIEUTENANT E. H. TOTTIE.

with tracking and shooting game. Many trophies attested the results of these frequent journeys through the game districts of India. He was indeed in the best sense a thorough all round sportsman, with the true sportsman's appreciation of the unconventional life and a complete disregard for the hardships which so many of us prefer to avoid.

This tragic end which has come to him robs us all of a brave and sturdy friend whose memory we shall always affectionately cherish. He has joined the immortal band

> *Who doomed to go in company with pain*
> *And fear and bloodshed—miserable train—*
> *Turn their necessity to glorious gain.*

For he was a born fighter, and there is, peculiarly for him, something fitting that he should have died fighting for the noblest of all causes.

Second-Lieutenant E. H. Tottie, whose death from wounds received in action we deeply regret to have to record, was gazetted to the Regiment as recently as the 4th August of this year. Educated at Winchester and Sandhurst he joined the Regiment on active service and has given his life for his country after only a few weeks' service. In him the Regiment and the Service lose a promising officer.

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1st Battalion Notes.

No Notes have been received this month.

2nd Battalion Notes.

AMBALA,
1st October, 1914.

ON the 9th ult. two companies moved to Ambala and were followed a week later by one more, the other company going to Jutogh, thus leaving only the winter section at Sabathu. At present we have three companies and Headquarters at Ambala, three companies at Jutogh and two at Amritza, and are all under orders to go to Delhi on the 28th of this month.

The weather here is getting quite cool and the rains have entirely gone.

Major Crispin left on the 30th ult., to take command of the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. We shall all miss him very much, but congratulate him and wish him the best of luck on his promotion.

We have received news, with the deepest regret, of the deaths of Captains Toppin and Matthews, and Lieutenant Boyd.

Privates Wellings, Pritchard, Parsons and Ridley have rejoined from the Army Reserve.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeants:—

No. 1264	Lance-Sergeant	A. E. Bosten	from 16/7/14
„ 931	„	W. Kennett	„ 7/8/14

To be paid Lance-Sergeants:—

No. 1819	Lance-Sergeant	C. Keene	from 27/3/14
„ 2346	„	J. Wardle	„ 16/7/14
„ 2302	„	W. Earle	„ 29/8/14

To be unpaid Lance-Sergeants:—

No. 8494	Corporal	A. Wileman	from 1/9/14
„ 1359	„	T. Wood	„ 1/9/14
„ 1446	„	G. Harvey	„ 1/9/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 2816	Lance-Corporal	T. H. Crawford	from 22/6/14
„ 3179	„	C. Massey	„ 16/7/14
„ 3153	„	J. H. Raison	„ 7/8/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2729	Lance-Corporal	A. Adcock	from 22/6/14
„ 2964	„	C. Elders	„ 16/7/14
„ 3161	„	F. Bell	„ 7/8/14
„ 2391	„	F. Robertson	„ 28/8/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 2604	Private	A. Moran	from 22/9/14
„ 2913	„	W. George	„ 22/9/14
„ 2917	„	R. Johnson	„ 22/9/14
„ 2958	„	J. Mathews	„ 22/9/14
„ 3285	„	W. Holloway	„ 22/9/14
„ 2512		H. Sykes	„ 30/9/14

3rd Battalion Notes.

SCOTT'S HOUSE CAMP, WEST BOLDON,
25th October, 1914.

HEADQUARTERS and the four "Service" Companies of the Battalion (B, D, G and C) moved out here from Newcastle on the 23rd September. The camp is a good one, situated round Scott's House, about two miles from West Boldon village. Since our arrival we have been busy digging the line of entrenchments, which we are ultimately destined to man, and with field-training. 160 men are always kept ready for a draft.

On the 3rd inst. we were joined by A Company, under Lieutenant Maxwell-Lyte, and by E Company, under Lieutenant Seymour Tuke. A party of recruits is at Whitburn Ranges firing a musketry course, and the remainder of the recruits have now joined us from Newcastle, under Captain Holderness. Second-Lieutenants Gatehouse, Fenwick and Parkinson joined from Sandhurst in the early part of the month, and Second-Lieutenant Kingdon rejoined from sick-leave, as did Second-Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, of the 1st Battalion, who was wounded in August during the retreat from Mons.

On the 7th inst. a draft of 87 non-commissioned officers and men left to join the 1st Battalion, under Lieutenant Willans.

The inter-platoon football matches commenced shortly after our arrival in camp, and, so far, the platoons of D Company seem to be the most formidable.

We were all glad to see Captain Rickman's name in the *Gazette* under date of 4th September on his promotion to a majority.

B and D Companies have been busy all the month with field-training, and the inhabitants of the peaceful villages in the neighbourhood are by this time quite accustomed to the sight of platoons of vociferous soldiery charging down their streets with fixed bayonets. The other two Service Companies are engaged on the trenches.

On the 22nd inst. another draft of 40 non-commissioned officers and men left to join the 1st Battalion, under Captain Fletcher.

The following is the present distribution of companies:—Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Roundell, Commanding Officer; Major E. G. Burdon, Second-in-Command; Captain C. E. Thornton, Adjutant; Captain J. Wallace, Quartermaster. Service Companies: B Company—Captain C. P. Hawkes, Second-Lieutenants H. A. Young, E. E. Dorman-Smith, N. Allgood and G. Bramwell, Company-Sergeant-Major Rowden, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Hill; C Company—Captain M. Lloyd, Second-Lieutenants C. E.

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Hamilton, H. M. Belchem and Arnold, Company-Sergeant-Major Simpson, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Adlard; D Company—Major A. W. Rickman, Second-Lieutenants R. Lord, G. M. Parkinson, G. E. Fenwick and A. H. Gatehouse, Company-Sergeant-Major Thompson, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Banks; G Company—Major E. G. G. Burdon, Lieutenant R. J. Roddam, Second-Lieutenants L. Kingdon and J. H. Sellers, Company-Sergeant-Major Hayes, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Wilcox. Other companies: A Company—Lieutenant Maxwell-Lyte, Second-Lieutenant J. C. Watmough; E Company—Captain H. R. Sandilands, Second-Lieutenants H. S. Tuke, E. G. L. Keatinge and V. C. Hardy; F Company—Captain G. C. Holderness, Second-Lieutenants K. Shann, G. Allgood, G. B. Coulson, O. F. C. Carr-Ellison and E. T. Milton; A. Angus, P. K. Waite, C. J. Adamson and Brewis, attached; H Company—Second-Lieutenants R. Taylor and F. P. Reaveley.

The huts which are being built for the accommodation of the Service Companies at East Boldon are now being erected, and we hope will be completed by the middle of November.

Captain Sandilands, Lieutenant Watkin and Second-Lieutenant Dorman-Smith, of the 1st Battalion, have joined the Battalion on the expiration of their sick leave. Captain Sandilands and Second-Lieutenant Dorman-Smith were both wounded during the early part of the operations on the Belgian frontier, and Lieutenant Watkin was taken ill subsequently to the retirement from Mons. As I write comes the news that Lieutenant Waddilove has been wounded. He is the first officer of the 3rd Battalion to figure in the casualty lists and only left us some three weeks ago from Newcastle.

Over 200 non-commissioned officers and men (wounded and invalids) have been posted to us from the Expeditionary Force.

No. 4017 Sergeant-Master-Tailor F. Maunder joined the Battalion as Sergeant-Master-Tailor on the 8th August.

No. 4874 Quartermaster-Sergeant E. Gale and No. 5231 Company-Sergeant-Major G. Ouzman have been awarded the silver medal for Long Service and Good Conduct.

No. 4339 Company-Sergeant-Major E. Ahronson has been appointed Acting-Regimental-Sergeant-Major, from the 9th ult.

No. 9943 Lance-Sergeant J. O'Hara has been appointed Orderly-Room-Clerk and promoted Sergeant, from the 6th August.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made since mobilization:—

To be Company-Sergeant-Majors:—
(from 1/9/14)

No. 4339	Clr.-Sgt.	E. Ahronson	No. 5408	Clr.-Sgt.	A. Rowden
„ 5205	„	R. Simpson	„ 6452	„	T. Thompson
„ 4906	„	J. Haynes	„ 5231	„	W. Ouzman
„ 5144	„	J. Walton	„ 5907	Sergt.	C. Richardson

To be Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants:—
(from 1/9/14)

No. 7082	Sergt.	C. Adlard	No. 2066	Sergt.	J. Hustwayte
„ 8276	„	B. Hill	„ 2099	„	G. Capstaff
„ 390	„	W. Banks	„ 2173	„	H. Wood
„ 9360	„	D. Redhead	„ 4893	„	S. Wilson

To be Colour-Sergeants:—

No. 6452	Sergeant	T. Thompson	from 25/ 8/14
„ 5231	„	W. Ouzman	„ 4/ 9/14

To be Sergeants:—

No. 2099	Lance-Sergeant	G. Capstaff	from 15/ 8/14
„ 2173	„	H. Wood	„ 24/ 8/14

To be Acting-Sergeants:—
(from 22/8/14)

No. 6161	Lce.-Sgt.	E. Kenning	No. 7819	Corpl.	A. Booth
„ 5866	„	A. Lisle	„ 9547	„	J. Thirkle
„ 9279	Corpl.	C. Warner	„ 8303	„	A. Chapman
„ 2277	„	F. Gibbs	„ 6195	„	W. Lloyd
„ 168	„	C. Knox	„ 8523	„	J. Wright
„ 1529	„	E. Monteith	„ 5963	„	W. Coates
„ 1949	„	E. Wood	„ 7947	„	J. Pinches
„ 1153	„	V. Martin	„ 6414	„	D. Batey
„ 6019	„	C. Wilson	„ 1200	„	W. Lowe
„ 8308	„	J. Barnett	„ 7767	„	F. Hall
		No. 6365 Corpl. A. Stockton			

(from 31/8/14)

No. 8074	Lce.-Sgt.	E. Anthony	No. 8182	Corpl.	J. Jacobs
„ 1169	Corpl.	W. Knapp	„ 7331	„	V. Skipworth
„ 6448	„	W. Fairley	„ 7956	„	T. Carr
„ 7796	„	A. Lumley	„ 5522	„	G. Emslie
		No. 6005 Corpl. P. McLaughlin			

No. 7479	Corporal	J. Mole	from 7/ 9/14
„ 2170	„	W. Marrs	„ 10/ 9/14
„ 5830	„	J. McLean	„ 6/10/14
„ 6541	„	J. O'Hara	„ 6/10/14
„ 7200	„	A. Cawdrey	„ 8/10/14
„ 8255	„	R. Burton	„ 19/10/14
„ 964	„	A. Weaterton	„ 20/10/14

4th Battalion Notes.

Gosforth Park, Newcastle,
22nd October, 1914.

THAT happened to our August Notes is a mystery to the writer. They were duly written and handed over for posting, but as the Battalion was trekking at the time the Notes probably reached a refuse destructor. The exigencies of military duty prevented any September Notes being sent, so it is now necessary to trespass on the Editor's space to give an account of the Battalion since July.

Well, to cut the cackle; on the 4th August our strength was 20 officers and 740 men. At 7.0 p.m. on that day "Trooper" requested us to mobilize. At 3.0 p.m. on the 5th August 17 officers and 660 men reached the war station, most of the remainder being on duty at Hexham, and sufficient names had been handed in to complete the Battalion to war establishment. The influx of recruits,

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both officers and men, has been one of the features of the war. As regards officers, we have sufficient to complete the Battalion and its Reserve Battalion, and have had to refuse many eligible candidates. As regards men, we are complete to establishment. The Reserve Battalion has 400 men and we can get many more as soon as we can accommodate them.

The supply of clothing and equipment has unfortunately not expanded on the same lines as the supply of recruits, but we hope shortly to be able to clothe and equip everyone.

After spending a few days in various coast defence stations, we came to our present station for training on the 18th August, and have been under canvas since that date. Present indications are that we will remain here for some weeks yet.

The response to the request for volunteers for foreign service was so good that Colonel Foster was able to report that the Battalion would go as a complete unit. The few vacancies were easily filled by a good stamp of recruits of an average height of about 5ft. 7in. and an average age of about 24.

The training has improved the Battalion out of all knowledge. The splendid condition of the men has greatly impressed their friends on their frequent visits to the camp. We are confident that should the occasion arise, the 4th FIFTH will perpetuate the glorious traditions of the Regiment.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the very many friends who have so kindly supplied us with underclothing, bedding, etc. The gifts have been all acknowledged to the senders where names have been enclosed with the gifts.

5th Battalion Notes.

DEPÔT, WALKER-ON-TYNE,
19th October, 1914.

BY 1.30 p.m. on the 5th August we were mobilized and at our war station.

Between 80 and 90 men were required to bring our Battalion up to war establishment. We commenced enlisting recruits at 9 a.m. on the 10th August, and by 4 p.m. the same evening were up to full strength, the men fully clothed and equipped and posted to their Companies. The recruits were drawn from Class II. National Reserve and men who had previous service in our Corps, so that we had a complete unit of trained men.

The majority of our officers and men having volunteered for Imperial Service, we again commenced recruiting to fill the places of those who could not do so. Officers Commanding Companies began enlisting on the 7th September, at 9 a.m., and by 3 p.m. the following day had to stop, being then over establishment.

The recruits received systematic training, special care being taken on the miniature range, and the result was proved when they attended the open range at Ponteland to fire their course, the first batch of a hundred men to be exercised got 84 per cent. of the possible points, and this included the Standard Test, Table B for Trained Men.

7th Battalion, Depôt and Reserve Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK,
25th October, 1914.

THE word "mobilize" called the Depôt into being as a separate entity, and we have had a strenuous childhood.

The dispatch of the Special Service Section to Newbiggin and of the 7th Battalion main body to Whitley Bay, which were carried out on the strictest clock time, cleared the boards for the arrival and equipping of the National Reservists allotted on mobilization. They were brought up by Captain Blair, late of the 6th Battalion, and a few days' strenuous drilling soon recalled their previous training and they were marched off to the Regiment.

Recruiting proceeded apace, and excellent types of recruits presented themselves despite the counter attractions of "Kitchener's" Army. This has been maintained right up to date both as to physique and the "stamp" of man recruited. The "Duke's son," "cook's son" of South African war days have rolled up again.

The next event was the calling for volunteers for foreign service for which two-thirds of the 7th Battalion gave in their names, leaving nearly 400 vacancies which we were at once able to fill and the Foreign Service Battalion is up to strength.

With the nucleus of the men who elected to remain on home service the Reserve Battalion is going ahead rapidly, recruits coming in freely every day.

Excellent weather has favoured the training which has been on Alnwick Moor and the Pastures, with good route marches on alternate days and physical exercise every morning in the Duke's School playing field.

Musketry has been carried out at Moor Laws and Alnwick Moor ranges, and instruction in outposts, etc., over the countryside generally.

The good conduct of the recruits in the town and their eagerness to learn their duties are very marked.

Rejoined non-commissioned officers have been very useful and have cheerfully worked as sergeants and corporals on private's pay pending increase of strength to warrant full appointment.

Canon Mangin has lent us his guild room as a club, and

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the Mechanic's Institute has placed a room at the disposal of the non-commissioned officers.

The Duke of Northumberland has given bathing facilities in his public baths in Clayport Street. Lady Margaret Percy is giving lessons in French to rank and file. All are displaying the greatest goodwill towards the men.

Major G. Reavell has been in command of the Depôt since mobilization and of the Reserve Battalion from the 26th ult., till such time as a Commanding Officer is gazetted, and has been assisted in training by Captain the Hon. A. J. Joicey and Lieutenant Thompson. Captain P. G. Reynolds is acting as adjutant. Pending the appointment of quartermaster, the duties are being carried out by Quartermaster-Sergeant Hebenton. Sergeant-Major T. M. Robinson is staying with the new Battalion.

The detachment at Blythe is under command of Major Gillespie, with whom are Captain Weddell and Lieutenant Thompson. Smaller detachments are at Newbiggin, under Lieutenant Kay, and Amble, under Lieutenant Ridley.

8th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BELTON PARK, GRANTHAM,
28th October, 1914.

THE chief event of the month has been the visit of the Secretary of State for War on Sunday, the 18th. We paraded at 10 a.m. with orders to carry out our usual work. This was rendered rather difficult, as the population of Grantham, having got wind of Lord Kitchener's

B COMPANY, 8TH BATTALION, RESTING ON THE ROADSIDE.
(Photo by Lieutenant Lindberg.)

visit, were determined to miss nothing, and in the interval of waiting, subjected the Battalion to a close inspection. When Lord Kitchener did arrive, his approach was heralded by a crowd of small boys who ran in front of his horse,

B COMPANY, 8TH BATTALION, AT THE MINIATURE RANGE.
(Photo by Lieutenant Lindberg.)

shouting "here he comes; here's Kitchener!" We were drilling in mass at the time, but our movements were not as exact as they might have been. As the Battalion was forming fours two women and a perambulator emerged from the ranks of C Company, and the last seen of several officers for a time was their being engulfed in a struggling mass of men, women, children, and bicycles. Lord Kitchener having remarked to the Colonel that the Battalion was a fine body of men, quickly rode off to escape his admirers. Lord Kitchener was riding the Colonel's horse, and after the flattering remarks made about her to the groom, it is doubtful whose head has increased in size the most, the groom's or the horse's.

We are still under canvas, but hope to get into our huts in a week or ten days' time, which we shall be quite glad to do, as the camp is rapidly turning into a quagmire. There are rumours that certain men of the Battalion who have been reported absent were not so after all, but were, as a matter of fact, engulfed in the mud and not able to extricate themselves till the next day, but we cannot vouch for the truth of this statement.

Captain Fletcher left us on the 21st, to join the 1st Battalion at the front. We wish him the best of luck and a safe return.

The following officers have joined as temporary Second-Lieutenants during the month :—A. E. B. Plummer and F. H. Walker. Second-Lieutenant E. S. Terry has been transferred to the 9th Battalion.

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We have had several visits from Lieutenant Cogan, who has been invalided home wounded from the 1st Battalion. He had a great many interesting things to tell us. We take this opportunity of congratulating him on his safe return and wishing him a speedy recovery.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made during the month :—

To be Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant :—

No. 8911 Sergeant F. C. Pell — from 12/ 9/14

To be Colour-Sergeant :—

Private C. F. Chapman — from 26/ 9/14
and appointed Orderly-Room-Sergeant — „ 30/ 9/14

To be Sergeant-Drummer :—

No. 4784 Corporal H. T. Taylor — from 19/10/14

To be Sergeants :—

No. 4306	Corporal	W. Thompson	from 28/ 9/14
„ 4830	„	T. T. Gardiner	„ 30/ 9/14
„ 4756	„	H. Elliott	„ 1/10/14
„ 8689	„	G. D. Skelly	„ 1/10/14
„ 3996	„	A. Wellings	„ 1/10/14
„ 3959	„	T. Slater	„ 9/10/14

To be Corporals :—

No. 4096	Lance-Corporal	J. Jobling	from 28/ 9/14
	„	T. Foster	„ 30/ 9/14
„ 4373	„	J. Todd	„ 1/10/14
„ 4823	„	J. Covery	„ 1/10/14
„ 4600	„	H. W. Coker	„ 1/10/14
„ 4796	„	J. Kergan	„ 1/10/14
	„	T. Bells	„ 1/10/14
	„	W. Matthews	„ 2/10/14
„ 4037	„	R. Horan	„ 2/10/14
„ 4058	„	J. Martin	„ 2/10/14
„ 4206	„	W. William	„ 2/10/14
„ 4107	„	D. McKeown	„ 2/10/14
	Private	J. P. Cook	„ 6/10/14
„ 4840	Lance-Corporal	W. Baker	„ 8/10/14

C COMPANY, 8TH BATTALION, BEING INOCULATED AGAINST ENTERIC.
(*Photo by Lieutenant Lindberg.*)

No. 6983	Lance-Corporal	W. J. Liddell	from 9/10/14
„ 4014	„	A. E. Ellison	„ 13/10/14
No. 4760	Lance-Corporal	E. McFarlane	from 19/10/14
„ 4595	„	J. Crozier	„ 24/10/14

BELTON PARK CAMP.—FALLING IN FOR PARADE.
(*Photo by Lieutenant Lindberg.*)

To be paid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 4968	Lance-Corporal	R. Bewick	from 7/10/14
„ 4818	„	J. Moss	„ 7/10/14
	„	D. O'Neill	„ 8/10/14
„ 4804	„	F. McNally	„ 9/10/14
„ 10978	„	C. W. Archer	„ 13/10/14
„ 4594	„	W. Phillipson	„ 19/10/14
„ 4040	„	J. Savage	„ 21/10/14
„ 4785	„	O. Dalton	„ 21/10/14
„ 4492	„	H. McDine	„ 24/10/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals :—

No. 4622	Private	W. J. Fenwick	from 1/10/14
„ 4624	„	F. Parkin	„ 1/10/14
„ 4785	„	O. Dallon	„ 8/10/14
„ 5076	„	M. McCann	„ 8/10/14
„ 4534	„	J. Connolly	„ 8/10/14
„ 4694	„	J. T. Bickerton	„ 8/10/14
„ 4739	„	J. W. Westgarth	„ 8/10/14
„ 4440	„	F. Holmes	„ 8/10/14
„ 4911	„	M. Birmingham	„ 14/10/14
„ 4510	„	A. Thompson	„ 19/10/14
„ 4169	„	J. Mitchinson	„ 20/10/14
„ 4372	„	W. Smith	„ 20/10/14

9th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BOVINGTON CAMP, WOOL, DORSETSHIRE,
25th October, 1914.

WE take this opportunity since our last notes of welcoming our Commanding Officer, Colonel H. St. G. Thomas, who only as recently as April last gave up command of the 84th Punjaubis. Colonel Thomas joined the Royal Sussex Regiment in 1884, transferring later to the Indian Army, and has the Egyptian Campaign, 1884-1885, the Burmese Expedition and Thibet Expedition, 1904, to his credit.

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The old adage "Rome was not built in a day" is equally applicable to these new battalions of Kitchener's Army; suffice it to say that our training is going on splendidly, one can see marked improvement every week,

and, though handicapped at present by not being completely clothed and equipped, we can safely say that in a short time we shall not know ourselves. Could any regiment these days have a finer motto than "Quo fata vocant," which one of our recruits was heard to translate freely as "from Bovington to Berlin."

At the time of writing Bovington Camp is a sea of mud, but up to the last few days we have had splendid weather

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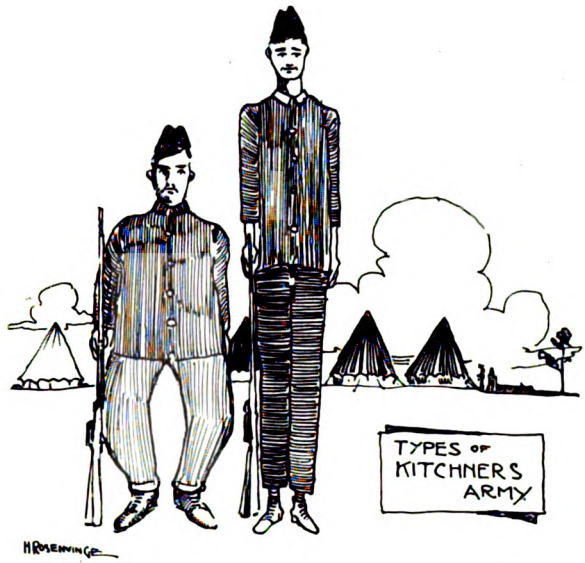
and nothing to interfere with our training, which has gone on uninterruptedly.

Since our last notes the following officers have joined this Battalion:—Captain C. B. L. Dashwood (late of the FIFTH), Captain J. S. Fawcus and Lieutenant Sir Aubrey Dean-Paul, but to complete our establishment we still require more majors and captains.



We have to thank many Northumbrians for their noble response to Lord Howick's appeal for the loan of field-glasses for non-commissioned officers of this Battalion. This appeal has brought in 47 pairs, and to all those who have sent them we owe a great debt of gratitude. Several other kind people have sent gifts of blankets and clothing to the Battalion, including Mr. Arthur Collingwood, of Alnwick (two consignments of blankets), the Mayor of Bournemouth (blankets), Mr. Eddie, of Bishop Auckland

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(blankets), and the Rector of Moreton who sent some fruit. To all these kind donors we offer our best thanks. Captain Alexander (late Seaforth Highlanders) has also been most kind in entertaining to tea several men of the Battalion.

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The Battalion is the first in the Brigade to start a band, now fourteen strong and only sanctioned of course if allowed to play when work is done and on Church parade. We have to thank our Brigade-Chaplain, Rev. Peirce Butler, for the trouble he took in getting us the instruments together.

We form a unit of the 52nd Brigade 17th Division, the remaining regiments being the 9th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment, 12th Battalion Manchester Regiment and the 10th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers. Our Brigade-Commander is Brigadier-General R. G. Surtees, C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O. (late Coldstream Guards), and our Brigade-Major, Major R. Weldon (late 17th Leicestershire Regiment).

A copy of the *Quaysider*, which is a magazine edited and inaugurated by B Company of this Battalion, and which is to appear for the remainder of the war, is being sent to the editor of the *St. George's Gazette*.

We were very glad to have a visit on the 16th from Lieutenant F. E. Watkin, of our 1st Battalion, who is home invalided from the front. We trust he will soon be well again and wish him the best of luck.

10th (Service) Battalion Notes.

Bullswater Camp, Woking,
21st October, 1914.

THE became the 10th (Service) Battalion on the 7th September, 1914, and on arrival at Wool our strength was 1,100 men. The only officers with the Battalion were Captain Lord Crofton and Lieutenant the Hon. Sydney Joicey, while our staff of non-commissioned officers up to the 27th ult. were five, viz.:—

Colour-Sergeant Carlisle, Acting-Sergeant-Major
" J. Byrnes, for C and D Companies
" J. P. Byrnes, for A Company
" Matthews, for B Company
" Hakin, Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant

We left Bovington Camp, Wool, on the 17th ult. for Bullswater Camp, Woking, the 9th Battalion remaining behind, much to our regret, as we wish they had accompanied us here.

Colonel D. S. Stewart, C.B., took over command of the Battalion on the 17th ult.

Captain Lord Crofton left us on the 17th ult.; we hear that he is now a major in one of our Service Battalions.

We played two football matches here on Saturday, the 17th inst.

B Company beat A Company by 2 goals to 1
D " " C " " 7 " 3

A Fife and Drum Band has been started under the tuition of Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. P. Byrnes.

The following non-commissioned officers of the Norfolk Regiment joined for duty on the 27th ult.:—No. 2504 Colour-Sergeant E. W. Crosbie, No. 3682 Sergeant H. Harwood, and No. 4661 Sergeant R. Leverington. Colour-Sergeant F. W. Rowe, Royal Marine Light Infantry, and Acting-Schoolmaster F. W. R. Burke have also joined for duty.

We are brigaded with the 11th Battalion and the 12th and 13th Battalions Durham Light Infantry, and we have noticed some FIFTH officers in the 11th Battalion, viz., Captain Gordon-Steward (adjutant), Captain E. Leather and Lieutenant and Quartermaster J. T. Rowland. There are also a great number of old Fusiliers as non-commissioned officers. A football match is to be played on the 22nd inst. between the Sergeants of the 10th and 11th Battalions.

The following is a list of warrant and non-commissioned officers who have re-enlisted :—

Sergt.-Maj. Carlisle	(5th Fus.)	Sergt. G. Hanlon	(5th Fus.)
Qrmr.-Sgt. G. Hakin	"	" J. Holland	"
Coy.-Q.M.S. J. Byrnes	"	" J. W. Thorley	"
" J. P. Byrnes	"	" J. E. Lever	"
" J. Matthews		" H. Hall	"
(Border Regiment)		Lce.-Sergt. J. Peacock	"
Coy.-S.M. J. O'Brien	(5th Fus.)	Corpl. T. P. Wickstead	
" P. J. Sisk	"	(Lincolnshire Regiment)	
" A. Short	"	" J. McLaughlin (3rd	
Sergt. W. T. Sones	"	(Militia) Batt. 5th Fus.)	
" E. M. Watts	"	Corpl. P. B. Symes	(5th Fus.)
" F. Emmerson	"	" S. J. McGarrity	"
Corpl. R. Wood (5th Fus.)			

11th (Service) Battalion Notes.

Bullswater Camp, Pirbright,
28th October, 1914.

THE took a somewhat definite shape at 5.15 a.m. on the 17th ult., when the companies to form this Battalion marched under the command of Captain H. Beale to the Central Station, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to entrain for an unknown destination, later discovered to be Brookwood.

On arrival there about 3.30 p.m. we marched three miles to our camp on Bullswater Common, where we found the 10th Battalion had just arrived from Wool, with Captain Lord Crofton (in command) and Lieutenant the Hon. S. Joicey. Our two Battalions, with the 13th and 14th Durham Light Infantry, form the 68th Brigade (Brigadier-General G. H. Ovens, C.B.), of the 23rd Division (Major-General J. M. Babington, C.B., C.M.G.), 3rd New Army. Owing to some error, the contractor in charge of supplies had only been warned to provide meals for two thousand instead of four thousand men. This resulted in some confusion and a certain amount of hardship. However, we drew blankets and waterproof sheets, and the men shook

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down in good spirits and made the best of things. On the 18th, Captain Gordon-Steward arrived and took up the adjutancy. Two days later we were very glad to welcome our new Quartermaster, Lieutenant J. T. Rowland. On the 21st, Colonel H. Rose, late Indian Army, took over the command of the Battalion.

The weather at this time was very fine, giving the men the chance to get used to their surroundings and to camp life; squad drill was the order of the day, with route marching for a change. The question of *boots* soon became acute, and until little more than a week ago was a serious matter. However, thanks to the energy of our Quartermaster, the majority of the men are now booted, and the whole Battalion is now clothed in the new blue uniform. Rifles we have to the number of 200 per company.

We are now six weeks old, and for one so young are full of life. We are all trying to be a credit to our famous parent, and hope to walk nicely soon. On the 5th inst. Colonel E. A. F. Carter, late The King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment, took over the command of the Battalion from Colonel Rose.

Most of us have now been inoculated against typhoid, only a few of the men having refused to be so treated, these latter being no doubt influenced by a pernicious pamphlet which was somehow circulated through the lines, in which the men were told that inoculation was useless and most injurious, and would inevitably bring on consumption in all who submitted to it. The granting of 48 hours off duty after treatment helped the doubtful ones somewhat.

Great excitement was created last week by the arrival of tent boards, and the little homes were re-arranged forthwith, and further luxuries in the shape of paliasses dished out. We hear rumours of our removal to barracks at North Camp shortly, but how far they are correct time alone can shew.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

Writing from Bullswater Camp, 28th October, we can only say that we are kept very busy. There is no time for anyone to throw away, as it is "drill!" "drill!" nothing but "drill." Still we have the consolation of knowing that under very trying conditions we are making good progress, and our men are keen and anxious to get on. We are getting a little shipshape, in other words, we are emerging from the chaos in which we were engulfed in the beginning, and hope soon to be able to push on with a clear headway. Certainly it will not be the fault of our working staff, whose labours have been indefatigable, and carried out in an unostentatious and soldierly way.

The sergeants have been provided with a very comfortable mess, for which we have to thank our Quartermaster and Sergeant-Major, well backed up by our Quartermaster-Sergeant Tommy Day.

The men are supplied with footballs, quoits, &c., and they are highly appreciated.

The weather, so far, has been all in our favour, and we are very well provided for as far as tent accommodation is concerned.

All are anxious for the time to come when yet another unit of the Old and Bold may take the field, to follow the old traditions of those who were and are there to-day.

Colour-Sergeant W. Beecham has been promoted Sergeant-Major, from the 17th ult. Authority R.O. 2865/2 A/D/York, 14/10/14.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Acting-Quartermaster-Sergeant:—
Colour-Sergeant A. Warner from 22/10/14

To be Quartermaster-Sergeant, Orderly-Room-Sergeant:—
Sergeant E. Thompson

To be Company-Sergeant-Majors:—
T. Smith A. Wilson

To be Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants:—
Sergeant T. Nesbitt Sergeant H. Huckans
Sergeant T. Tedder.

12th Battalion Notes.

Halton Park Camp, Tring,
26th October, 1914.

THE difficulty which often confronts a young mother in indicting an epistle announcing the arrival and description of her first baby is very similar, and probably just as embarrassing, as that of giving a description of the birth of a new battalion, especially when the writer of these Notes is painfully aware of the high literary quality which the *St. George's Gazette* has always maintained. However, as it is the bounden duty of each battalion to inform the others of its own affairs, an attempt shall at least be made to fulfil this duty.

First, the formation of the Battalion should be detailed. Lieutenant S. E. Mailer and 991 non-commissioned officers and men arrived at Aylesbury from Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 17th ult.; 85 non-commissioned officers and men arrived on the 18th; and 117 non-commissioned officers and men at Tring on the 24th inst. Captain Warwick joined as Adjutant on the 17th inst., from the 8th (Service) Battalion, and on the 19th inst. the Battalion was inspected by the 21st Divisional Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who expressed himself highly pleased with the bearing and steadiness of the

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Battalion on parade, and with their general appearance. We had the good fortune to have appointed as Officer Commanding Brevet-Colonel W. B. Mullins, late Commanding Officer of the 29th Punjabis, who took over the command on the 20th ult.

A word about our camp here. Without fear of contradiction we can truly assert that we are blessed with the most beautiful camping ground that can be conceived, and both from the point of drill and of hardening the men by route marching, nothing could be more ideal. For these blessings we are indebted to the patriotic generosity of Mr. Alfred Rothschild, the owner of the park, where we are encamped in as pretty a situation as one could desire. Route marching in the early autumn mornings in this lovely country becomes a pleasure. Wendover, with its quaint Pound Street lined with its old thatched cottages, is about two miles from camp.

For our drills we go to Halton Park, which is absolutely ideal for the purpose. These beautiful conditions make a wonderful impression upon the hardy Northumbrians, whose delight at their surroundings is really gratifying to witness. It is only hoped that Mr. Rothschild has been a spectator of the pleasure he has given to the hundreds of our men whose surroundings in the North are so entirely different.

One thing is certain and that is that the officers in this command owe a deep debt to Mr. Alfred Rothschild, who has also considered the comforts of the officers of this Division by building a very pleasant club-house with tea and reading rooms.

Now to the sterner side of our work. The Battalion was allotted to the 62nd Infantry Brigade (Commander, Brigadier-General G. L. Herbert Armstrong); 21st Division (Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hutton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.). It is naturally a matter of universal pleasure that we are under the command of an old FIFTH officer. The Battalion was inspected on the 20th inst. by General Robb, from the War Office, and on the following day the Brigade was inspected and marched passed the Divisional Commander.

On Sunday, the 25th inst., the Brigade was honoured by an inspection by the Secretary of State for War. Needless to say, the rank and file made special efforts to give the best possible impression and it is satisfactory to know that Earl Kitchener was completely satisfied with the appearance of the Brigade. It was regrettable that the close of the inspection was marred by a heavy rainstorm.

The King having been informed that Mr. J. W. Cyster, gamekeeper to Mr. A. L. Duncan, of Chalfont Grove, Bucks, himself an old corporal in the Northumberland Fusiliers, has four sons serving in the Army, has caused a letter to be written congratulating Mr. Cyster and his sons.

14th Battalion Notes.

HALTON PARK CAMP, TRING,
25th October, 1914.

THIS Battalion began its existence on the 25th ult., on which day two parties of 550 men each came to Berkhamsted from the Depôt in charge of Lieutenant R. St. J. Willans, who was only able to stay with us about ten days. His wish to join the 3rd Battalion and proceed with a draft to the front was gratified much sooner than he expected or we hoped. We wish him all good luck with the 1st Battalion.

The following officers are now serving with this, the junior Battalion of the Regiment:—Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Morley, in command; Major A. O. Vaughan, D.S.O., late Rimington's Guides; Captain J. B. Malone, late 3rd Royal Irish; Lieutenant R. C. Hopkinson, late of our 3rd Battalion (Regulars), and who expects his promotion to Captain very shortly, and Second-Lieutenants C. Southgate, F. Robinson, E. O. Mason, E. E. Grover, E. C. Jowett, K. C. Jowett, N. M. Dillon, O. L. Burt, H. J. de D. Kunz and Hon. E. C. Crofton, son of Major Lord Crofton, late of the FIFTH and now serving with the 12th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers. Lieutenant and Quartermaster F. S. Davies, late 3rd Dragoon Guards, is our active and popular Quartermaster.

It will be noticed that we are very short of senior officers, and if this should meet the eye of any old FIFTH man just returned from Timbuctoo or Patagonia, who has not yet made his choice, he will know where he will be made welcome.

Among non-commissioned officers who have served with the Regiment we have Regimental-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Curtis, Colour-Sergeants C. Hayes and C. Mercer, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant W. Perkins, Colour-Sergeant G. Woolsey, Company-Sergeant-Major G. F. Baker, Colour-Sergeant R. Jones, Sergeant J. Dixon, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Staples, Sergeant Knight, who has resumed his duties as sergeant-cook, and Sergeant Sykes, who presides, as before, over the pioneer department; others are G. Railson (Acting-Regimental-Sergeant-Major), Sergeants J. Webster, P. Vaughan (Orderly-Room-Sergeant), W. Wilson, T. W. Spraggen and Teesdale. 90 per cent. of the rank and file hail from Tyneside. We are a Supernumerary (Army Troop) Battalion, attached to the 62nd Brigade, which is commanded by Brigadier-General G. L. Herbert Armstrong, late of the FIFTH. This Brigade contains the 12th and 13th Battalions Northumberland Fusiliers, so the Regiment is well represented in this camp.

We marched here from Berkhamsted on the 3rd inst., and have since then been living laborious days, working

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hard to make ourselves fit for "the day," which in our case means the time when we are considered good enough to be let loose in the Continental scrimmage.

We hope before long to move into the hutments which are springing up like magic all round; we shall not be sorry to leave our tents which are proving but poor cover in this damp and chilly Chiltern district now that the rains and winds of autumn are on us.

The Newcastle Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE,
25th October, 1914.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gazette* another addition (and we hope a bouncing one) has been made to the family circle of the Regiment, in the form of the Newcastle (Commercial) Battalion. Although chiefly formed from the commercial class of Newcastle, recruiting was by no means restricted to the city only; for Gateshead and the outlying districts are very well represented. It was generally felt that when the great war broke out that if an appeal were made to the business men of this city, Newcastle would give her very best to see this war through to a successful end.

The whole County of Northumberland has splendidly supported the effort to raise this Battalion and so great was the flow of recruits that Newcastle has felt herself equal to the task of supplying a further contingent, namely a Tyneside Brigade (for which by this time recruiting is well under weigh). Our own Battalion was formed up in less than a week under the guidance of Colonel Ritson, late Officer Commanding 6th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

The work of drilling and training was entered upon with zest by both men and instructors, so that at the time of writing we are thoroughly prepared for our field training, which we hope to begin at Alnwick in the course of a week or two. Substantial and well-equipped huts are being erected for us in the beautiful grounds of the Duke of Northumberland. The question of uniform was one which caused some trouble, for it was found impossible to get sufficient khaki owing to the enormous demand. Finally it was decided to get grey uniforms, the khaki to follow if we are called upon for active service (as we sincerely hope we will).

The Battalion made its first public appearance about the middle of September when, in front of the Town Hall, the Lord Mayor of Newcastle inspected the 6th Battalion, arrangements being made for us to join 6th in its inspection. On Sunday, the 4th October, the Battalion again made an appearance, attending Divine Service in the Cathedral, at which the inspiriting hymn "Saint George of old the dragon slew" was sung in honour of the "Fighting Fifth."

The 10th October was a red letter day in our history, for it was on that day that Lord Haldane inspected us, and we shall never forget those stirring words addressed to us as "Men of the North."

We cannot close without acknowledging how deeply indebted we are to the Lord Mayor of Newcastle for his keen, untiring interest in us; to Colonel Ritson, who has recently been gazetted to the command, for his organising capabilities; to Major R. Temperley who worked so hard for the Battalion at its inception; and to Major J. Talbot for his valuable services and especially for the facilities granted at the Royal Grammar School. With such men at our back we have little cause to apprehend the future and we are sure that when the time comes we shall all be ready to go "Quo fata vocant" and that we shall live up to the great traditions of the Regiment.

Editorial Notes.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
25th October, 1914.

THE following additional casualties in the 1st Battalion in France taken from *The Times* have, regretfully, to be recorded:—

OFFICERS.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

Captain B. H. Selby — 2nd-Lt. E. H. Tottie

KILLED.

2nd-Lt. C. H. Van Neck (3rd Battalion)

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

KILLED.

No. 1706	Pte.	J. Fawkes	No. 174	Pte.	B. Smart
„ 1592	„	J. T. Gray	„ 9588	„	G. C. E. Smith
„ 1247	Cpl.	E. T. Johnston	„ 9368	„	J. Smith
„ 1936	Pte.	B. R. Neave	„ 898	„	S. Tucker
„ 1071	„	F. W. Seago	„ 1496	„	H. Vines

No. 3302 Lce.-Cpl. C. Woodrow

MAN.

DIED OF WOUNDS.

No. 8807 Pte. C. E. Johnson

OFFICERS.

WOUNDED.

Captain W. N. Herbert — 2nd-Lt. G. E. D. Waddilove (3rd Battalion)
Lieut. R. T. Vachell

Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O.

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

WOUNDED.

No. 1440	Cpl.	C. Ellis	No. 3714	Pte.	Doolan
„ 248	„	H. Peile	„ 8701	„	J. Hambrow
„ 701	L.-Cpl.	R. Gardiner	„ 254	„	J. E. Yellowby
„ 1270	„	J. S. Chilton	„ 9153	„	S. Barlow
„ 1170	Pte.	A. Chatfield	„ 262	„	J. Welsh
„ 2510	„	S. King	„ 8040	„	J. H. Stewart
„ 740	„	J. Bowran	„ 9182	„	J. H. Hoyle
„ 1574	„	J. Demain	„ 365	„	F. Moffat
„ 1037	„	H. Gandon	„ 3254	„	J. H. Oates
„ 8707	„	H. Love	„ 9226	„	M. Kenny
„ 703	„	J. Morris	„ 8835	„	Thos. Sephton
„ 7757	„	J. Ryan	„ 588	„	P. J. Roberts
„ 1375	„	H. Williams	„ 792	„	G. Hazon
„ 925	„	J. Lamerton	„ 9287	„	R. Jackson
„ 972	„	Webster	„ 20110	„	A. Nesbitt
„ 691	„	Wilson	„ 636	„	J. Patterson

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No.	716	Pte. Fraser	No.	9924	Pte. A. Piper
„	338	„ Clark	„	1066	„ M. Bestwick
„	2118	„ Clayton	„	9310	„ W. Udall
„	1606	„ H. J. Wheeler	„	1033	„ G. Ford
„	9376	„ T. N. Adams	„	207	„ H. Keeling
„	8565	„ L. Batton	„	922	L.-Cpl. P. L. Marquis
„	1522	Cpl. W. Beech	„	1223	Pte. H. Meadows
„	1729	Pte. A. Broadley	„	3340	„ B. Monahan
„	9309	„ T. W. Cairns	„	99	„ T. Nicholson
„	1273	„ G. C. Collins	„	6302	„ T. Norwich
„	9963	„ P. Cowell	„	7316	Sgt. G. Poole
„	9267	„ J. W. Crouch	„	9920	Cpl. J. D. Quinn
„	1400	„ E. Dale	„	9645	Pte. H. Robson
„	3746	„ J. W. Durham	„	2866	„ W. Sadler
„	1372	„ G. Farmer	„	1108	„ A. Stirling
„	6658	Sgt. J. E. Fenemore	„	1672	„ J. Tain
„	1219	Pte. A. E. Fleet	„	614	Cpl. R. W. Thornton
„	2356	Sgt. F. J. Gammon	„	1623	Pte. J. Tomkinson
„	9615	Bdsmn. J. Gibbon	„	671	„ E. Tummins
„	9281	Pte. J. Gould	„	1636	„ M. Tweddell
„	909	„ S. Green	„	9626	„ J. Tweedy
„	8687	„ J. Harrison	„	8832	„ T. Walker
„	8766	L.-Cpl. E. Hitchens	„	9542	L.-Cpl. T. Walker
„	91	Pte. G. Holland	„	737	Pte. J. Wilcox
„	8658	„ T. Hughes	„	9184	„ W. Wildman
„	9489	„ F. S. Hurst	„	1001	„ H. Woods
		No. 515 L.-Cpl. J. W. Betmead			

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

Missing.

No.	9495	L.-Cpl. Barraclough	No.	9371	Pte. W. G. Martin
„	1835	Pte. A. Beighton	„	1213	„ C. Mason
„	1707	„ H. Blyth	„	937	Sgt. Mattison
„	9641	„ G. Burrell	„	406	Pte. R. G. Miller
„	4169	L.-Cpl. F. F. Casey	„	9105	„ A. E. Morris
„	3696	„ C. H. Cols	„	1079	„ J. N. Newman
„	2515	Pte. J. Cotterill	„	2383	L.-Cpl. G. C. Page
„	5579	„ J. Dixon	„	471	Pte. T. Peare
„	1095	„ C. Elder	„	3227	„ C. Pearson
„	1352	„ W. Ellingham	„	2562	„ F. Poole
„	239	Cpl. C. E. Elmy	„	838	„ J. Powell
„	9143	Pte. J. Fitchett	„	8715	„ R. Ramshaw
„	2005	L.-Cpl. H. Gibbs	„	662	„ D. J. Reed
„	823	Pte. H. Gillespie	„	1982	„ H. Richardson
„	63	„ T. Gowanlock	„	3487	„ J. Richardson
„	3331	„ W. Gudgeon	„	7763	„ G. Roome
„	9254	L.-Cpl. G. E. Hake	„	2214	„ A. Ross
„	9364	„ W. Hale	„	9770	„ W. Savile
„	8033	Pte. E. H. Hebbron	„	977	„ F. G. Seager
„	1654	„ E. Henshaw	„	9862	„ G. Slyth
„	8690	L.-Cpl. R. W. Heywood	„	316	„ J. Stone
„	9288	Pte. J. W. Hollyoak	„	9524	„ H. Tomlinson
„	9907	„ J. Hood	„	9160	„ H. Unwin
„	1615	„ L. Howe	„	1056	„ R. Vaughan
„	9716	„ W. H. Jenkinson	„	320	„ A. Vincent
„	8031	„ W. Keene	„	538	„ J. W. Walker
„	9320	„ R. Ladzrie	„	2351	L.-Cpl. W. Warren
„	328	„ T. Lamb	„	9148	Sgt. W. Warriner
„	9141	„ C. Levick	„	879	Pte. E. Webster
„	9270	„ G. H. McMahon	„	1971	„ H. T. Wiltshire
		No. 3273 Sgt. W. C. Young			

The following officers and non-commissioned officers and man of the Regiment were "Mentioned in Despatches" of the 17th September and the 8th October, 1914 :—

Staff—Major (temporary Lieut.-Col.) A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O.

Royal Flying Corps—Lieutenant I. M. Bonham-Carter.

Lt.-Col. H. S. Ainslie	Captain W. N. Herbert
Major C. Yatman, D.S.O.	Lieutenant G. O. Sloper
Captain H. S. Toppin	2nd-Lt. E. F. Boyd

Captain M. Leckie, R.A.M.C. (attached)

No. 4524 Coy.-Sergt.-Major D. Condon

No.	8002	Sergt. A. Laws	No.	8473	Sergt. J. Squires
„	6658	„ J. E. Fenemore	„	2538	L.-Cpl. S. Bentley
		No. 3703 Pte. V. Gorton			

The undermentioned have been awarded the Medal for Long Service and Good Conduct by A.O. 412, 1914 :—

No.	4874	Q.M.S. E. Gale	No.	4887	C.-Sgt. A. Hollett
„	4915	„ J. Tindle	„	5231	Sgt. W. G. Ouzman
„	3982	C.-Sgt. E. W. Thompson	„	4827	Pte. W. Baker
		No. 4904 Pte. K. Allen			

A list of the officers posted to the newly-raised Battalions of the Regiment up to the 14th October, is given below. Some of the officers had not joined at that date :—

8th Battalion.

(Belton Park Camp, Grantham.)

Lt.-Col. Fishbourne	2nd-Lt. S. P. Bedson
Major C. A. Armstrong	„ H. E. Hobbs
Capt. E. E. Williams, D.S.O.	„ T. A. Straughan
„ R. S. Fletcher	„ A. G. Lane
„ DeL. W. Passy (25th Punjaubis)	„ F. G. Buckley
	„ A. Wedgewood
„ C. H. Tyrrell (25th Punjaubis)	„ O. H. Lindberg
	„ H. G. Sale
„ G. W. Atkins (25th Punjaubis)	„ F. M. M. Carlisle
	„ W. R. Allen
„ C. R. L. Fitzgerald (126th Baluchis)	„ L. H. Shaw
	„ G. Campbell
Lieut. A. H. James	„ W. S. Oliver
„ R. G. Raw, D.S.O.	„ A. E. B. Plummer
2nd.-Lt. H. J. Powell	„ F. H. Walker
„ E. G. M. Buckley	Lt. & Adjt. A. P. Garnier
„ G. L. Paton	Lt. & Qrmr. W. Smith

9th Battalion.

(Bovington Camp, Wool.)

Col. St. G. Thomas	2nd-Lt. A. D. Haslam
Capt. Viscount Howick	„ G. E. M. Gray
„ G. R. Westmacott	„ A. M. Little
„ J. C. Adam	„ P. H. Sharp
2nd-Lt. E. M. Jackson	„ D. W. Hutchison
„ R. V. L. Dallas	„ G. S. Terry
„ H. W. R. Haselhurst	„ P. D. Robinson
„ R. B. Gerrard	Lt. & Adjt. J. F. Chenevix Trench
„ J. S. Allen	Lt. & Qrmr. A. E. Read

10th Battalion.

(Bullswater Camp, Woking.)

Col. D. S. Stewart, C.B.	2nd-Lt. R. Constable
Major G. Hallam-Botham	„ A. F. S. Fane
Capt. G. L. A. Dodd	„ A. N. Barton
„ G. F. Ashton	„ F. L. Allan
„ W. Farquharson	„ H. W. B. Foster
Lieut. B. St. John Smith	„ P. T. Palmer
„ A. W. W. Norfolk	„ H. A. Newton
„ R. W. Fisher	„ G. B. Hobbs
„ F. B. Ellis	„ P. E. Lincoln
„ R. Ellis	„ F. L. Smart
2nd-Lt. V. E. Cope	Lt. & Adjt. Hon. S. Joicey
	Lt. and Qrmr. R. Langley

11th Battalion.

(Bullswater Camp, Pirbright.)

Bt.-Col. E. A. F. Carter	2nd-Lt. E. W. Mason
Major W. W. Blackden	„ J. S. Harding
Capt. S. Musgrave	„ F. Henri
„ E. A. Leather	„ G. J. W. Gatehouse
„ H. P. Hampson	„ M. J. C. Hyde
„ Lyde-Malcolm	„ P. R. Ackerly
„ Copinger-Mahony	„ A. C. Pritchard
„ H. Beale	„ G. A. Stenning
„ W. Godfray	„ L. W. Donald
Lieut. F. R. Stuart-Weir	Capt. & Adjt. C. W. Gordon-Steward
2nd-Lt. J. J. Frost	
	Lt. and Qrmr. J. T. Rowland

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12TH BATTALION.
(HALTON PARK CAMP, TRING.)

Bt.-Col. W. B. Mullins
Major P. T. Chute, D.S.O.
„ G. T. Holland
„ H. F. Williams
„ Lord Crofton
Capt. S. E. Mailer
„ A. P. Berthon
„ W. C. Oates
„ C. Spearman
„ A. Arnott
„ G. C. Bowen, D.S.O.
„ A. G. Copplestone
„ D. G. Pole
„ W. Stewart
„ W. J. Icke
Lieut. E. S. O. Allen
„ T. H. M. Mansfield
Lieut. L. H. Phillips
„ G. S. Macpherson
2nd-Lt. H. R. Gallatley
„ V. B. Barnett
„ A. T. W. Paine
„ W. A. S. Pridham
„ E. A. Malcolm
„ J. M. Eshelby
„ R. L. Knott
„ H. O. Hamilton
„ G. T. Dimmock
„ L. C. Clarke
„ T. G. Glenday
„ D. E. Waight
„ R. F. Woodhouse
„ Capt. & Adjt. H. B. Warwick
Lt. & Qrmr. G. W. Bessant

13TH BATTALION.
(HALTON PARK CAMP, TRING.)

Col. W. Prior
Major Lord Haldon
Capt. N. E. Robson
„ E. H. Marples
Lieut. T. Vere Levinge
„ T. S. Palmer
„ J. R. Hobson
2nd-Lt. A. J. Jennings
„ F. R. Dore
„ R. W. L. Dodds
„ A. A. Piggott
„ C. G. Gasson
2nd-Lt. C. T. G. Tait
„ F. T. M. Lake
„ H. E. Mansfield
„ C. H. Cooper
„ W. C. Dale
„ W. W. T. Massiah-Palmer
„ J. M. Williams
„ C. T. Parsons
„ G. B. Bell
„ W. M. Allen
Lt. & Qrmr. T. W. Chamberlain

14TH BATTALION.
(HALTON PARK CAMP, TRING.)

Lt.-Col. F. B. Morley
Major A. O. Vaughan, D.S.O.
Capt. F. B. Malone
„ Seymour
„ Levett Berkeley
Lieut. R. C. Hopkinson
„ H. Des Vœux
„ J. N. Hussey
2nd-Lt. C. Southgate
„ E. O. Mason
„ K. C. Jowett
2nd-Lt. E. C. Jowett
„ O. L. Burt
„ N. M. Dillon
„ F. Robinson
„ E. E. Grover
„ H. J. de D. Kunz
„ Hon. E. C. Crofton
„ B. Haggie
„ C. Wade
„ C. V. R. Ball
Lt. & Qrmr. F. G. Davies

Letter to the Editor.

The following letter has been sent to us:—

VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA,
23rd May, 1914.

DEAR COLONEL ENDERBY,—Although I am afraid it will not affect you, I hope that it will be a source of satisfaction to your officers to know that, in conformity with my wishes, it has been decided that the 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers shall form part of the garrison of Delhi during the coming winter.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
HARDINGE OF PENSHURST.

HONOUR FOR ENGLISH OFFICER.

The Bishop of Hereford has received a telegram stating that his son, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Jex-Blake Percival, D.S.O., has been decorated with the Legion of Honour.

Colonel Percival belongs to the 5th Fusiliers, and is serving as a general staff officer to Major-General Monro, commander of the Second Division of the 1st Army Corps in the Expeditionary Force.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

EXTRACTS FROM *ST. GEORGE'S GAZETTE*,
31ST OCTOBER, 1889.

WOOLWICH, THURSDAY, 31ST OCTOBER, 1889.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.—During the early part of this month some interesting trials of a new pattern target have taken place here. These targets were the invention of Dr. Stephenson, of Woolwich, and have the great advantage of saving almost the whole of the lead of the bullets fired at them by means of steel plates placed at such an angle that the bullets ricochet from one to the other until, when finally spent, they drop into a shallow box filled with sawdust. By this method there are no splinters from the bullets, and in consequence Service ammunition may be fired at these targets in a barrack room. Dr. Stephenson is trying to get them adopted in the Service to replace the Morris Tubes, as, by using a modified charge and a bullet about the size of a revolver bullet, the cost of the cartridges is very small, while the rifle is not made heavier or badly balanced by any tube or other contrivance.

Owing to the Battalion having been brought into the 1st Army Corps we have received two "Nordenfelt" 3-barrelled machine guns. Gun detachments are to be trained in each company to work these guns.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES, GHORA DHAKA, September, 1889.—Should you at any time wish to leave behind the pleasures and frivolities of this wicked world and seek for a little repose amongst the mountains of the Himalayas take my advice and, if opportunity offers, try a spell at Ghora Dhaka.

Dull undoubtedly it is, owing no doubt to a total absence of female society, still, if you care for lovely scenery, an almost total absence of brass hats, and an occasional climb gun in hand (or rather in the hands of a cooly) you may manage to exist even for a few months in this mountain home.

A FORECASTE.

THIS letter of the late General Bigge to the Editor of *The Herts Advertiser and St. Albans Times* has been sent to us for reproduction. General Bigge was a keen supporter of the National Service League and often took the chair and spoke at their meetings. There is much that is almost prophetic in the letter. We print below the letter the brass tablet which has been placed to her husband's memory by Mrs. Bigge in St. Stephen's Church, Hertfordshire.

"UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING FOR HOME DEFENCE.

"Sir—As one of the oldest members of the National Service League permit me to appeal to those of your readers who have an hour to spare on the 22nd inst., to attend and hear the arguments which will be used and the 'facts' which will be laid before the meeting to be held in the Drill Hall at St. Albans in support of the most important question of the day, the absolute necessity for universal military training, if in these days of a 'world in arms' we are to preserve the independence of these Islands and the existence of that Empire, which has been handed down to us by the valour and self-sacrifice of our forefathers. We are constantly told by politicians that this question is 'not understanded of the people,' that if the electorate could be brought to see plainly the danger in which our country stands at the present moment, the principles of the above League would be immediately adopted, and we should awake to realities and at last comprehend this bed-rock fact, that a nation cannot be saved by its money-bags, but by true and well-tempered steel. It is simply amazing that in all

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these years during which the greatest land military power has been relentlessly preparing to challenge our naval supremacy, the people have failed to understand that nations, however friendly or the reverse, are impelled to certain courses by the necessities of their situation and of the power to survive. The Germans, as has so often been insisted on, are increasing their population at the rate of 1,200,000 per annum. They stand a good chance of being so to say 'hide bound ' without power of territorial expansion. They do not possess a colony of importance, and we, ungrateful that we are, rule over the fairest portions of the earth's surface. Is it even now, at the eleventh hour, impossible to make our people comprehend that with the inevitable increasing struggle for the world's markets and points of vantage, it will be but a short time before an European Power so situated, which can place four million admirable trained soldiers in the field, and possessing of a fleet which is rapidly approaching ours in size and efficiency, will not hesitate, if the opportunity occurs, to attempt the disruption of the British Empire, which enjoys all that they must obtain if they are to perpetuate their own development which is the most extraordinary of the age. Those who attend the above meeting will doubtless do much to persuade them that the time has come to move, and with no uncertain steps; that if our Government cannot be forced to act, 1914 will find us with, possibly, but a very small superiority in those vessels, the super-Dreadnoughts, which will alone in the immediate future be able to act in the first line of a great naval engagement, and that the Territorial Forces which have been in course of formation for the past three years are over 40,000 men and nearly 2,000 officers below strength, manifestly much under-trained both in drill and rifle practice, and that there seems but little hope of increased recruitment which would bring those forces up to even the utterly insufficient strength of 315,000 men.

" Yours etc.,

" THOS. S. BIGGE, Major-General.

" St. Leonard's-on-Sea,
" 15th March, 1911."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS SCOVELL CHARLES BIGGE, C.B., J.P.,

OF THE LYE HOUSE, BRICKET WOOD, IN THIS PARISH,

BORN 6TH OF JULY, 1837.

DIED 14TH OF MAY, 1914.

He served during the Crimean Campaign, 1854-5, in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and through the Indian Mutiny in the Fifth Fusiliers which Regiment he subsequently commanded.

" I look for the Resurrection of the Dead
And the Life of the World to come."

IN A SHELLED CHURCH.

AGONY OF WOUNDED SOLDIER.

GRAPHIC LETTER.

PRIVATE P. J. Grace, of the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, has sent home a graphic description, given in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, of his adventures during the Battle of the Rivers, of which the following are extracts:—

. . . The Germans held a position on the hills in front of us and their infantry had trenches just below them. Their shells started to drop on us.

We rushed along. We were getting mowed down, but we had to shift them, as the officer said they were there long enough. How they missed me I do not know. We got to about 100 yards of their trenches when the general passed the word up that the brigade will fix bayonets and charge, taking the time to " go " from the bugle. It was an anxious time waiting for the moment. I said to myself, and a lot more the same, " This is my last rush, but I will fight for my life to the last." The bugle sounded at last and we made a dash for it. The men were falling each side of me. I was doubled up. We made a bit of a cheer, but it was more like a groan. There was only about half of us got there.

When I got to their trenches I made a sort of a dive at it with my bayonet leading and it stuck in one of them, in the chest. We killed and wounded the lot, but we found that they had a trench running backward and a lot escaped by that way.

We stopped in the trenches awhile to get our wind, and we shook each other by the hand, and I said, " I will never be hit after that," and was confident of it. And I thanked God from my heart for being alive.

" OUT OF THE GROUND."

We left the trenches to try and gain the hill. It was rather a steep one and we were advancing up it walking. We were in the best of spirits and delighted after escaping so far. We could see not one of them in sight, but we got half-way up, when they seemingly rose out of the ground, and I did not know where I was till I was knocked over, shot in both legs—one in the right and two in the left, and I fell in great pain. And I lay there and I saw our troops retiring, and the bullets were dropping all round me.

I saw some scouts of the Royal Fusiliers who were trying to get information of the enemy. There were all dead lying about me and when the scouts came close to me I started shaking my cap to draw their attention, and I heard the corporal say, " There is a bloke alive up here." And they came to me. They put me sitting on two rifles and carried me for about three miles, taking turns at carrying me. I will never forget them. I was taken back to the town to the temporary hospital. It was a church. I was put up on the altar and laid on some straw.

THE LUCKY ONES.

At daybreak they dropped some shells in the town, and one fell on the church I was in at the lower end. It killed 50 men right out and made a big hole in the roof, and again I was among the lucky ones, as it touched none of us on the altar. I prayed all that day for God to meet me with mercy, as I thought it was God's will for me to die, and I was reconciled to my fate. I made a " will " which is attached to the back of my " active service pay book," which I still have, leaving all money due to me from the Army to be paid to my dear mother.

That night the field ambulance came and took us away to Braines, where we stopped two days, waiting for the hospital train for Paris. After two days' journey we arrived at Paris. We had a great reception. The platform was crowded, and the people were cheering us and gentlemen rushing in eagerness to have the honour of carrying us, men in evening dress. They brought us through the streets for about a mile to an hotel, which was turned into a hospital. The streets were crowded with people cheering and waving the Union Jack and ladies putting cigarettes and hankerchiefs on the stretchers. And the men who were not seriously wounded were singing " Tipperary " and shouting " Are we down-hearted? " and a chorus of " No " would follow. They were greatly surprised at our good spirits.

We arrived at the hospital, where we got a change of everything and a nice clean bed. The ladies speak English and said that France would never forget England for the great help she had given them. We only stopped two days in Paris. It was all too short, for we left for England, and before leaving the hospital we gave " three hearty cheers for France and down with Germany," and it pleased them very much.

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A FIRST BATTALION DIARY.

The following diary kept by an officer of the 1st Battalion has been sent to us :—

Wednesday, 12th Aug.—Got orders in evening that we were to move next day. Got kit and everything ready.

Thursday, 13th Aug.—Left Portsmouth in two trains; self in second train. Great ovation from Portsmouth people. Arrived Southampton about 12 noon. Embarked with Lincolns on board ss. *Norman*, old boat Union Castle line. Very crowded. Heard we were to be landed at Havre, but not absolutely certain. Boat had big list on. Arrived about 12 midnight at Havre, and tied up alongside inner wharf. Found boat with Scots Fusiliers and Royal Fusiliers next berth.

Friday, 14th Aug.—Disembarked at 5 a.m. and troops got coffee and a scratch meal. Marched about 6 a.m. Got very hot, and many reservists fell out. Reached No. 8 Camp, near Harfleur. Found camp being pitched by Gunners. Saw large crowd of motor cycles. 9 miles.

Saturday, 15th Aug.—Rained all day and towards evening; camp an absolute mud heap. Had to get waggons, etc., out on to road by hand. Left camp at 12 midnight and arrived at station about 4 a.m. Many halts owing to break-down of transport. One water cart broken.

Sunday, 16th Aug.—Entrained at 4 a.m. All day in train, tea and a meal at Rouen. Passed through Amiens. Great ovation at all stations. No idea of our destination. Detrained at about 11 p.m. at Landrecies. Marched to barracks, where men were billetted. Very dirty and not enough room. Officers billetted in convent. Very small beds in dormitories.

Monday, 17th Aug.—Marched at 10.30 a.m. after a very meagre breakfast in local pub. Did 6.4 miles to village of Noyelles, where brigade were billetted around and along the roads. Mess in an old farmhouse. Plenty of eggs, milk, and beer. Had excellent bathe in local stream. Fine at nights, but very heavy dew.

Tuesday, 18th Aug.—Sorted maps all morning. Four aeroplanes came over us, flying north-east, probably towards Maubeuge. Had another good bathe and washed clothes.

Wednesday, 19th Aug.—Brigade route-march about 7½ miles round Leval. Got mail. Very disappointed, only two bills.

Thursday, 20th Aug.—Still at Noyelles. Did brigade route march. No orders yet to move. No one allowed outside billetting area. As orderly-officer went round sentries, found most without charged magazines.

Friday, 21st Aug.—Marched about 5 a.m. to La Longueville, 11 miles. Very hot. Arrived about 12 noon. Mess split up into four companies and headquarters. Much more satisfactory. Men ordered to sleep ready to turn out at a minute's notice.

Saturday, 22nd Aug.—Marched about 5.30 a.m. to Cuesmes, *via* Malplaquet, over Belgian frontier. Inhabitants very enthusiastic, especially pit towns near Frameries. They gave chocolates, bread, cigars, etc., to troops—11.1 miles. Arrived in Cuesmes about noon. Waited on square. Saw aeroplanes overhead. Believed to be Germans. Sent two companies (B and C) to Mons and Mariette. Billetted remainder. Headquarters in Curé's house. Bedded down in his drawing-room. Reconnoitred road back to Frameries in case of retirement in dark.

Sunday, 23rd Aug.—Line of Mons heavily attacked by Germans. Went out with A Company and built barricades to cover retirement of Scots Fusiliers. Directly these were finished got orders to retire and went on to square. Waited and retired about 3 p.m. towards Frameries, down main road. After 1½ miles found enemy on right flank attacking B and C Companies, who were retiring from Mariette. A and D went to support them. Left with transport and M.G., and ordered to meet C.O. at nearest dumping heap. Found open bit of road being shelled and sniped whenever anyone went near, so stopped and reconnoitred. Shortly afterwards decided to send men under Regimental-Sergeant-Major and take transport across with me over open. Just starting when near horse slipped, caught his foot in front wheel, and could not get it out. Shell came over and landed near one of D Company's platoons and shortly after a second shell landed in the house on the side of road ten yards away, blew out roof and covered us with glass and brick. A lyddite, so must have been one of our own. Dismounted and got hold of horse whose leg had got caught and managed to get him free. Harnessed horse with help of men whom I had collected. No casualties. Took limber and transport at trot across open. Germans had apparently ceased firing at road then. Saw Colonel who said we had better get on over railway as liable to be cut off and get back to Frameries. Crossed railway by level crossing and found D Company retiring. Went up hill and at top found cemetery. Lot of wire had to be cut, and had to choose between right and left of cemetery. Chose left where D Company was going and found small passage through houses. Tried to get limber through and failed. So pulled up six posts and broke one doorway with help of local saws, much assistance from a dispatch rider who had lost his way and joined us. D Company had gone on and we apparently left alone. Sent men out on flank to reconnoitre as inhabitants said Germans were approaching on our right flank. Adjutant came and told me where to go to and went after D Company. Went over bridge into centre of town and found platoon of A Company. Stayed there till dark. Men very weary. Got tea and drink for men from inhabitants, and then all inhabitants sent to their houses. Was sent off about 10 p.m. to get entrenching tools from Lincolns as A Company wanted to build barricade across a road. Found Lincolns just taking up a position and going to entrench. Brought back some tools. Our own tool carts lost at Mons. Went with M.G. and part of D Company as reserve to power station and chimney stack. Slept, but badly. Road covered with coal dust and very cold. Did not like look of chimney stack as very good aim for German artillery. Caught one or two spies. Distance from Cuesmes to Frameries two miles.

Monday, 24th Aug.—BATTLE OF FRAMERIES.—Woken about 4 a.m. by shells bursting within 50 yards aimed at chimney. Took limber down road parallel to trenches. Germans shelled road heavily all morning. Several narrow shaves with shells bursting in houses close by. Noise of shells deafening, as high explosives used. Our own guns could not locate Germans. B and C Company had very bad time in orchard as Germans had exact range probably through spies with telephones. 109th Battery brought two guns up near chimney stack, they got roughly handled. Went down with Commanding Officer and Adjutant near trenches. Commanding Officer did not use M.G. as no very suitable place available. Sappers made barricades across two roads by which our men had to retire. Reconnoitred road for D, B and C to retire which led into main road. Telegraph wires all cut up, and convent which had been turned into a hospital very nearly shelled several times. Brigade staff shelled out of their place and went a little higher up main road towards Frameries. Orders to retire came about 11 a.m. A Company last to retire. Sandilands hit in knee. Retired along main road undisturbed to position about three miles in rear. If Germans had shelled us along road would have been badly had. Only reason can suggest Germans had suffered very heavily. Whilst retiring to new position had to cross ditch. Nearly broke wheel of hind limber. Did not risk S.A.A. cart, but sent it round. Dug trenches near a farmhouse. Good field of fire. Saw German cyclists and fired at them, but nothing else. Saw and heard big battle on our right. Presumably

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some other division. Cannot imagine why we did not go straight back to this position instead of stopping at Frameries. Remained there until about 5 p.m. Nothing to eat except a potato baked in ashes of burning haystack. Not very nice though edible. Marched 11 miles to Bermeries. Great congestion at village close to with some troops marching in opposite direction. Found camp in great confusion. Nothing to eat except soup. Very weary.

Tuesday, 25th Aug.—Started at about 4.30 a.m. after a bad night. No breakfast at all. Trekked all day. Saw German monoplane brought down by rifle fire of some gendarmes. Heard that the pilots were captured and the aeroplane burnt by cavalry patrols. Saw Smith-Dorrien, who told us that the French had retired, that our own retirement was strategical, and that we were going to take up a position near Le Cateau. Saw Swaine with cyclists. He had had a lot of cycles smashed. Halted for 1½ hours at a small village, washed and ate a meal of biscuits. Arrived at Inchy in pouring rain at 5 p.m., 19.2 miles. Went into billets. Turned out and stood to arms as were told Germans advancing. Went back again to billets. Billetted in unfurnished house. Good meal mostly off tinned stuff as did not know when we would get next meal. Got beer and wine.

Wednesday, 26th Aug.—Battle of Inchy (Le Cateau).—Cup of coffee at 3.30 a.m. Marched out at 4 a.m. about ¾-mile outside town to the south. Did not know quite what was going to happen. After some delay found we were going to take up a position which had been more or less prepared for us in front of village. This position was found to be not much good, and it was decided to dig further back up the rise. Line finally chosen, but hardly any big tools to dig with. Selected position for machine guns on left of line of A Company, protected on left flank from view by a field of maize, and firing straight into village. Had my own tools and dug as hard as possible circular pits with high enfilade bank on right, as was told might expect enfilade fire from that direction. Got fairly well dug in in an hour when first shell came over us, aimed probably at farmhouse about 300 yards in rear, behind which were some of our guns. The ground sloped gently from the farmhouse to the first line of A Company's trenches, then steeply down to the Royal Scots Fusiliers' front trench, so that M.G.'s could fire over their heads into the village, a distance of about 800 yards. Two guns of the 109th Battery were placed about 100 yards slightly to my left rear in the open ground, and were only concealed by brushwood. They were not discovered by the enemy and did good work to cover our retirement. The remaining guns of the Battery were placed behind the farmhouse and the sunken road, with an observing station about 100 yards in front of farmhouse. The standing stacks of corn had been laid flat by our men whilst waiting for our line to be decided on. The transport were placed by the village of Troisvilles on the sunken road, one platoon of A Company was on my right and another to my right front, so that there were two tiers of fire. On the first shell coming over everyone got into their equipment, and I started my men in my trench in enlarging it, as there was rather a squash for four of us. Shells began to come more frequently, but did little damage, mostly falling between my trenches and the farmhouse. Our guns replied. I could see infantry advancing the other side of the village in the far distance, and saw them caught by our guns badly. A few bullets began coming from our left through the maize, and one or two men of A Company were hit. One came very close to my head, and buried itself in the inside of the trench, so I heightened left cover as much as possible. The shelling died down and there was practically no rifle fire from the front, except a few snipers, who took a shot if anybody put their heads up. Did not fire as nothing to be seen, but front trenches fired occasionally. Directly our gunners heard us firing at the village they started "plunking" lyddite in front of and into the village. At first these shells went short, and very nearly fell into the Royal Scots Fusiliers' front trench. The observing station were told about this, and they began registering a zone in front of village and into the nearest houses. I am quite certain that very little could have lived in that zone. It was rather interesting to watch the shells come over and speculate where they were going to pitch. They did little damage beyond knocking down a few houses, but it must have prevented anybody stopping there. I heard sounds of heavy firing on our right and left. Had our dinners brought up in a dixie as there was no firing, but by the time it reached the section nothing was left except a greasy soup and some lumps of mutton fat. I could not face it, though had had nothing to eat and only a cup of coffee at 3.30 a.m. The firing on the right and left had been getting nearer, and the enemy's shells bursting nearer the centre. I had seen men retiring on our right, but thought it was only an advanced line. About 4 o'clock the two guns in the open began firing off as hard at possible straight into the village. About 4.10 p.m. was very surprised to see our Brigade-Major ride up to my trench and say—"I am afraid you must retire." He rode on and told the trenches in front, and was shot in the groin on the way back. I dismounted guns and got A Company to let me have some men to help me carry the extra ammunition boxes. The other troops in front were retiring, so got hold of two ammunition boxes, a rifle, pick and shovel, and retired in the direction in which everybody was going. But I had no idea where to go to, nor had anybody else. I saw and talked to the sergeant-major in charge of the two guns in the open. He told me he had to abandon them, but as they had fired a large number of rounds, and had also taken away the sights, etc., they wouldn't be much use. I went back into a village, and collected the men together, but saw no signs of my limber. I asked the Colonel of Royal Scots Fusiliers in which direction we were retiring. He did not know. I found our companies reforming a little farther on, and saw the Adjutant, who said that the Battalion were going to reform further back. He told me he'd seen the limber, and had sent it back to find me. Shortly afterwards it came up, and I put guns, etc., on to it. I found the Battalion reforming in a field on the side of the road. I pulled to one side of the road and helped bring the stragglers in from the road to the Battalion, who were then told to do rearguard. We marched back, and whilst doing so saw the "Heavies" limber up and move off. I believe that they had had no orders to retire until then. Whilst retiring from trenches only heard one or two shots fired at us. If we had been fired on, confusion and casualties would have been great. Took up a position of rearguard supported by guns. As an engagement seemed imminent, decided to lighten rear limber, whose wheel had been nearly broken, by throwing away siege lamps, clinometers and dixies which we had collected, and some extra ammunition. Before I could get into position, we moved off and halted in the village of Audencourt, where we found some ambulances moving off, leaving surplus wounded in the houses. Had a drink and a bit of chocolate and filled water bottles, and after a short halt moved on again. Stopped about 11 p.m. in a small village for about three hours. Told that another division was crossing our front. Trekked all night. Very tired. Major—— and self kept bumping each other fast asleep, also bad hallucinations, imagining the trees were large villages. My horse had gone off, and I had to walk.

(To be continued).

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 383.] **Monday, 30th November, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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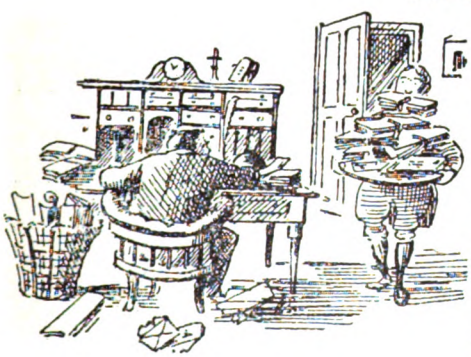
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
30th November, 1914.



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It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

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All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
"Military Mail"
"The Queen's Own Gazette"
"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental [Journal"
"The Eagle"
"The Regiment"
"The London Scottish Gazette"
"The China Dragon"
"The Suffolk Regimental Gazette"
"The Green Tiger"
"The Acorn"
"The White Lancer"
"The Ranger"
"Highland Light Infantry Chronicle"
"The Dragon"
"The Thin Red Line"
"The Indian Volunteer Record and Military News"
"The Sapper"
"The Aldershot News"
"The Green Howards' Gazette"
"The XI. Hussar Journal"
"The A.O.C. Gazette"
"The 79th News"
"The Dorset Regimental Journal"
"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

Capt. Gordon-Steward ...	to 31/12/14	President, Sergts.' Mess, 12th Battalion	to 31/10/15
Staff-Sergt. Richardson ...	,, 31/ 1/15		
Lt. & Qrmr. J. Kirkland	,, 31/ 5/15	Adjutant, 9th Battalion, Officers' Subs.	,, 31/10/15
Mr. J. Newton	,, 30/ 6/15		
Mr. S. Grayson	,, 31/ 7/15	Miss Simpson	,, 24/11/15
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		Lieut. E. L. B. Anderson	1 copy
Mrs. Watkin...	,, 1/10/15	8th Battalion Sales	Sept. *Gazettes*
Capt. C. B. L. Dashwood	,, 31/10/15	9th Battalion Sales	Oct. *Gazettes*
Mr. Dalzell ...		... April Adverts.	

BIRTHS.

HANLON.—On the 14th inst., at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Sergeant G. Hanlon, 10th (Service) Battalion, of a son.

WILKINSON.—On the 2nd inst., at 52, River Road, Holloway, London, N., the wife of No. 4170 Company-Sergeant-Major Wilkinson, 1st Battalion, who was killed at the battle of the Aisne on the 16th September, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

BEALE—AITKEN.—On the 8th ult., at the Church of St. Catherine, Alexandria, Egypt, May, eldest daughter of the late James Aitken, of Seven Kings (late Quartermaster-Sergeant Northumberland Fusiliers), to Bandmaster B. Beale, 1st Suffolk Regiment).

EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

INDIA OFFICE.—The following appointments have been made:—

PERSONAL STAFF.—To be A.D.C. to the Viceroy:—Lieutenant G. K. Molineux, Northumberland Fusiliers, *vice* Lieutenant R. L. Benson, 9th Lancers (dated 13th August, 1914).

COMMANDS AND STAFF.—Inspector of Gymnasia:—Major W. C. Wright, Northumberland Fusiliers, from Assistant-Inspector (dated 24th August, 1914).

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REGULAR FORCES:—

ROYAL FLYING CORPS.—Captain I. M. Bonham-Carter, Northumberland Fusiliers, a Flying Officer, to be a Flight Commander (dated 2nd November, 1914).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant J. F. Chenevix-Trench to be Adjutant, 9th (Service) Battalion; Second-Lieutenant G. P. Legard to be Lieutenant (dated 17th September, 1914).

Gentlemen-Cadets from the Royal Military College to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 11th November, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—H. A. Fordham, J. K. Manger.

Promotion from the Ranks.—Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers to be Second-Lieutenants for service in the field:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Company-Sergeant-Major D. Condon, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant A. Laws (dated 1st October, 1914).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenants to be Captains:—A. C. Milne-Home, and to remain seconded; G. O. Sloper (dated 21st September, 1914). Second-Lieutenant H. I. Powell to be Lieutenant (dated 21st September, 1914).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Brevet-Major B. T. Buckley to be Major (dated 1st November, 1914).

The following is substituted for that which appeared in the *Gazette*, dated 5th October, 1914:—Officers to command Battalions of the New Army and those not above the rank of Major to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonels:—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel D. S. Stewart, C.B., retired pay, 10th Battalion (dated 18th September, 1914); Brevet-Colonel W. B. Mullins, Indian Army, 12th Battalion (dated 20th September, 1914); Colonel W. Prior, Indian Army, 13th Battalion (dated 18th September, 1914); Major F. B. Morley, retired pay, 14th Battalion (dated 25th September, 1914).

SPECIAL RESERVE:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. Craig to be Second-Lieutenant (on probation) (dated 5th November, 1914).

The following are the dates of appointment of the following officers gazetted to Corps on the 16th September, 1914, and subsequent dates:—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant G. E. Darley Waddilove (dated 20th August, 1914); Lieutenant D. F. de C. Buckle (dated 17th September, 1914); Lieutenant R. St. J. Willans (dated 4th October, 1914); Second-Lieutenant G. B. Coulson (dated 26th September, 1914).

TERRITORIAL FORCE:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be Second-Lieutenants:—Privates L. C. P. Scaife, J. A. Bagnall, J. M. Robb (dated 10th November, 1914).

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—The appointment as Second-Lieutenants of D. T. Turner and R. W. Cranage bears date 12th August and not as stated in the *Gazette* of 29th September.

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel A. H. Coles, C.M.G., D.S.O., retired pay (late Royal Warwickshire Regiment), to be Lieutenant-Colonel (temporary) (dated 25th November, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain G. Armstrong to be Adjutant (dated 7th October, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant I. M. Tweedy to be Captain (dated 1st September, 1914); Lieutenant D. Hill to be Captain (to remain seconded) (dated 2nd September, 1914); Second-Lieutenant N. M. North to be Lieutenant (dated 5th August, 1914); Second-Lieutenant W. G. Graham to be Lieutenant (dated 1st September, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. K. Fraser to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 15th October, 1914); E. Nixon (late Cadet, Oxford University O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 19th October, 1914); Lance-Corporal S. P. B. Booth, from 5th London Rifles, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 10th November, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—E. J. Hart (late Captain, 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers) to be Captain (temporary) (dated 15th October, 1914).

SERVICE BATTALIONS:—

8TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain E. E. Williams, D.S.O., to be temporary Major (dated 29th October, 1914); Lieutenant and Adjutant A. P. Garnier to be temporary Captain (dated 29th October, 1914).

9TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. H. Reynolds to be temporary Major (dated 26th October, 1914); temporary Captain C. R. G. Viscount Howick to be temporary Major (dated 31st October, 1914); Sir A. Dean-Paul, Bart., to be temporary Captain (dated 19th October, 1914); C. B. L. Dashwood to be temporary Captain (dated 20th October, 1914); Lieutenant J. F. Chenevix-Trench to be temporary Captain (dated 28th August, 1914).

10TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—G. Hallam Botham to be temporary Major (dated 3rd October, 1914). To be temporary Captains:—G. L. Ashby Dodd (dated 28th September, 1914); W. Farquharson (dated 29th September, 1914); G. F. Ashton (dated 2nd October, 1914). To be temporary Lieutenants:—A. W. W. Norfolk (dated 30th September, 1914); F. B. Ellis (dated 11th October, 1914); R. A. Ellis (dated 11th October, 1914).

To command Battalions of the New Army:—Brevet-Colonel E. A. F. Carter (retired pay), 11th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, *vice* Colonel H. Rose, Indian Army (dated 12th October, 1914).

11TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain C. W. Gordon-Steward, Reserve of Officers, to be temporary Major (dated 17th October, 1914); Second-Lieutenant G. J. W. Gatehouse to be Adjutant (dated 23rd October, 1914).

12TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain H. B. Warwick to be Adjutant (dated 27th September, 1914); Captain H. B. Warwick, Reserve of Officers, to be temporary Major (dated 20th October, 1914); Captain D. G. Pole, Territorial Force Reserve, to be temporary Captain (dated 24th September, 1914). To be temporary Captains:—W. Stewart (dated 9th October, 1914); W. J. Icke (dated 18th October, 1914).

13TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Captain E. A. Marples to be temporary Major; temporary Second-Lieutenant W. W. T. Massiah-Palmer to be temporary Captain; temporary Second-Lieutenant J. M. Williams to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 31st October, 1914). Temporary Lieutenant J. R. Hobson to be temporary Captain (dated 13th November, 1914).

15TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. Twibell to be temporary Captain (dated 20th October, 1914).

NEWCASTLE BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Captains:—Lieutenant A. W. Little, Unattached List, Territorial Force (dated 8th September, 1914); T. P. A. Rose (dated 17th September, 1914); G. S. Waller to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 17th September, 1914). To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—E. Thompson, A. A. Johnson (dated 6th October, 1914); K. Saunders, H. F. Laird, A. C. Young, W. Lunn, D. Irwin, C. E. Leach, D. Hall, W. P. Simm, L. B. Proctor, F. A. George (dated 7th October, 1914); A. S. O'Brien to be temporary Quartermaster with honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 8th September, 1914). Temporary Lieutenant G. S. Waller to be temporary Captain (dated 1st October, 1914); temporary Quartermaster and Honorary-Lieutenant A. S. O'Brien to be Adjutant and temporary Captain (dated 22nd October, 1914); R. A. J. Berry to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 6th November, 1914); E. L. Pears to be temporary Quartermaster with honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 5th November, 1914).

TYNESIDE BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. Stephenson to be temporary Captain (dated 1st November, 1914); J. Liddle to be temporary Quartermaster with honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 19th October, 1914). To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—R. Wood, W. T. McQuillen, P. B. Drury, T. Reay, G. S. Fortune, H. Atkinson, R. Worthington, C. J. Francis (dated 22nd October, 1914).

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Our Roll of Honour.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. J. B. PERCIVAL, D.S.O.

IT is with the deepest regret that we hear of the death in action of Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) Arthur Jex Blake Percival. The fourth and youngest son of the Bishop of Hereford, he joined the Regiment in 1892 and served with the 2nd Battalion in India and Singapore until they returned home in January, 1897. Transferred next year to the 1st Battalion, he was present with them throughout the latter phase of the Nile Campaign,

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. J. B. PERCIVAL, D.S.O.
(*Photo by Mary Laffan.*)

taking part in the action outside Omdurman and receiving the Queen's and Khedive's Medals.

With the 1st Battalion, too, he went to South Africa in 1899, serving with them at Belmont and Modder River, and until he was appointed to the Staff in 1901, being mentioned three times in despatches and receiving the D.S.O. and the two medals with six clasps. Later on he joined the Egyptian Army and spent some time in the Soudan and in Southern Kordofan receiving the 4th Class of the Medjidieh. Staff service, as brigade-major at Lichfield, and afterwards at the War Office followed, and the outbreak of war in August last found him on the Staff at the Staff College.

He was soon appointed to the General Staff 2nd Division. We all rejoiced to see that he had been awarded the Croix d'Officier of the Legion of Honour and that he had been mentioned in Sir John French's Despatches.

A man of great personal strength, absolutely fearless, undefeatably cheerful under all conditions, and a fine soldier, his complete disregard of danger brought him distinction on several occasions; and the thoroughness which he put into every job he took in hand and his enormous capacity for hard work must have carried him far in the Service.

Now death has come to him, and it is sad to think that a career of the greatest promise is thus cut short. A shell fell on a house where the General Officer Commanding 2nd Division was consulting with his Staff, and Colonel Percival was killed instantaneously, being as far as is known the only member of the Staff who received fatal injuries. It is a sad coincidence that on the day he was killed it had been decided to recommend him for the command of a Brigade. His death is universally deplored, not only by the Regiment he loved so well, which among the heavy casualties of this war has suffered no greater loss, but by all who came in contact with him. We offer our most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Percival and all his relatives.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. T. CRISPIN.

Those whose lives and interests have been closely linked with the fortunes of the FIFTH during the last 22 years will have heard with profound grief the sad news that Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Trevor Crispin was killed in action near Ypres on the 31st October while commanding the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, to which he had been appointed only six weeks previously.

Lieutenant-Colonel Crispin was born on the 18th September, 1868. After graduating at Cambridge he entered the Royal Military College as a cadet and was captain of the Association football XI. He joined the Royal Leinster Regiment on the 18th May, 1892, being transferred to the 1st Battalion of the FIFTH on the 14th December of the same year. Promoted captain 17th February, 1900, he was given a brevet-majority on the 29th November, 1900, for services in the field. He was selected to command the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment and promoted lieutenant-colonel on the 14th September, 1914.

He served in the Soudan Campaign of 1898 and in the South African War (with the 3rd Mounted Infantry) from 1899 to 1901. In the latter campaign he was mentioned in despatches and twice wounded.

He served as A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Douglas at Aldershot from the 29th November, 1901, to the 11th February, 1904.

From the 8th January, 1907, to the 17th August,

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1908, he was in command of the 6th Mounted Infantry

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. T. CRISPIN.
(*Photo by Jacolette.*)

in South Africa, and was Adjutant of the Royal Military College from 1910 to 1914.

The exacting toll of war has robbed us all of one of the most loyal of friends, it has robbed the Army of one of the most gallant of officers. He loved the FIFTH and the FIFTH loved him. He was part and parcel of the Regiment. Whether soldiering with it or away from it, his thoughts were always with the two battalions which had been his home.

An extraordinary charm of personality brought round him, both in the Regiment and throughout the Army, an ever increasing circle of friends, amongst whom were no closer friends than those who had served with him in the Mounted Infantry in peace and war. His friendship was marked with the stamp of true loyalty and sympathy. The faculty for throwing himself wholeheartedly, and without any idea of personal advancement, into the work in hand was the keynote of his success—especially at Sandhurst, where his popularity among the cadets was as remarkable as the good influence which he exercised over them. He seemed to know them all. They realized it and appreciated it, and many a young officer who knew him as Adjutant of the Royal Military College will feel the world is all the poorer for his death.

Endowed to a high degree with artistic talent and a fund of originality, he spared neither time nor trouble to give of his best for the welfare of the *Gazette*. The fruits of his willing labours will long be treasured in many an English home. His excellent illustrations of every phase of a mounted infantryman's experiences are still fresh in everyone's memory.

His fondness for horses contributed not a little to his ability as a commander of mounted infantry. It was while serving with the 3rd Mounted Infantry during the earlier part of the South African War that he was recommended for the highest distinction for gallantry in action. Riding back under a heavy fire he handed over his horse to a wounded man, was wounded while helping the man into the saddle, and then quietly returned to his section on foot.

His last words of encouragement, just before he fell, to the leading company of his new regiment during an advance of the 2nd Infantry Brigade—"Keep a good heart—we are in for a hot time"—are words which will always be associated with the memory of one who was a corner stone of the FIFTH.

We who mourn his loss offer our deepest sympathy to his brothers and sisters in their hour of trial.

The 3rd Battalion has suffered heavily in the losses of some of the most promising of the officers who were

CAPTAIN J. M. LAMBERT.
(*Photo by James Bacon & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*)

serving in it. It seems even now difficult to realize

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that we have lost Captains Lambert and Lamb, Lieu-

CAPTAIN E. J. LAMB.
(Photo by James Bacon & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

tenant Christopher Leather and Lieutenants Coles, Nunneley and Van Neck, all of whom were so recently with us.

Captain J. M. Lambert.

Captain John Mounsey Lambert was the only son of the late Major-General Lambert and of Mrs. Lambert, of Bolton Hall, Northumberland. Educated at Wellington, where he first learnt to love and excel in rifle-shooting as a member of the School VIII., he joined the old Militia Battalion, then the 5th Battalion, as Second-Lieutenant in March, 1903. He resigned his commission in May, 1905, but rejoined in July and was promoted Lieutenant in the following year. He went with the Battalion when it was converted into a Special Reserve Battalion in 1906 and had served continuously in it since that year. He went out to France to the 1st Battalion with a draft from Newcastle during the first few weeks of the war, and was promoted captain while on active service shortly afterwards. He did not live long to enjoy his promotion, the announcement in the *Gazette* being followed at no long interval by the inclusion of his name in the casualty lists as having been killed in action at Neuve Chapelle. A fine rifle shot, a keen and efficient soldier, and a devoted adherent to sport of every kind, his place will be difficult to fill.

Captain E. J. Lamb.

Captain Everard Joseph Lamb was the only child of the late Mr. Robert O. Lamb and of Mrs. Lamb, of Birney Hill, Ponteland. Had he lived he would have been one of the leading figures in public life in the North of England. One of the largest coalowners in Durham and Northumberland, he was director of several important colliery companies and a sound man of business, whose opinion was valued by all who came in contact with him. He was also becoming well-known in political circles in the North and was a keen agriculturist and stock-breeder. Despite his many public and business interests he was devoted to soldiering and joined the 3rd Battalion (then Militia) in 1905 as a Second-Lieutenant. In 1910 he was promoted Lieutenant and was serving in that rank at the commencement of the war. He went out to France in August and was for a time attached to the K.O.Y.L.I. At the end of August he was promoted Captain and was attached to the 1st Battalion of his own Regiment, being not long afterwards killed in action. A man of fine qualities and a sound soldier, his death will be regretted by his Regiment and a host of friends who had met him in many and varied capacities. He was a fine

LIEUTENANT C. LEATHER.
(Photo by James Bacon & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

example to all other men of his years and position.

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Lieutenant C. Leather.

Lieutenant Christopher Leather, whose death was announced on the 13th November as having been killed in action about the 26th October near Neuve Chapelle, was an old 1st Battalion officer who joined the 3rd Battalion at the outbreak of the war. He served after mobilization with the 3rd Battalion in Newcastle and left to join the 1st Battalion with a draft in September. He had a host of friends in the Regiment and in the North of England and belonged to a family well known in the records of the Regiment, all his brothers, with the exception of Captain Edward Leather, of the Durham Light Infantry, serving, or having served, with one or other of its battalions. He was an expert motorist and a keen amateur sailor. He accompanied Captain Gatehouse, the "A.B.," on the famous voyage made by the latter in the boat built by himself in the barracks at Newcastle round the coast from Barrow to the South, and at one time he held a commission in the R.N.V.R. He was the youngest son of the late Mr. F. J. Leather, of Middleton Hall, Belford, and brother-in-law of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, who commands the 7th (Territorial) Battalion.

Lieutenant C. F. Nunneley.

Lieutenant Charles Francis Nunneley was an old

LIEUTENANT C. F. NUNNELEY.
(Photo by James Bacon & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)

officer of the 2nd Battalion who left the Regiment in 1907 and on the outbreak of the present war joined

LIEUTENANT C. H. VAN NECK.

the 3rd Battalion, in which his brother had served during the South African War embodiment. He had won distinction as a boxer at Aldershot and was devoted to the Regiment and all that concerned it. Both the 2nd and 3rd Battalions will mourn his loss and tender their deepest sympathy to his widow.

Lieutenant C. H. Van Neck.

Lieutenant Charles Hylton Van Neck, of the 3rd Battalion, whose death on the 20th October, aged 20 years, we reported last month, was gazetted to the Battalion as Second-Lieutenant (on probation) on the 1st October, 1913. He served during his probationary period with the 1st Battalion at Portsmouth, and subsequently with the 3rd Battalion during the Battalion training at Moor Laws in July of the present year. On mobilization he was posted to E Company and served with that Company and with B Company in Newcastle, until he left on the 20th September to join the 1st Battalion in France. He was one of the many Old Harrovians who have been in the Regiment and was a keen cricketer. As a good officer and a good fellow, he had endeared himself to all who were privileged to serve with him. He was the first 3rd Battalion officer who has fallen during the present war, and the news of his death came as a great shock to his comrades in the Battalion, who offer their sincerest sympathy to his relatives.

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Lieutenant D. M. Coles.

Lieutenant Donald Mackintosh Coles joined the 3rd Battalion on the 6th June, 1913, after having previously served in the ranks of a line regiment. The son of Mr. F. W. Coles, of Falmouth, he had a brother already serving in the FIFTH, and was devoted to the Regiment and to his own battalion in particular. He left in September to join the 1st Battalion in France after doing duty with a detachment of the 3rd Battalion in Newcastle. His cheery personality and keen devotion to duty endeared him to all ranks.

Lieutenant A. Laws.

Second-Lieutenant A. Laws was gazetted as second-lieutenant on the 1st October from company-quarter-master-sergeant for service in the field.

Major H. St. A. Wake, M.V.O.

Major Hugh St. Aubyn Wake, M.V.O., of the 2nd Battalion 8th Gurkha Rifles, who fell in action on the 1st November, aged 44 years, was the fourth son of the late Admiral Charles Wake and of Mrs. Wake, Helens, Sidmouth. His first appointment was to the Northumberland Fusiliers, which he obtained in 1891, and in 1895 he went to India. He obtained his company in 1901, and his majority in 1909. He took part in the operations on the North-West Frontier of India in 1897-8, receiving the medal with clasp.

Captain G. M. James.

Captain G. M. James, who was killed in action near Ypres on the 4th November, joined the 1st Battalion of the FIFTH with a draft of Section D Reservists at Warrenton, South Africa, early in 1900, reaching the Regiment while the Boers from the other side of the Vaal River at Fourteen Streams were shelling the British.

Educated at Cheltenham and Sandhurst, "Jimmy" James, as he was affectionately called, was a keen soldier and sportsman. He served with the 1st Battalion during the remainder of the war, being mentioned in despatches and receiving the two medals for the campaign. Subsequently he was Adjutant of the Battalion in Mauritius and India. On the reduction of the FIFTH to two Battalions James was transferred to the Buffs and after passing through the Staff College became a Brigade-Major in South Africa. Thence on the withdrawal of the Imperial Garrison on the outbreak of war he returned to England and was appointed Brigade-Major to the 22nd Infantry Brigade and proceeded to France.

Now, by the hand of a sniper in our lines, he has met his death, shot through the heart. His Brigadier writes that "he was simply splendid," and another letter from the front says that "he was the bravest of the brave, continually rallying men and leading counter-attacks . . . . the men would do anything for him."

The Service has indeed lost a good soldier. Captain James, who was 33 years of age, was the elder son of

CAPTAIN G. M. JAMES.
(Photo by Jacolette.)

the late Major W. C. James, 16th Lancers. To his widow and relatives our hearts go out in deep sympathy.

1st Battalion Notes.

These Notes were received too late for publication this month.

2nd Battalion Notes.

These Notes were received too late for publication this month.

Sergeant-Major P. O'Toole, late of the Northumberland Fusiliers, Drill Instructor to the Newcastle Education Committee, has been posted on enlistment Regimental-Sergeant-Major to the 1st Tyneside Irish Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers from the 30th October, 1914.

Sergeant-Major O'Toole joined the 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers on the 9th April, 1876, and was discharged on the 18th July, 1903, after continuous service.

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3rd Battalion Notes.

EAST BOLDON,
25th November, 1914.

THE Service Companies of the Battalion moved into the new hutments at East Boldon on Monday, the 9th inst., and the Recruit Companies and re-enlisted men under Captain Holderness marched back to Newcastle and eventually were quartered at Whitley Bay until the huts building for them at Scott's House are completed. The camp at Scott's House had become a veritable quagmire, so that the move was appreciated by all ranks.

Since our arrival here there appears to have been (to quote the expression used by the Press Bureau) "a certain liveliness in the North Sea," with the result that the troops on coast defence, including ourselves, are confined to their stations and kept constantly on the alert. The Battalion "stands to" every morning at dawn and digging-parties are kept busy on the defences every day.

Several drafts have proceeded overseas to reinforce the 1st Battalion in France since these notes last appeared, the largest of which, numbering three officers and over two hundred men, left on Monday, the 23rd.

Second-Lieutenant E. Dorman-Smith has left us to rejoin the 1st Battalion abroad, having completely recovered from the effects of his wounds received in August, and the following officers have also gone with drafts to join the 1st Battalion:—Captain Festing, Lieutenant Watkin and Second-Lieutenants Fenwick, Parkinson, Gatehouse and Radcliffe. Captain Douglas-Forster, Captain Sloper, Second-Lieutenant Thomson and Lieutenant Cogan have joined us on the expiration of their sick leave. The stay of the latter was short, as after a few days' duty at the War Depôt, he left again to take up the appointment of Garrison-Adjutant at the Curragh. Second-Lieutenants W. W. Arnold, W. S. Thomas and Craig have joined for duty. Captain Sandilands has gone to Salisbury Plain as Instructor to the Canadian Contingent.

The huts appear to give satisfaction to the men as they are roomy, warm and weather-proof, but the weather has played havoc with the roads between them and fatigue parties are busy laying down cinders and sleeper-paths.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roddam, our former C.O., spent a few days with us preparatory to moving off with his new command, the 15th (Service) Battalion, to Whitley Bay.

The following officers are reported to have returned to England from France either wounded or sick:—Captain Hardman-Jones, Lieutenants Hervey-Bathurst, Platt, D.S.O., Waddilove, Buckle, Hodgson and Hobbs, Second-Lieutenants Surtees, Geddes, Hoffman and Thomson. Second-Lieutenants Hoffman, Surtees and Radcliffe have been appointed to the 1st Battalion, and Second-Lieutenant A. F. Geddes to the Royal Scots Fusiliers.

A gloom has been cast over the entire Regiment by the sad news of the deaths in France of Captains Lambert and Lamb and Lieutenants Leather, Nunneley, Van Neck and Coles, all of whom were so recently serving with us. Of the twenty-one officers doing duty at the last Battalion training at Moorlaws in July only seven remain, the remainder having been killed, wounded, invalided or transferred to other battalions.

We have to record the death of Major W. M. Burrell, the Northumberland Hussars Yeomanry, of Broome Park, Alnwick, who died at Bath early in November as the result of illness. Major Burrell began his military career in the 3rd Battalion and afterwards joined the 12th Lancers. He was for some time Adjutant of the Northumberland Yeomanry. Major Burrell took a warm interest in the 3rd Battalion, with which, as a resident in the Alnwick district, he was for some years past frequently brought in contact.

4th Battalion Notes.

BLYTH,
22nd November, 1914.

WE must congratulate the Editor on his success in obtaining notes from so many of our new Battalions last month; the arrival of the *Gazette* gave us information as to the progress of the Regiment which was impossible to obtain from any other source. The writer, as an old Fusilier, was specially interested in the names of ex-Fusiliers who have rejoined, names which bring back many interesting and happy recollections of soldiering with the FIFTH at home and abroad, in peace time and war time. "Quo Fata Vocant."

As a Battalion we can claim to have made steady progress during the month. Our training at Gosforth Park, which ended in wretched wet weather, was followed by a fortnight at Newcastle, and then by a sudden move here. Of our life and work at Blyth we can say nothing, the veil of military secrecy must be drawn.

Our recruits from Prudhoe and Hexham joined us on the 18th inst., a splendid and well trained body of men. Counting men at present at Hexham or detached at various stations the Battalon is now some 1,600 strong and steadily increasing.

Our list of officers may possibly prove interesting. Next

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month we hope to give the list of staff and colour-sergeants :—

FOREIGN SERVICE.	HOME SERVICE.
Lt.-Col. A. J. Foster	Major E. Dixon
Major W. E. Stephenson	„ R. C. Hedley
„ B. D. Gibson	Lt. R. L. Routledge (R.A.M.C.)
Capt. & Adjt. B. Cruddas	
Lt. & Qrmr. W. H. Wynnsford	

A COMPANY.	
Capt. L. D. Plummer	Capt. R. S. M. Logan
Lt. H. H. Bell	2nd-Lt. J. T. Henderson
2nd-Lt. W. W. Varvill	„ H. Tully
B COMPANY.	
Capt. E. C. Dixon	Capt. H. Goodall
2nd-Lt. R. W. Cranage	2nd-Lt. E. N. Rees
„ G. L. Bradley	„ L. Hunting
C COMPANY.	
Capt. J. R. Robb	Capt. J. R. Blackett Ord
Lt. H. M. Carrick	2nd-Lt. H. Cheesemond
2nd-Lt. L. C. P. Scaife	„ S. D. Majoribanks
D COMPANY.	
Capt. W. Robb	Capt. M. Ayton
2nd-Lt. H. B. Speke	2nd-Lt. E. Anderson
„ J. W. Robinson	„ J. M. Robb
E COMPANY.	
Capt. F. Robinson	Capt. S. Hankin
2nd-Lt. W. J. Bunbury	2nd-Lt. P. E. Cox
„ D. T. Turner	„ J. Bagnall
F COMPANY.	
Capt. R. B. Webster	Capt. J. A. Herriet
Lt. C. M. Joicey	2nd-Lt. R. Johnson
2nd-Lt. W. M. Turner	„ J. Hope-Wallace
G COMPANY.	
Lt. G. L. Hunting	2nd-Lt. T. W. Gregory
2nd-Lt. R. Allen	„ J. M. J. Spencer
„ N. B. N. Good	
H COMPANY.	
Capt. C. Chipper	Capt. A. J. North
2nd-Lt. C. G. Arkwright	2nd-Lt. E. M. C. Rees
„ C. O. P. Gibson	„ P. Gibb

6th Battalion Notes.

MELTON CONSTABLE INN, SEATON SLUICE,
23rd November, 1914.

THE Brigade Camp at Gosforth broke up in a sea of mud on the 31st ult. and six Companies of our Battalion went into billets at St. Peter's Schools, Walker Road, Newcastle, the other two Companies being in billets at Dinnington Colliery, Seaton Burn and Dudley. On the 16th inst. the six Companies marched with the Brigade to the coast and are now billetted at Seaton Sluice.

Captain W. H. Sowerby has been appointed to command a Special Cycle Company to be raised by the Northumbrian Division.

Lieutenant H. O. Sutherland, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, reported wounded and missing at Vailly, on the Aisne, on September 14th, wrote, on November 20th, to say that he is a wounded prisoner of war at Giessen, Hesse, and that although two of his wounds are still troubling him, he is getting on as well as can be expected.

7th (Reserve) Battalion and Depôt Notes.

ALNWICK,
24th November, 1914.

STEADY recruiting has proceeded throughout the month, and the numbers of the Reserve Battalion are creeping up.

We have despatched several drafts to the Imperial Service Battalion, the last one, which left on Wednesday, completing its establishment. Every man had done the musketry course and had been well trained in company drill and field work.

We have also been able to post the full number of men to the base company so that the numbers of the Imperial Service Battalion are complete in that respect also.

We are glad to welcome, to whichever battalion he may be posted, an old friend of the 1st V.B.N.F., Captain E. J. Hart, who commanded the old C (Belford) Company in that Battalion.

Second-Lieutenants Nixon and Frazer, newly joined, have been posted to the Reserve Companies at Blyth where Major Gillespie is acting as Military Commandant under Divisional Orders.

Up to date the following warrant and non-commissioned officers have been appointed:—Sergeant-Major P. M. Robinson, Quartermaster-Sergeant D. Hebenton, Sergeant-Drummer Adamson, Colour-Sergeants W. Welsh, E. H. Crow, W. S. Blakey and S. Hoey, Sergeants Spare, Blackett, Rutherford, Innes, Mouatt (Orderly-Room), Besurck, Oliver, Jobson, Buttle, Duncan, Darling, Mackay and Dixon, Lance-Sergeant Green, Corporals Dryden, Hindmarsh, Clark, Richardson, Dixon, Robson and Macdonald, Lance-Corporals Ferguson, Johnston, Gibson, Gair, Renneck, Eden and Lumley.

8th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BELTON PARK CAMP, GRANTHAM,
23rd November, 1914.

YOUR correspondent now takes up his pen to write the 8th Battalion Notes comfortably seated inside a hut instead of a tent. The great move was made on the 12th inst., the huts being more or less finished by then. There were minor disadvantages, such as no water laid on, the men's dining rooms having no glass in, and a few things of that sort, but the fact remains that we are at last in the huts.

Sunday morning, three days after, we woke up to find the ground covered with snow, so the move was only made just in time. Unfortunately we have again struck clay soil, and parts of barracks are becoming as muddy as the camp.

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Musketry was commenced on the 5th inst., and good results have been obtained—total casualties up to date

THE OFFICERS' MESS AND QUARTERS, 8TH BATTALION.

being one cow behind the stop butts. The results obtained are shown below :—

PART 1.

A Company	...	...	...	...	74.28
B „	...	...	...	...	72. 9
C „	...	...	...	...	79. 2
D „	...	...	...	...	78. 0

At present the range consists of 72 targets, and the regiments on our right and left have largely contributed to our scores.

Nearly everyone in the Battalion has now been inoculated, though we have discovered a few men who apparently, before enlisting, devoted their lives to scientific study, and as a result of their labours and in consultation with the eminent physicians of the day, have come to the conclusion that inoculation is harmful. This only shows how careful one must be to attribute the right motives to people, as several tactless people in the barracks apparently thought they were afraid of the needle prick.

Our Company Commanders are now all mounted on magnificent steeds and are the pride and envy of the countryside when the Battalion goes route-marching.

We are nearly all clothed in uniform of sorts, though still woefully deficient of equipment. It is rumoured that when we take the field the men will draw lots to fire the section rifle, and after every five rounds it will be carefully cleaned and handed to the next man on the roster. The remainder of the men will meanwhile sing "Tipperary" until their turn comes ; judging by the singing of some of the Companies this ought to produce a rout among the Germans.

We take this opportunity of congratulating some of the other Service Battalions on the rapid promotion of their officers.

Second-Lieutenant G. Campbell left us on the 8th inst. to undergo a course at Hythe for the Motor Machine Gun Service.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

There is very little to chronicle this month, except that we have exchanged the discomforts of the "tented field" for the comparative luxury of huts.

The Mess premises consist of a fairly large dining room, and a smaller room for reading and writing, together with the usual bar and kitchen, the whole being a welcome change from the damp and cold marquee to which we have lately been accustomed. Having been fortunate enough to secure a piano, we are now looking forward to enjoying several musical evenings—should we be here long enough—several of our members having displayed hitherto unsuspected musical talent, whilst one at least is somewhat famous as a comedian and pianist.

As these notes will appear in the November number of the *St. George's Gazette*, we take this opportunity of wishing our comrades of all Battalions, both at home and abroad, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We should also like to congratulate the Mess of the 1st Battalion on the brilliant manner in which several of its numbers have acquitted themselves, and we are expressing

"MUD," 8TH BATTALION.

the sentiments of the whole Mess when we say that we hope we may soon be with them at the front.

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As we have only been here about a week, our notes are of necessity very brief, but we are hoping that by the time the next edition of the *Gazette* appears we may have quite a lot to record.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeants:—

No. 4787	Corporal	D. Chapman	from 4/11/14
„ 4821	„	D. Burns	„ 4/11/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 4977	Lce.-Corpl.	R. Hughes	from 27/10/14
„ 4976	„	H. J. Lilly	„ 28/10/14
„ 4969	„	J. Johnson	„ 28/10/14
„ 4011	„	R. McGowan	„ 30/10/14
„ 4848	„	T. Gallagher	„ 4/11/14
„ 4726	„	A. B. Jackson	„ 4/11/14
„ 4117	„	W. Waugh	„ 4/11/14

B COMPANY, 8TH BATTALION, AT MUSKETRY.

No. 4968	Lce.-Corpl.	R. Bewick	from 10/11/14
	„	J. Miller	„ 16/11/14
„ 4392	„	W. H. Thompson	„ 18/11/14
„ 4070	„	A. W. Robson	„ 20/11/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

	Lce.-Corpl.	W. Cummins	from 27/10/14
No. 4822	„	W. J. Fenwick	„ 27/10/14
„ 4624	„	F Parkin	„ 28/10/14
	„	F. Beagley	„ 30/10/14
„ 4534	„	J. Connolly	„ 30/10/14
„ 4660	„	W. Wiggins	„ 31/10/14
„ 4169	„	F. Mitchinson	„ 2/11/14
„ 5076	„	M. McCann	„ 4/11/14
„ 4801	„	W. Bryant	„ 4/11/14
„ 4911	„	M. Birmingham	„ 4/11/14
	„	J. Dunlop	„ 14/11/14
„ 3945	„	T. Marshall	„ 16/11/14
„ 4739	„	J. W. Westgarth	„ 16/11/14

(from 29/10/14)

No. 4045	Pte.	W. Barnes	No. 4099	Pte.	T. Routledge
„ 6739	„	C. Gardiner	„ 4340	„	E. D. Heslop
„ 6469	„	S. Chandler	„ 11250	„	H. Millett

(from 14/11/14)

No. 4244	Pte.	J. Deans	No. 4609	Pte.	R. C. Conie
„ 4724	„	E. Simpson	„ 4353	„	A. Moody
„ 12643	„	W. J. O'Neill		„	J. Ellis
	„	A. Dale	„ 4693	„	A. H. Husband
„ 4429	„	P. Thompson	„ 4480	„	J. Todd

9th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BOVINGTON CAMP, WOOL, DORSETSHIRE,
26th November, 1914.

THE hardy Northerners are still in tents, and though the weather has been almost Arctic during the past month, probably the majority of us have never felt more fit or healthy in our lives. Anyhow, these recent cold nights made us think of and admire our gallant men spending night after night in the trenches and in the North Sea.

We hear rumours of being billetted at an early date, probably in the vicinity of Wimborne, but nothing has been settled up to date, though the proverbial bird whispers that a move will be made on Wednesday, the 2nd prox.

Unlike the daily press we do not state "that the situation remains unchanged" here, but report "marked progress has been made"; we are only waiting to be fully equipped and armed, and then we shall know ourselves to be very nearly ready to join the fray.

On the 17th inst. we had our first Brigade route march, combined with minor field operations, to Corfe Castle, and covered a distance of 27 miles in the day, the Battalio acquitting itself right well, the newly formed band being a most valuable asset on the march.

As everybody knows Corfe Castle is one of the sights of England, and all ranks were glad to have the opportunity of seeing it. The Battalion was formed up for lunch and beer in the Castle grounds, and there was a first class opportunity of seeing it well. We were admitted to the Castle by Mr. Baverstock, who must have felt himself back in the past, for on enquiry we ascertained he was an old FIFTH man, who served from 1871-1879.

Several new officers have joined for duty during the month, viz., Major J. H. Reynolds, Captain J. L. Knott, Lieutenant O. E. Wreford-Brown (brother of Captain Wreford-Brown of the FIFTH), Lieutenant H. B. Knott and Second-Lieutenants A. J. B. Tanfield and V. H. Thornton.

Corporal D. O. Ross attended a course of instruction in bayonet fighting at Aldershot from the 3rd to the 27th October and obtained a certificate "Very Good."

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

A most enjoyable Smoking Concert was held in the Sergeants' Mess on the 24th inst., when Lieutenant-Colonel

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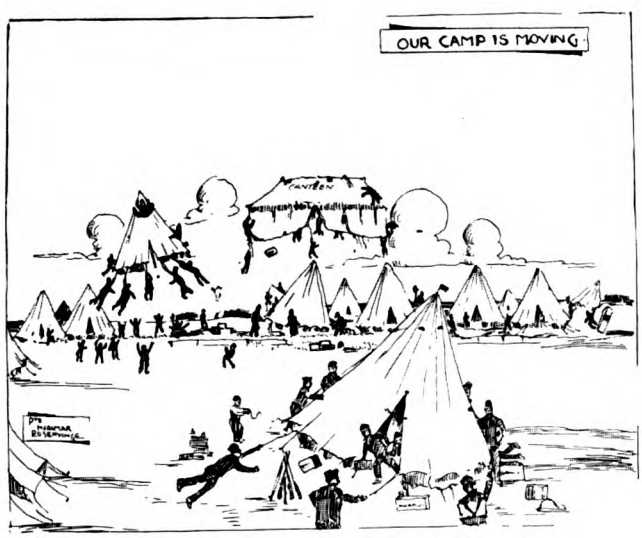
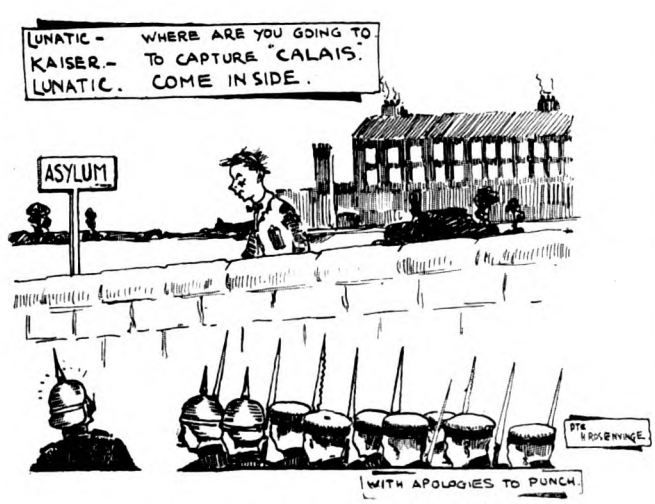
H. St. G. Thomas, Officer Commanding, was present, together with all the other officers of the Battalion.



The chair was occupied by Regimental-Sergeant-Major (Warrant Officer) F. T. Poulter, who carried out his duties in an able and efficient manner. After the toast of "His Majesty the King," an excellent programme was proceeded with.

Colonel St. Thomas responded to the toast of "Our Officers" in a very pleasing speech, and made encouraging allusion to our brothers in arms at the Front and also our gallant Allies. He said we looked forward to the time when we should join them in upholding the honour and integrity of the "Old Country" and in showing to the world that the new Battalions of the Regiment were of the same stern stuff as the old "Fighting Fifth."

Major Lord Howick, Captain Westmacott, Lieutenant



and Quartermaster A. E. Read and our worthy Chaplain, the Rev. Pierce Butler, also spoke in glowing terms of the stirring deeds achieved by the "Fighting Fifth," and which the 9th Battalion intend to emulate.

The following officers and non-commissioned officers contributed to the evening's entertainment:—Lieutenant and Quartermaster A. E. Read, Second-Lieutenants J. S. Allen, H. W. R. Haselhurst, P. D. Robinson, G. S. Terry, Company-Sergeant-Major Alderson, Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant Matthews, Orderly-Room-Sergeant H. Muir, Sergeants Jepson, Dennis, Davison, Moffit, Wilson, Bex, Coyne, Caulfield and Clapham. Sergeant Dodsworth ably presided at the piano.

We have got our first four-legged recruit, he is just a dog and his name is "Geordie," the men say "Geordie's all right." No one will ever say less of a "Geordie."

10th (Service) Battalion Notes.

Bullswater Camp, Pirbright, Woking,
24th November, 1914.

A DRAFT of 120 men joined from the Depôt on the 30th ult., Company-Sergeant-Major Hill conducting the party. They arrived at 9 p.m., marched straight to the dining tent, where a hot supper was awaiting them, then to their tents, which were all ready (tent-boards, bedding, &c.), a little different to what we enjoyed on our arrival at Wool; but we were sorry to lose 43 of them, who were found medically unfit.

We have all been innoculated against typhoid, and are all quite well.

Our Colonel gave a very interesting lecture on "Night Operations," after which our Brigadier gave a lecture.

Lieutenant-General Sir C. Ferguson, Bart., C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O., lately returned from commanding the 5th Division in France, also gave a lecture on "Experiences of his Division," which was most interesting.

Lord Joicey has very kindly given a large quantity of clothes to the Commanding Officer of the Battalion, and the Adjutant has presented eight side drums.

We were pleased to see Captain Sant (Chief Constable of Surrey) in camp, also to see him looking so well.

Sergeant Bob Anderson, late of the 1st Battalion, also gave us a visit; we were all pleased to see him looking so well; this non-commissioned officer is going through a special musketry course at Bisley.

Lieutenant H. L. Lewellyn is posted to the Battalion.

Colour-Sergeant C. Hollett and Sergeant G. W. Hills, from the 2nd Battalion, are posted to the Battalion as Instructors from the 19th inst.

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Company-Sergeant-Majors Mills, Maddock and Tyler, Royal Garrison Artillery, are attached to the Battalion for duty.

We are going to barracks at Aldershot on the 30th inst.

The following was written by Captain G. L. A. Dodd, and was sung for the first time in public by Private Waddle, A Company (who gave it to us in pure "Tyneside.") It is all the go with the troops on the march now :—

To the tune of "So early in the morning."

Emperor Bill is full of fight
And bucks away with all his might
But now he's got to brace his slacks
For Kitchener's boys are on his tracks.

So off we go to Berlin
So off we trek to Berlin
And off we march to Berlin
We'll get there very soon.

Emperor Bill is bound to fail
When he tries to twist the Lion's tail
He's lost a bit of his swank and starch
For Kitchener's boys are on the march.

So off we go, etc.

Emperor Bill burns churches down
And sacks and pillages every town
Women and children he's foully shot
But Kitchener's boys won't stand that rot.

So off we go, etc.

Emperor Bill as we all know
Has had a very nasty blow
He thought recruits were hard to find
But Kitchener's boys have changed his mind.

So off we go, etc.

Emperor Bill will love his job
His chances now aren't worth a bob
The allies force is on the win
And Kitchener's boys are after him.

So off we go, etc.

Emperor Bill has lost his chance
He hoped in Paris soon to dance
The dance will be in Berlin fair
And Kitchener's boys will all be there.

So off we go, etc.

The following is a verse that the troops sing on the march :—

To the tune of "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

At the Halt, on the left—form Platoon,
At the Halt, on the left—form Platoon,
Then—get your dressing by the Right—
At the Halt, on the left—form Platoon.

We have excellent concerts every Saturday evening in the large Young Men's Christian Association tent; this tent will hold about 2,000 (at a push) and our thanks are due to those excellent artistes, most of whom came a good distance, to make these evenings so merry.

We must not forget to mention Mr. F. C. Selous, who has given such interesting lectures on "Big Game Shooting in Africa."

The following non-commissioned officers will go through a course of musketry at Bisley on the 23rd inst. :—

Lance-Corporal E. G. Warncott
" C. F. Rix
" M. Cross

The sergeants of the 10th and 11th Battalions gave a concert in the Y.M.C.A. tent, on the 19th inst., by kind permission of Brigadier-General G. H. Ovens, C.B., commanding 68th Infantry Brigade. Packed *house*.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Song	"Our New Slavey" ...	SGT. DAY
Recitation ...	"Aux Italiens" ...	...SGT. BROOKS
Recitation	Selected ...	LT. PRITCHARD
Song	"	LT. & QRMR. ROWLAND
Oboe Solo	" ...	... SGT. SYMES
Song	"Tipperary" ...	C.S.M. O'BRIEN
Song	Selected ...	SGT. DUMBLETON
Song	" ...	... SGT. DAY
Selection on Northumbrian Pipes		... C.Q.M. BYRNES
Song	Selected ...	2ND-LT. ACKERLEY
Song	"Mountains of Mourne"	ACTING-SCHOOL-MASTER F. BURKE

Interval.

Selection by Band of 10th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.

PART II.

Song	"The Deathless Army"	S.M. CARLISLE
Song	Selected ...	C.S.M. O'BRIEN
Recitation	" ...	LT. PRITCHARD
Song ...	"The Kaiser's Broom"	LT. & QRMR. ROWLAND
Oboe Solo	Selected ...	... SGT. SYMES
English Concertina ...	" ...	Q.M.S. THOMPSON
Song	"On the road to Berlin"	PTE. WADDLE
Selection on Northumbrian Pipes...		... C.Q.M.S. BYRNES

Kindly assisted by lady friends.

God save the King.

Piano Accompanist ... ... Mr. C. CHAMBERS
Chairman ... ... SGT.-MAJOR W. BEECHAM

We were very pleased to see Mr. Anderson (Scripture Reader) in camp on the 23rd inst.; the 2nd Battalion will remember Mr. Anderson well as he was attached to them in South Africa.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

To be Acting-Quartermaster-Sergeant (O.-R.-Sergeant) :—

Sergeant J. E. Lever	from 20/10/14

To be Colour-Sergeant and Company-Sergeant-Major :—

Sergeant W. T. Sones	from 7/11/14

To be Provost-Sergeant :—

Sergeant J. L. Moss	from 8/10/14

To be Sergeants :—

Corporal F. Harvey	from 20/ 9/14
" H. Hall	" 23/ 9/14
" J. Wakenshaw	" 23/ 9/14
" J. L. Sullivan	" 23/ 9/14
" R. Wood	" 23/ 9/14
" S. J. McGarrity	" 23/ 9/14
" P. Symes	" 23/ 9/14
" D. Allan	" 15/10/14
" A. W. Foster	" 15/10/14
" T. P. Wickstead	" 7/11/14
" J. Harwood	" 17/11/14
" G. Moat	" 17/11/14
" J. R. W. Brown	" 17/11/14

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To be Corporals :—

Lance-Corporal	H. Williams	from 23/ 9/14
,,	S. Sanders	,, 25/ 9/14
,,	W. Wagstaff	,, 26/ 9/14
,,	G. Blackman	,, 26/ 9/14
,,	J. Harwood	,, 12/10/14
,,	H. Sword	,, 15/10/14
,,	A. Allen	,, 17/10/14
,,	J. R. Masterman	,, 17/10/14
,,	T. E. Gardner	,, 17/10/14
,,	W. Hunter	,, 17/10/14
,,	D. Overall	,, 17/10/14
,,	T. H. Dodsworth	,, 20/10/14
,,	G. Moat	,, 27/10/14
,,	R. Youl	,, 27/10/14
,,	J. Webster	,, 28/10/14
,,	J. Brown	,, 4/11/14
,,	C. W. Good	,, 7/11/14
,,	A. Winlow	,, 7/11/14
,,	R. W. Davison	,, 7/11/14
,,	W. H. Hallam	,, 7/11/14
,,	C. Bond	,, 7/11/14
,,	J. Richardson	,, 11/11/14
,,	R. N. Button	,, 11/11/14
,,	G. Sherwood	,, 11/11/14
,,	N. W. Fortnum	,, 17/11/14
,,	T. Porter	,, 17/11/14
,,	W. Wilson	,, 17/11/14

12th (Service) Battalion Notes.

TRING, HERTS,
24th November, 1914.

ON Saturday, the 14th inst., the Battalion struck camp at Halton Park to move into billets at Tring. Major Holland and Lieutenant MacPherson and No. 9 Platoon remained behind to look after the stores and huts. We are now comfortably billetted in the quaint old town of Tring, which has now assumed the aspect of a garrison town.

On the 18th inst. His Majesty the King paid an informal visit to the troops and saw the Battalion at work in Aston Clinton Park. We happened to be doing Battalion drill at the moment the King appeared and, after watching the several movements, we were halted, and His Majesty inspected the ranks. He remarked to Colonel Mullins "What a fine body of men they were," and his high appreciation of the efficiency they had attained.

We have unfortunately lost the services of Captain Arnott, who has been promoted a major in the 14th Battalion; and congratulate Captain H. B. Warwick on his promotion to major.

Football has been played by each Company, as time permitted, and several matches have taken place. On Sunday, the 15th inst., a match was played between the officers and sergeants of the Battalion, which resulted in a win for the officers by 9 goals to 5. The Colonel, who was playing outside-left, scored the first goal for the officers.

On Sunday, the 22nd inst., another match was played between the officers of the 12th and 13th Battalions and the non-commissioned officers and men of the 12th Battalion, which ended in the disastrous defeat of the former, the score being 7 love.

13th (Service) Battalion Notes.

TRING, HERTS,
23rd November, 1914.

UNFORTUNATELY the 13th Battalion did not send any notes to the *Gazette* last month, and there were many long faces when the issue arrived without any mention of our own Battalion.

The newly raised 13th Battalion Northumberland Fusi-

REGIMENTAL PET, 13TH BATTALION. AGE, 19; WEIGHT, 19 STONE.

liers under Second-Lieutenant Jennings, Leinster Regiment, proceeded from Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 16th September to Berkhamsted and were billetted on the inhabitants of the place, who extended to them a kindly welcome, and appeared to vie with each other in the way of kindness. Our Colonel arrived a few days after and, with the assistance of the Quartermaster, commenced to get things into shipshape order. We were agreeably surprised on the 19th September, when we went to the Police Station for an interview with the Brigadier, to find we were to be under a Fusilier, viz., Brigadier-General Armstrong, and that he has not forgotten the good old Corps is seen by the way he looks after our comfort and in many other kindly ways, for which all ranks are very thankful.

Lieutenant-General Hutton will be remembered by many of all ranks of the Regiment while stationed in Aldershot. He takes a very keen and lively interest in the troops of his Division, both in and out of quarters.

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We are attached to the 62nd Brigade, which moved out of camp at Halton Park, where we had been under canvas for six weeks, on Saturday, the 14th inst., and now we are all comfortably billetted in Tring and the neighbouring villages.

We found it very hard to leave the camp which had been our home for so long, very hard indeed. The mud did not want to part with us, and it was a case of "knees raise" until we got clear of the park.

That same mud was the only drawback we had at Halton Park. There was no dodging it. Flanking movements were of no avail, you had to go through it. However, that is all done with for some time to come.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., we were inspected while drilling at Aston Clinton Park, by His Majesty King George. It was a glorious day for a Royal Inspection, and, after watching the troops for over an hour, the King expressed his satisfaction at their fine physique and progress.

Anyone connected with the Battalion cannot fail to notice the perfect harmony and good comradeship which exists between officers, non-commissioned officers and men. That spirit spells progress.

In spite of parades many of us find time to indulge in little hobbies. Some are keen on cultivating a moustache. Others with a poetical turn of mind compose poetry, which is not always appreciated by their tent mates.

No. 2 Platoon, A Company, were left behind in camp to look after the tents, etc. Each man had the opportunity of sleeping in a tent by himself. We wonder if they appreciated the honour.

All men of this Brigade are granted five days' leave to visit their homes.

The majority of the men have increased their girth by five or six inches since enlisting three months ago. They are now being measured for their uniforms. Was this delay only a far seeing move on the part of the War Office to save tailors' expenses for alterations?

OFFICERS AND STAFF-SERGEANTS, 13TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.
(Photo by C. A. Howlett, Tring.)

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeant-Major:—
Colour-Sergeant H. Cowley

To be Company-Sergeant-Majors:—

A Coy.	Sgt. G. A. Parfitt	C Coy.	Sgt. C. Fuller
B „	„ B. Longson	D „	„ J. Weldon

To be Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants:—

A Coy.	Sgt. D. A. Hay	C Coy.	Clr.-Sgt. J. Kirkham
B „	Clr.-Sgt. G. Pettigrew	D „	Cpl. C. Sedgewick

To be Quartermaster-Sergeant:—
Colour-Sergeant J. F. Halloran.

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SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

On the 15th ult. we had the pleasure of receiving into our company Staff-Sergeants Over, Sanderson and Nichols from the School of Musketry. They were attached to B Company and very soon made themselves at home with every member of the Mess.

Their method of instruction is very sound, viz.:—Accuracy first, rapidity afterwards; the simple first, the difficult afterwards.

Every officer and non-commissioned officer has gone or is going through a Course of Musketry under the above Instructors, who hope to make all of them thoroughly efficient to impart instruction on similar lines.

14th (Service) Battalion Notes.

AYLESBURY,
23rd November, 1914.

WEATHER conditions having become decidedly too uncomfortable for progressive training, we left our camp at Halton Park on the 14th inst. and came by route march to Aylesbury, where the Battalion is quartered in billets.

We have been warned that our huts will be ready for occupation at Halton Park before Christmas, but having little faith in the promises of contractors we are doing our best to settle down comfortably and happily in this little country town. Steps are being taken to get football going on a regular basis; halls and barns are being prepared for boxing and bayonet fighting, and indoor miniature ranges prepared. Active search is being made for musical talent, and we hope to organise regular smokers and sing-songs before long to pass the long winter evenings.

Since the last notes were written the following officers have joined the Battalion :—Major A. Arnott, Captain H. G. Grist, Lieutenants A. de Black, S. L. Cohen and H. L. N. Waymer, Second-Lieutenants R. H. Wetherall and T. Eardley-Wilmot.

We congratulate the following officers on their promotion:—Lieutenant R. C. Hopkinson to the temporary rank of captain, and Second-Lieutenants C. Southgate, A. C. Jowett and E. O. Mason to the temporary rank of lieutenant.

Colour-Sergeant Price and Sergeants Guttridge, Woodhouse and Todd have been posted to this Battalion from the 2nd Battalion in India, and we were very glad to have news from out there.

On the 18th inst. the Battalion marched to Aston Clinton Park, where it was seen at drill by the King, at the same time as several others of the Division. The Commanding Officer and Major Vaughan had the honour of being presented to His Majesty, who expressed himself well pleased with the bearing of the men on parade and with the progress made by the Battalion since its formation.

The Newcastle Battalion Notes.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
29th November, 1914.

THERE is but little to record concerning the doings of the Battalion during the last month. The training has been going on systematically all the time, and there can be no doubt that the physique as well as the military education has vastly improved. Those who have watched the Battalion since first it was formed cannot help remarking how evident it is that that military tone, which is so much to be desired, is gradually spreading among the men. It must have needed great effort on the part of many of the men who had previously been used to greater personal freedom to knuckle down to the discipline of army life. But they have done so with such rapidity is very gratifying to all concerned, and we have no reason to fear that they will not play up well in whatever lies before them.

During the last few weeks, besides ordinary drill, the Battalion has been going by companies to the neighbouring village of Kenton for entrenching work. The men, to use their own language, looked upon the work as "great sport," and many were the jokes which went about as to their ultimate fitness to hold, and their possible chances of obtaining, the highly lucrative and respectable position of "navvy" under the patronage of the Mayor and Corporation.

We have been very fortunate in getting the use of the Newcastle Hippodrome in wet weather. Several times lately we have had to take advantage of the kindness of the manager, who has placed the theatre at our disposal. Inclement weather has had few terrors for us as we have been able to make the men comfortable whilst they listened to the lectures given by some of the officers of the Battalion. As a token of our gratitude to him, the manager, Mr. Bebby, was presented with a handsome hall clock during a performance at the Hippodrome to which he had invited the Battalion.

The Battalion has now, practically speaking, its full complement of officers and non-commissioned officers. It need hardly be said that having now our full establishment we are eagerly awaiting the day when we shall be called upon for service wherever the War Office chooses to send us.

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Editorial Notes.

26, Hans Crescent,
London, S.W.,
25th November, 1914.

THE following casualties among officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st Battalion taken from *The Times* under various dates have, with great regret, to be recorded :—

OFFICERS.

Killed.

Major (temporary Lt.-Col.) A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O.
Captain A. Barnsley (Lancashire Fusiliers, attached)
" J. M. Lambert (3rd Battalion)
" E. J. Lamb (3rd Battalion)
Lieutenant C. Leather (3rd Battalion)
" D. M. Coles (3rd Battalion)
" C. F. Nunneley (3rd Battalion)
2nd-Lt. A. Laws

Wounded.

Capt. B. T. St. John
" R. M. St. J. Booth
" I. M. Bonham-Carter
Lt. E. S. Swaine
2nd-Lt. A. F. Geddes
" C. J. Edwards (3rd Battalion)

Missing.

Capt. R. S. Fletcher
Lt. K. G. Williams
2nd-Lt. D. Condon

Casualties among Former Officers.

Lt-Col. H. T. Crispin, Royal Sussex Regiment, killed
Major H. St. A. Wake, 2/8th Gurkhas, killed
Captain G. M. James, The Buffs, killed
Lt.-Col. Leach, South Wales Borderers, wounded
Captain Le Gallais, Royal Scots Fusiliers, missing

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

Killed.

No.	1011	Sgt. C. Groves	No.	201	Pte. C. P. Earles
"	340	Pte. A. Clements	"	2198	" L. Leith
"	9217	Cpl. H. Allen	"	5625	C.S.M. A. Longden
"	1021	Pte. T. H. Anderson	"	963	Pte. A. Luker
"	8670	" C. Bish	"	1263	" A. J. Lundy
"	1837	" W. A. Brine	"	854	" D. McAuley
"	493	" J. T. Brown	"	9096	" E. Marsden
"	3729	" G. W. Burkin	"	8712	" A. Mather
"	8811	" H. Cawtheray	"	491	" C. Prater
"	692	" M. Connor	"	411	" W. H. Sims
"	1460	" G. Drewery	"	1500	" N. W. Vernon
"	6000	C.S.M. S. Duke	"	4170	C.S.M. C. Wilkinson

MEN.

Died of Wounds.

No. 2374 Pte. T. Middlebrook
No. 17 Pte. A. Sharratt
No. 1188 Pte. F. Thompson

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

Wounded.

No.	1190	Sgt. G. H. Baldwin	No.	1742	Pte. T. O'Reilly
"	929	" J. Keeley	"	828	" C. W. Thurgood
"	9146	Pte. P. Kent	"	990	" E. Cook
"	9239	" R. Clements	"	122	" Pte. P. Byrne
"	559	" W. Cluer	"	136	" R. Wyle
"	195	" P. Grace	"	691	" J. Wilson
"	9274	" P. Martin	"	514	Cpl. W. Bands
"	484	" A. Popplewell	"	9899	L.-Cpl. T. Humphries
"	2342	" J. Shenton	"	1373	" J. Shelly
"	3004	" E. Spiers	"	568	Pte. G. Whitehouse
"	253	" J. Wilson	"	421	" W. Glew
"	9145	" B. Warner	"	9876	Cpl. G. C. Godfrey
"	9351	" P. Cunningham	"	9894	Pte. C. Skingsley
No.	880	Pte. H. Neal	No.	1676	Pte. C. Nicholson
"	8812	" L. Redman	"	1142	" F. H. Jones
"	2838	" C. F. Wheaton	"	1597	" F. Baserga
"	2336	Dmr. Bowtell	"	1329	" J. Carter
"	1404	L.-Cpl. H. Hill	"	2543	" A. Coatsworth
"	287	Pte. W. Struthers	"	177	" W. Coxon
"	1097	" F. Bailey	"	9707	" T. Crossland
"	595	" S. Forsyth	"	89	L.-Cpl. D. Hart
"	1239	L.-Cpl. E. Hood	"	418	Pte. I. Lee
"	9340	Pte. J. Mangham	"	9813	" J. Pendergast
"	2502	L.-Cpl. H. Sheridan	"	830	" F. Wiffen
"	2607	Cpl. F. Carter	"	9739	" Cpl. O. Dicknell
"	1278	Pte. G. C. Collins	"	2264	Sgt. T. James
"	215	" C. Harris	"	457	Pte. A. E. Sanders
"	8858	Bdsm. F. A. Harrison	"	1130	Cpl. J. Smith
"	2446	Pte. G. Nicholson	"	3718	Pte. J. Burton
"	755	" D. L. Will	"	3531	" G. Clarke
"	3869	L.-Cpl. T. Gibbs	"	2044	" J. Clarke
"	530	Pte. A. Gill	"	9462	" R. Gladwin
"	574	" F. Bery	"	1549	" J. Gorman
"	1395	" H. Fairbairn	"	424	" W. Jenkins
"	683	" R. Fairbairn	"	9104	" H. Maddock
"	468	" W. Gilchrist	"	9307	" A. Melville
"	3612	" W. Hartshorne	"	2422	" W. Morton
"	310	" J. Leonard	"	664	" F. Murry
"	820	" W. Spragett	"	9134	" T. A. Watson
"	2160	" C. Armstrong	"	9515	" E. Baines
"	3747	" G. Clements	"	1387	" T. Boyd
"	577	" J. Gibson	"	9910	" T. Brown
"	9806	" F. Kealy	"	2372	Cpl. J. G. Clarke
"	7884	" W. Kirk	"	510	Pte. A. Dixon
"	2207	Dr. P. Moore	"	8732	" J. Douglas
"	757	Pte. S. Phillipson	"	9611	" W. Forrest
"	7804	" F. Richardson	"	9606	" W. Graham
"	5950	" R. Storey	"	9809	" A. Kirwan
"	9841	" A. Stobbs	"	9666	" N. Leors
"	2213	" L. Pitt	"	725	" M. Nichol
"	1617	Cpl. H. Rumley	"	9902	" J. Pickering
"	693	Pte. J. Gray	"	1143	" E. Rogan
"	3840	" H. Shelley	"	910	" H. Rogers
"	1420	" J. Atkins	"	2017	" C. B. Scott
"	1667	" T. W. Evans	"	1537	L.-Cpl. R. Shaw
"	420	" W. Gorrod	"	1530	" F. Smith
"	437	" A. Jamieson	"	807	Pte. T. Chaplin
"	455	" S. Lown	"	1402	" R. Ramsay
"	626	" J. Patterson	"	9844	" A. Sadler
"	9543	" T. W. Armstrong	"	1916	" A. Biggs
"	2841	L.-Cpl. H. Atkins	"	65	" J. Bottom
"	68	Pte. T. Baines	"	3607	" J. A. Hidson
"	9153	" S. J. Barlow	"	1442	" W. Potter
"	9285	" E. Beech	"	2371	Cpl. G. Saxby
"	9295	Clr.-Sgt. W. H. S. Blades	"	9265	Dmr. W. Strickland
			"	222	Pte. J. Waller
"	9341	Pte. A. Brogden	"	312	" P. F. Ward
"	1639	" J. W. Colton	"	2351	L.-Cpl. W. Warren
"	2631	L.-Cpl. G. Croft	"	9949	Sgt. A. Woodhouse
"	8183	Pte. H. R. Denton	"	1015	" W. Davison
"	9936	L.-Cpl. R. W. Evans	"	1588	Pte. G. Eley
"	1138	Pte. G. L. Groves	"	688	" D. Hills
"	431	" W. Hammond	"	8879	" J. Leaigh
"	9509	" W. H. Higgins	"	565	" J. Shaples
"	1545	" W. Jarvis	"	8720	" C. Grimes
"	9226	" M. Kenny	"	9123	" H. Baker
"	9620	" T. Lawlor	"	257	" T. Bowman
"	5953	Sgt. A. Leathley	"	2010	" J. Casey
"	9688	" J. J. P. Moore	"	1627	" T. Charlesworth
"	1100	Pte. C. H. Morton	"	2423	" L. Gardiner
"	684	" J. R. Nicholson	"	9116	" P. Gathercole
"	953	" J. Osborne	"	1632	" J. Hannon
"	9352	" F. Percival	"	2190	" T. Harrison
"	9924	" A. Piper	"	569	L.-Cpl. W. Hodsell
"	347	" W. Scott	"	8887	Pte. M. Jennings
"	8835	" T. H. Sephton	"	9629	" J. Kinghorn
"	8040	" J. H. Stewart	"	1200	Cpl. W. T. Lowe
"	798	Cpl. T. Wadsworth	"	717	Pte. E. Macdonald
"	290	" J. Walker	"	5588	" G. H. Marling

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No. 9176	Cpl.	G. H. Brand	No. 8823	Pte.	A. May
„ 1293	„	A. J. Clark	„ 417	„	Shropshire
„ 143	„	W. Clark	„ 1051	„	W. Wankling
„ 8773	„	H. Davison	„ 1453	„	W. Cromer
„ 1059	„	A. M. Devereux	„ 3388	„	F. W. Marsdon
„ 9778	„	J. Harris	„ 1396	L.-Cpl.	F. Axtell
„ 9632	„	J. Kennedy	„ 1368	Pte.	W. Freestone
„ 8853	„	A. Lloyd	„ 1284	„	W. Leatham
„ 695	„	W. Perry	„ 1521	„	E. Pridmore
„ 8778	„	J. R. Reevell	„ 9197	„	W. Russell
„ 1392	„	J. Saunders	„ 363	„	J. H. Scott
„ 1062	„	T. A. Sutcliffe	„ 9138	„	A. F. Shepherd
„ 8043	„	H. Sweetlove	„ 9466	„	E. Taylor
„ 3839	„	W. Taylor	„ 1941	„	S. Cooper
„ 262	„	J. Welsh	„ 9625	„	J. Walsh
„ 9857	„	J. Wand	„ 9347	„	R. M. Brown
„ 9522	Sgt.	A. Woodhead	„ 9218	„	W. Brown
„ 9764	Pte.	W. Mearns	„ 437	„	A. Jemison
„ 9506	„	W. Elliott	„ 455	L.Cpl.	L. S. Nown
„ 8701	„	J. Hembrow	„ 810	L.-Sgt.	E. A. Pawsey
„ 9182	„	G. H. Hoyle	„ 8473	Sgt.	J. Squires
„ 2517	„	J. Lamb	„ 8771	Pte.	C. Thomas
„ 365	„	F. Moffat	„ 9986	„	G. Armstrong
„ 9482	„	E. F. Patterson	„ 747	„	J. Dixon
„ 181	„	A. Patterson	„ 1356	„	W. Girdlestone
„ 972	„	P. C. Webster	„ 505	„	G. McDonald
„ 454	„	R. J. Young	„ 335	„	T. Shannon
„ 1616	„	C. Chattle	„ 1630	„	T. Shields
„ 338	„	J. J. Clarke	„ 3613	„	R. Jayne
„ 9387	„	R. Collins	„ 9675	„	T. McMahon
„ 3255	L.-Cpl.	S. Calvert	„ 9280	Cpl.	C. Vandepeer
„ 2407	Pte.	A. Davis	„ 2759	„	T. Bennet
„ 376	„	J. Lees	„ 3344	„	W. Gillott
„ 478	„	A. Talbott	„ 1453	„	W. Cromer
„ 9316	„	J. Coates	„ 1941	„	S. Cooper
„ 9993	„	R. Hermiston	„ 3278	L.-Cpl.	W. King
„ 1719	„	W. Wilson	„ 1207	Pte.	W. A. Kirby

WOUNDED AND PRISONERS OF WAR.

No. 8809	Pte.	J. Blewitt	No. 9736	Pte.	R. Patterson
„ 1672	„	J. Cain	„ 398	„	W. Pennison
„ 9192	„	W. Fearnchough	„ 2760	„	M.T. Richardson
„ 9665	„	J. Gibbon	„ 8240	„	J. Robinson
„ 1552	„	A. Hewitt	„ 674	„	M. Telfer
„ 4898	C.S.M.	C. Hone	„ 9181	L.-Cpl.	A. Towle
„ 2684	Pte.	A. Jackson	„ 1122	Pte.	J. Turner
„ 60	Cpl.	J. Knowles	„ 1001	„	H. Wood

MISSING.

No. 1480	Pte.	M. F. Bamberg	No. 3861	Pte.	S. Martin
„ 9994	„	T. Bell	„ 903	„	G. A. Maskell
„ 344	„	W. R. Brooklands	„ 8844	„	E. Maycock
„ 8797	L.-Cpl.	J. E. Clowes	„ 1745	„	T. A. Middleton
„ 9979	Pte.	W. Crozier	„ 469	„	J. O'Donnell
„ 3586	„	H. Garrett	„ 3782	„	C. Peers
„ 8783	„	M. Gibbon	„ 2614	L.-Cpl.	D. Quinn
„ 8835	„	J. Green	„ 1621	Pte.	J. Reed
„ 2226	„	G. Harman	„ 910	„	H. Rodgers
„ 1450	„	J. Henson	„ 3570	L.-Cpl.	S. Rodgers
„ 1081	„	J. Hodgkinson	„ 9291	Pte.	J. Screwther
„ 9370	„	J. Hunter	„ 9779	„	W. E. Smith
„ 908	„	T. Lane	„ 9345	„	J. Stephenson
„ 669	„	A. McMillan	„ 8716	Cpl.	G. Thompson
„ 9374	„	W. McMillan	„ 2259	Sgt.	H. H. T. Webster
			No. 523	Pte.	W. Williams

The President of the French Republic has bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honour on the undermentioned officers, with the approval of the King, for their gallantry during the operations between the 21st and 30th August, 1914 :—

Croix d'Officier.

Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) A. J. B. Percival, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers (killed in action).

Croix de Chevalier.

Captain I. M. Bonham-Carter, Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Flying Corps.

Captain H. S. Toppin (killed in action), 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

We have received a copy of *The Quaysider*, the organ of B Company of the 9th Battalion; to the Editor and his staff we offer hearty congratulations on their energy and enterprise and on the spirit of cheery optimism which runs through its pages. Of the respective powers of the pen and sword in peace time there is some question, but when the Editor of *The Quaysider* and his merry men meet the common foe we have no doubt that the sword and the rifle will assert their superiority. We wish them the best of luck and a large circulation.

The Editor will always be glad to receive from relatives and friends letters from the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 1st Battalion in France and of the 2nd Battalion when their whereabouts are allowed to be known. Portions of these letters which are of general interest to the readers of the *Gazette* will be copied and the letters carefully returned. All communications will be treated confidentially, and unless otherwise desired names of persons will be omitted.

Correspondents, particularly of the new battalions, are asked to send photographs, sketches, etc., which are to appear in the *Gazette* to the Editor *as early as possible*, and in any case not later than the 25th of the month in order that the paper may be published at the usual time.

The numbers of copies required each month should also be sent to the Editor as soon as possible; the publication of this issue has been delayed because numbers have not been received from some Battalions.

The President of the French Republic has bestowed the decoration "Medaille Militaire" on the following warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Expeditionary Force in recognition of their gallantry during the operations between the 21st and 30th August:—

. . . No. 2102 Bandsman A. E. Peatling, 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

PROMOTION FOR A NORTH COUNTRY NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

News has been received by the friends of Quartermaster-Sergeant Kirkland, Northumberland Fusiliers, of his promotion last month to the rank of Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

Lieutenant Kirkland was retired on pension and rejoined at Newcastle after the commencement of the war, being attached to the 13th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, and going first to Berkhamsted and thence to Halton Park. He is the eldest son of the late Colour-Sergeant John Kirkland, 92nd Gordon Highlanders—afterwards Sergeant-Instructor to the 5th V.B.N.F. at Bellingham, North Tyne.

Lieutenant Kirkland's youngest brother, who saw service with the "Elswick Battery" in the Boer War, has, with another brother and nephew, volunteered for service with the armoured train section from Pretoria to German West Africa, another nephew being amongst the first of General Botha's Defence Force to be called up.

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Letters to the Editor.

3rd November, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—*The Weekly Dispatch* Fund has sent us various presents of tobacco and cigarettes, etc., for which we offer them our best thanks. Enclosed is a list of donors of the last consignment which I should be glad to have published in *St. George's Gazette* as I cannot possibly write to them all.

Yours faithfully,
C. YATMAN.

Miss Jessie Ward; Messrs. Bloomfield; Mrs. E. R. Atkins; Mr. C. Elsey; Mrs. A. Martin; Miss E. Goldsack; Mrs. Jones; Mrs. Mace; Mr. and Mrs. Blocksidge; Mr. W. J. Pready; Miss M. Hole; Mrs. Colley; Mr. C. F. Barrett; Mr. W. Withers; Miss Mabel Bailey; Mrs. F. T. Tratman; Mrs. M. E. Sohfin; Mr. R. Correll; Mr. N. Corley; Miss E. Clark; Captain and Mrs. Gibbes; Miss L. Dent; Misses Swain; Mrs. M. Alprovich; Mr. L. Clark; Mr. T. Bradford; Mr. Kingston-Curtis; Miss Lilly Barnes; Staff and Boys London Orphan Asylum; Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hodson; Mr. C. Elson; Mrs. W. Askell; Anon., Bangor; Anon., Edward Street, Ryde; Girls and Friends; Mr. H. E. Goofin; Miss S. Biddle; Mr. W. Hassal; Miss N. Holland; Mr. W. Dyer; Mr. W. Dent; Mr. C. W. Furness; Misses Caldwell.

BELTON PARK, GRANTHAM,
21st November, 1914.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Through the medium of your paper, I should like the Regiment as a whole to know the magnificent response made to my appeal for shirts and other comforts for the men of the 8th Battalion. The list of contributors would be too long for you to publish.

The following is the total receipts up to date:—812 shirts, 450 pairs of socks, 24 pairs of mitts, 171 mufflers, 130 blankets, 31 body belts, and various other articles in smaller numbers. I have also received the sum of £115 16s. 9d. towards the purchase of comforts for the men.

I wish to express the grateful thanks of the Battalion to those who have given such expression of their kindly thoughts for the welfare and comfort of the men.

Yours sincerely,
C. FISHBOURNE, Lt.-Col.,
Commanding 8th (Service) Battalion
Northumberland Fusiliers.

1ST BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS UP TO NOV. 6TH, 1914, INCLUSIVE.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
By Donations	460	7	11

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
To Purchase of Clothing	399	15	0
„ Purchase of Small Articles and Sweets and Sundries (Stamps, Advertisements and Stationery, etc.)	6	19	0
„ Carriage of 260 parcels, containing a bundle each for two men...	19	6	8
Cash in Hand	0	14	0
Cash in Bank	33	13	3
	£460	7	11

BALANCE SHEET.

Cr.	£	s.	d.	Dr.	£	s.	d.
Cash in Hand ...	0	14	0	Clothing on order	50	8	8
Cash in Bank ...	33	13	3				
Balance Dr. ...	16	1	5				
	£50	8	8		£50	8	8

As shown above, 260 parcels (sufficient for 520 men) have already been despatched, and news has been received from Lieutenant-Colonel Ainslie and the officers at the front that the parcels are arriving regularly, are much appreciated, and are convenient to handle and to distribute. I hope to be able to send out at least 300 more parcels if funds allow.

The fund is at present some £16 in debt, and to this must be added about £20 for carriage and £5 for sundries if these 300 parcels are to be sent, without allowing for the purchase of any more clothing.

As regards clothing, I have a good stock of shirts and socks in hand, also about 75 jerseys, and a fair stock of cigarettes. What are wanted now are principally mufflers, mittens, vests and pants, sleeping caps, jerseys, tobacco and pipes.

Each man's bundle consists of one jersey, one shirt or vest or pants, one body belt, one muffler, one pair mittens, one sleeping cap, one pair socks, one handkerchief, containing tobacco and cigarettes, pipe, sweets or chocolate, boric ointment, and bootlaces.

I wish to thank those who have helped most heartily for the very generous response they have given to my appeal. Should anyone feel disposed to help me further with donations of money or clothing on the lines indicated above, I shall be very grateful.

L. E. AINSLIE.

32, Nightingale Road, Southsea.
6th November, 1914.

TWO VISITS TO FRANCE.

(BY H.R.S.)

OUR ship glided into the harbour and brought up alongside the quay at Havre in the clear grey dawn of a fine August morning. Our embarkation had been carried out so smoothly and the voyage passed so uneventfully that the inexperienced might well have underrated the daring of the undertaking and the genius for organisation which had rendered it possible. Shortly after daybreak we disembarked on the shores of France. The expedition, of which I formed part, consisted of a sea-sick party of five children and two helpless servants, accompanied by a vast pile of miscellaneous baggage. The leader and sole organiser of the expedition was my mother.

Our relations with the inhabitants in those days, the year was 1888, were not uniformly friendly in Ste. Adresse, the suburb of Havre in which we lived. I and my brothers were insular, truculent, little brutes, with a profound contempt for the manners and customs of the foreigner. A feud existed between us and a local gang of boys led by a redoubtable character called "Alphonse," who, at such times as he was not employed in his legitimate occupation of minding the local bathing-sheds, lost no opportunity of hurling insulting epithets at us. The feud culminated one day in my elder brother catapulting the bare legs of Alphonse, who retaliated with a well-aimed flint which narrowly missed my head. It was in the nature of a Parthian shot and I can still see Alphonse, no mean runner, with a large straw hat in one hand, and a large glass bottle in the other, his bare legs twinkling as he tore up the street hotly pursued by brother James to the cheers and laughter of the shop-keepers standing in the sun at their shop-doors. But brother James in those days (twenty-six years ago, alas!) was a famous sprinter and Alphonse had his head punched before he reached the end of the street.

After this incident we were never again called "sale Engliche," and on our part relaxed our cold and haughty demeanour to the extent of becoming quite good friends with Alphonse.

That was our last summer in Normandy, and little did I dream of the circumstances under which I should next see Havre. I wonder if Alphonse was there six weeks ago, when the Battalion disembarked on just such another August morning as that which had greeted the former expedition? Possibly he was one of the French Territorials whom we found gather-

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ing in the harvest at the Rest Camp, for Alphonse will not be so nimble as in the days of the famous chase down the street in Ste. Adresse, and would not be in the first line on the frontier. However this may be, of this at least I am assured, that if he was there his greeting was cordial, for throughout France there was not a man, woman, or child who did not welcome us with a kindness and hospitality which relegated the pin-pricks of early days to oblivion, and which itself will never be forgotten by those who experienced it.

On our journey up country one of our early halts was at Rouen. A little more than a month before, travelling from Paris, I had stood on the platform of Rouen station, chatting with a friendly priest who was my fellow-passenger to Dieppe and had spoken half in jest of war with Germany. Less than a fortnight after, I again returned to Rouen in a hospital train with a party of wounded British soldiers. Why talk of the dreams of twenty years ago when the dreams of a month before would have been as far amiss.

Our reception waxed more and more enthusiastic as we drew nearer to the frontier. At all the cottages along the line the young women and children were waving handkerchiefs and flags, while the sterner old women demanded the line of action we should take by eloquent pantomime, twirling their fingers above their upper lip to indicate the Kaiser, then swiftly drawing their hand across their throat. The platform of every station was filled with a cheering crowd, at the halting-places we received gifts of fruit, bread, cigarettes, matches and little mementoes.

Such was our reception in the north-east of France and afterwards in Belgium. It was a cheering welcome and the thought of abandoning these kind people made our subsequent retirement the more bitter though it strengthened our determination to see them righted in the end. Rest assured, little Eugénie, it will not be my fault if I do not return to grant the modest request contained in the picture post-card you gave me, and that the sole reason it was not granted before was the stupidity of three officers who could not decipher their own language till the train had started: "Am I able kiss you?" Why a hundred times, a thousand times, yes!

It was a weary party that sought their billets in Landrécies that night at the end of the journey. The men in the empty barracks of the French infantry, the officers in two dormitories of a large empty girls' school. Those little beds were the last that most of us would occupy for many a long day, and the demure row of little basins at the end of the dormitory afforded us our last civilised wash. The room at the end of the upper dormitory, from which the stern Gouvernante keeps an eye on her charges, was appropriately occupied by the C. O. and Second-in-Command. In the village to which we marched the following day, which must remain nameless, we remained for four days, billetted in farm buildings and barns. We shall always remember the days we spent there, the kindness of M. le Curè and his flock, the stream in which we bathed, the last final preparations and practice parades before we met the enemy. It was there I had the honour of dining with the Captain of D Company. A most excellent dinner it was, cooked and served by madame, whose husband, the proprietor of the farm, had been called to his regiment. There was a piano there and after dinner, madame's "maman" coming in as chaperone, we spent a very jolly evening with songs and music. It was only marred for a minute by the subalterns sudden recollection of:—"Ah! ma pauvre femme et les petits enfants que j'ai laissés en Angleterre." The old lady regarded the precocious youth in sympathetic but stupefied amazement till assured by her daughter that he was an incorrigible "blagueur" who had declared her cheese impossible to the English palate one day and eaten half of it the next. Madame bore patiently with the subaltern for the sake of dear old Matthews, who had captured the household as he did everyone else he came across.

It was at the next halt after leaving these hospitable billets that we were told that there was every probability of our being engaged in a big battle within the next 24 hours. We were in billets again here and passed the night undisturbed. The following day the Brigade crossed the Belgian Frontier just north of Malplaquet and moved towards Mons. On arrival at the village of Blaregnies B and C Companies, under Major Yatman, were sent forward with the 7th and 21st Fusiliers to occupy a position along the canal to the west of Mons; the remainder of the Battalion and the Lincolnshire Regiment moved to Cuesmes, a suburb of the same town, where they were kept in reserve. Here we were billetted in a school of house-keeping. The walls were covered with house-keeping texts, extolling the virtues of economy. There was only one I can remember verbatim: "A pass-book at the savings bank is a sign of a good housewife." Poor little model housewives, where, I wonder, are those savings now!

Next morning the enemy attacked the positions. At 1 p.m. the troops in reserve were sent forward to cover the withdrawal which had been ordered. The fighting had started and here my narrative must end. Only to-day I read in the paper an account by an infantryman of how he charged with his battalion hanging to the stirrups of the cavalry. "The charge," he wrote, "lasted four hours. I shall never forget it." I can well believe the latter statement, but shrink from competing with the former, tame though it is compared with other stories from the front which have appeared in our leading newspapers.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A FIFTH OFFICER IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

23rd Aug.—Company left Ikom for Obokum, H——, T——, Colour-Sergeant B—— and self. At Obokum received orders to return in same boat to Nsanarati and take part in the night and dawn attacks of Nsanakang. Returned accordingly, disembarked and left all loads on board for transference by river. Force consisted of six sections G, A and E Companies, four machine guns . . . . . Marched at 6 p.m. leaving Colour-Sergeant B—— two sections and one maxim E Company at Nsanarati. Going all right till about 7.30 p.m. when darkness got inky. E Company were in reserve. H—— and self and all men each shuffling along in file and holding on to each other's coat tails. Progress very slow and C—— and I decided to leave the machine guns till dawn. At about 12 midnight heard a burst of firing in front. Went no trumps and lit a light and "doubled to the sound of guns." Found column halted and met C—— who said the point had been fired on. One sergeant badly and one private slightly wounded in two places. Inky darkness and no lights permissable in view of possible presence of enemy. Found wounded after some difficulty and got them back to doctor who dressed them in pouring rain by light of a candle screened by rain coats held up by C—— and self. Halted in puddles for night. Self a bit wet as had left waterproof with T—— and his machine guns, he having none. Rations, drop of whisky and fid of ham and so soaking exterior partially counteracted. Had long confab with C—— and decided to go on at dawn.

24th Aug.—Marched at about 5 a.m., machine guns caught up about 6 a.m. 6.30 a.m. were fired on about one mile out of Nsanakang. Very heavy fusilade, but couldn't be helped as thick bush made clear vision impossible. Pelting hard. We had one man wounded (since dead). German casualties unknown. Opposition probably two white men and 40 soldiers. Advanced slowly and entered Nsanakang practically unopposed. I took a patrol of three sections, with C——, H——, and T——, to Munayar crossing on the Manise road, found traces of runaways, but no soldiers whereat to shoot. Placed an outlook at the crossing and left H——, C—— and two sections and a maxim entrenched about one mile from Nsanakang astride the road and so back to camp 5.30 p.m. having been on the go, with a few snacks and in continuous rain, for about 37 hours.

25th, 26th and 27th Aug.—Entrenching and collecting information. The Colonel, S—— and H—— paid us visits

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at different times. The factories were systematically cleared of food stuffs, machetes, etc., and sent down to Ikom. M—— and H—— came up with two guns and were afterwards relieved by B——, Sergeant D—— and other half battery. H—— arrived for good on 27th.

28th Aug.—It being reported that one white man and eight soldiers were hanging about the Akan crossing of the Manaya on the Eomodyo road, I was sent with one section on reconnaissance to find them and drive them back. Marched 15 miles to the crossing, found no sign, and back to Eomodyo for the night: 23 miles, H—— and S—— with me.

29th Aug.—Marched back in pelting rain and received orders to take a reconnaissance out to Abokum (old Diridinge) on the 30th. Marched 5 a.m. two sections G and E Companies, and one gun. Crossed the Munaya without trouble. Saw some tracks of the enemy on the road and had just got within view of the town into which I proposed to put a couple of shells. I called B—— up and showed him where I wanted the gun, and just as he turned back to bring the gun up, two "red caps" put their heads up out of the bush and fired point blank at S—— and myself!! Responded to their fire and shelled the town. Crossed the creek and entered. Opposition probably about a dozen soldiers and no European. Our casualties nil, Germans two killed and one wounded. . . . . Had a good look round and evacuated the place in the afternoon, bivouacking in a puddle about two miles out by the road to Oyi. All five of us dossed down in a palm shelter, had some excellent "medical comfort" soup, "medical comfort" champagne, and some chop remarkably well turned out by S——'s and my boy.

31st Aug.—Marched at dawn. Fired on at the turning to Bate by three men. . . . . Continued marching full tilt and got back the whole column at 12.30 p.m. Very arduous trek and all ranks played up well.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th Sept.—Improving defences. Collecting information and despatching stores. Also many alarms and scares, the nightly occurrence being waked with yarn that bushmen had shouted "German done come." With a view to departure sent all sick, wounded and superflous loads down on the 5th.

6th Sept.—2 a.m. Firing heard at Manakang town, where we had a small post. 2.92 gun fired 2 shells. Then silence. All of us stayed in the trenches. 5 a.m. it began, and there was a continuous war till 7 a.m. We had just a bare 200 in defence, with 10 white men. The Germans, 500 and 30 Europeans. For the first hour firing was frontal to me, and right flank for rifles and machine guns, and for the last forty minutes in reverse. I have never known such a hell, and pray God I will never see or feel the like again. The men were magnificent. The key of the position went about 6.30, but we stuck it for half-an-hour, during which my sergeant-major and lance-corporal and two men were knocked out in my trench of about 15 rifles. At this point H—— appeared on my right and told me more or less what had happened, and suggested a rush at the village. I agreed, and ordered the men to fix bayonets and charge. H——, S——, Colour-Sergeant B—— and self went off with 20 or 30 men. H—— was shot almost at once. Several men went down, and I had a very miraculous escape, as a perfect blast of bullets whizzed past me and broke a hole in the roof of a shelter just behind the trench as I left it, and one bullet cut a hole in my right sleeve! I got up towards the village and ran up against two German soldiers on the left of the road in the bush. One loosed off, and I shot No. 2 with my revolver. . . . and then set to to collect stragglers. I got about 12, and the colour-sergeant. We scouted about, and got into a very deep swamp, full of undergrowth, and out of one's depth. In crossing this one man was drowned, and one hit in the wrist hanging on to a branch, and an unpleasant number of bullets dolloped into the water. However, we got out at last and went to ground in the bush to consider the position. There we spent the day and night speering about to locate the German guards. Insects, mosquitoes and rain were awful, for there was no shelter and we, Colour-Sergeant B—— and myself, were in alarm kit, self had trousers tucked into Wellingtons, vest and thin khaki shirt and small regulation forage cap, the flaps of which I turned over to keep the sun off. Rations of food and water, nil.

7th Sept.—At dawn moved to river bank and lay doggo. Picked up two hospital boys. Rations, one slice of paw-paw and a few drops of Cross River!! . . . . . After dark scoured the bank of the Cross River up to Munaya for canoes, but found only one with a hole in it and a log of wood which I thought was one. One of the hospital boys and a soldier said they knew where there was a canoe on the opposite bank. So I called for a volunteer to swim the river with me and bring it over. One soldier agreed, and so we started. There was a very swift current and half way across the man funked and started shouting. I had a tussle in mid-stream and almost literally dragged him in by the hair! The current had in the meantime taken us far down that we only got in to the bank with 200 yards to spare from the German sentries. 11 p.m.—Searched for canoe up the bank of the Cross River about three-quarters of a mile with no success. Very cold, and I cut my feet and most of myself to ribbons and was bitten by every bug in creation. Rejoined my squad and went to roost in pouring rain.

8th Sept.—A perfect night mare. I gave up the river and decided to go on foot to Nsanarati. From 5—12 noon was chivied in pelting rain from pillar to post by German patrols. I had to keep my temper as one shot would give the show away and I was determined to get out. By 12 noon I was temporarily fed up and sat down to think. Considering that they were hunting the bush for us the rather mad idea that they would leave the main roads alone occurred to me, so I ordered my four remaining men and the colour-sergeant to throw all ammunition away and just keep 10 rounds, each magazine charged, so that if we ran into a snag we could give the snag ginger and leave a minimum of rounds captured off what was left us. Off we went and marched to Nsanarati without seeing one German!! Upon my soul, some extraordinary Providence seems to have been about, for they had been at Nsanarati the day before, and came again the next day! I got to Tusonenyong 4.30 p.m. on our bank of the river by canoe and nearly embraced B—— with a section there. He was picnicing and had no bed or chop for more than himself for twenty-four hours, but he played up well and shared blankets, food and drink—slept very badly.

9th Sept.—Back to Ikom by 4 p.m., where the Colonel and S—— killed the fatted calf and I have been recuperating ever since. Collecting the fragments of E and C Companies into one. 60 out of 121 of my Company, E, are killed and missing and about 45 of G Company out of 100. I have at present raised about 95 and am busy re-arming and equipping, and if we get at the Germans again Heaven help them. They looted everything and smashed up beds and all private gear and murdered the wounded in the trenches. The proof of pudding is 120 wounded German soldiers in hospital and 20 of ours. I have lost all my private gear, bed, bath, etc., field-glasses, compass, camera, water-bottle and haversack, Bible and despatch box. They apparently actually took H——'s ring off his finger and their white men stood by and did nothing. What I would like everyone to know is that we could do no more, and all ranks behaved splendidly! T—— made a great fight before being captured and Sergeant D—— (gunner) was killed astride of his trail, wounded and firing the last shot full in the face of the attackers.

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A JOURNEY TO THE FRONT.

Saturday, 5th Sept.—Ordered abroad. As I had no revolver or waterbottle, W—— sold me his, which was very kind of him. There were five of us J——, B——, N——, L—— and myself. We left at 11.19 p.m., and when we got up to London I went to G——'s for breakfast, and then they took us down to Waterloo and we caught the 10.5 train to Southampton on Sunday morning. Here we arrived at about 2, and we reported to Transport Commandant, who told us we should not sail until Tuesday at the earliest. We all went to the Southwestern Hotel, where I found M—— and F—— who had come down to see me off. They left at 5.50 and B——, L—— and I took their room. We dined with M——'s brother-in-law.

Monday, 7th Sept.—Reported again and were told that we need not come again at present, so bought a few things, and reported again at 6 p.m., and then heard that we would sail at 8 in the morning on the Transport *Minneapolis*. Dinner at 8, and to the Hippodrome. B—— of the Worcester's gave us a box, very poor show, full of officers.

Tuesday, 8th Sept.—Up about 6, finished up and went down to the docks about 8, where we had to draw two days' rations. Of course there was a long delay, and we finally sailed at 12. Got a first class cabin with L——, and stayed on deck most of the time to see the last of England, and finally lost sight of land about 5 p.m. Had our own rations as nothing was provided for us.

Wednesday, 9th Sept.—Sea did not make me feel over-well so slept most of the time. In the afternoon sighted Bellisle, and saw a number of ships about. About 6 p.m. got into the Loire, and finally stopped outside St. Nazaire about 7 p.m., and got in later on the tide. Large crowds collected and cheered like mad, and the drums and fifes of the Buffs which were on board struck up popular tunes. The troops, Buffs, and York and Lancasters were landed, but we five with other detached officers slept on board for the night. There were various Sandhurst cadets on board, including W—— and McB—— of the Royal Scots; S—— of the Suffolks, and many others I knew, so we had quite a merry time, except for the rough sea which bothered me a good deal.

Thursday, 10th Sept.—A lovely day. Up at 3.30 and landed at 4. From 4 to 6 we sat on our valises on the quay, and finally got up to the Casino where we were billeted, and had quite a decent breakfast. Pottered about the town with Mac B—— and met D——, who had come down from the front wounded. He gave a very graphic description of the goings on there, and it made one feel quite queer. It has absolutely changed him, and I wonder what I shall be like when I come back. He was in an Australian hospital under the Duchess of Sutherland for a time, and is now on his way home for a rest. Later went up to the Casino, and finally turned in about 9.30, sleeping in my valise for the first time, and found it very comfortable. I was dead tired, and very glad to get to bed. The French people seem to be quite nice, and I could generally make myself understood with them.

Friday, 11th Sept.—Up at 4.30, and got breakfast. The place was full of officers sleeping, and it was hard to get about without stepping on them. Saw C—— as I was leaving. He had landed last night, and was staying on for a short time. We got an A.S.C. lorry to cart our kit down, and reached the train about 6.30, and got a first-class carriage to ourselves. Our first change was about five stations on, and we had a rush to get into the train which was waiting, and only managed to get into a carriage with a French Tommy who talked like anything. He had come down from the front, and told us that the Germans were on the run. About 1.30 we got to Angiers where we stopped for about three hours, so we all went and had a bath, which was quite useful as we do not expect to have another for many a day. When we got back to the station we found a train load of German prisoners standing there, an evil looking set of devils in grey uniforms. They were mostly wounded and unshaven, and were all pleased to be out of the war. I felt a cold shudder to see them, especially one officer who looked the typical brute who has done all the atrocities in Belgium. We got a first-class carriage alone again, and went along very slowly. Outside one station a large crowd collected, and we were offered bread, fruit, chocolate and tea. Then we stopped again about seven, and were able to get out for a bit. An artillery brigade came through, cheering like mad. Finally arrived at Le Mans about 9.30, where we had to find out what to do. The staff is hopeless here, and could tell us nothing. We stayed at the station until 12 with no prospect except of billeting on the platform. By huge luck we then got a billet in the Hotel Moderne which had rooms for all of us, and L——, N—— and I shared a room. My hat this is luck. This has been a dull day, travelling in a very slow train is no fun, with our own rations, which I am sick of, and some truly awful wine. Finally to bed at 1.15. Saw many wounded about, both English, French, Zouaves and Germans. The Zouaves looked awful devils, and I should imagine they could fight. D—— told us that he saw them with German heads, hands and ears, which they had cut off as trophies. It is evidently bad to travel like this as the regiments are picked off as quickly as possible, and the detached officers have a hard time.

Saturday, 12th Sept.—A grand day. Got up about 8.30, and had quite a decent breakfast of omelette and boiled eggs, cafe au lait, and home-made strawberry jam, all served by a very pretty French girl. In the morning went to a saddler's shop, and got our Burberrys attached to our belts which takes the weight from the shoulders. Went into the town and lost my way, but was directed back by a curé who was most polite. Lunch at 12.30 with some French officers, only one of whom could talk English. I sat next to a fellow who could talk no English, but we had quite an amusing time. They gave us lots of champagne which was quite good stuff though rather sweet. One of the officers got up and made an impressive speech about Roi d'Angleterre and L'Entente Cordiale, and everyone was very serious, and we all stood up and drank the toast. Then J—— got up, and toasted again the health of the French, the success of the war and of the officers, and again we drank. This drinking was heavy work, and seemed very little like warfare. Later on went out into the town, and had a look round with L——. Left about 10.30 after a most enjoyable day, which I expect will be the last I shall have for many a long day as we think we go to-morrow.

Sunday, 13th Sept.—Up about 6.30, and finally started at 9.30, getting a carriage to ourselves again. About 20 other officers were with us, and some horses, and had what one might call a triumphant procession. At every station we passed large crowds yelled and shouted and regaled us with apples, pears, cider and cigarettes. We thought we were going to Villeneuve, but we never reached there, and only had ten minutes at Chatres for lunch. Reached Versailles about 6.30, started again at 7, and travelled till 10, when we reached a small station called Vermeuil, and were then ordered on further, and got what sleep we could.

Monday, 14th Sept.—Had a pretty poor night, and in the morning found ourselves in a siding 12 miles from Collummiers, which was our destination, and had to stop there until 12, and when we got there were told we had to go back to Villeneuve, which we reached

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about 8 p.m., and stopped there for about two hours, and finally the train started for our final destination at Oulchey. This was an absurd day which was practically wasted.

Tuesday, 15th Sept.—Woke about 8, and found all the country round showed signs of warfare. Houses ruined, dead animals, etc., and when we reached Oulchey we heard the firing plainly as we were only 12 miles away. Had a decent wash in a stream, the first for three days, and feel quite contented to know what we shall be doing this time to-morrow. J—— and I will probably go off in a supply lorry some time in the evening, and the other three are going to K.O.Y.L.I. Saw a train of wounded soldiers who had hardly any straw and no water. At last arranged to sleep in a wood shed, and left our valises there. Foraged about, and got some eggs and potatoes, and had quite a decent supper of Oxo soup, bully beef, potatoes, jam, and whisky and water, and turned in about 8.30.

Wednesday, 16th Sept.—Up at 3.30, and had breakfast of eggs, bully beef and coffee. Then got into one of the lorries of the transports of the 3rd Division. Started off about 5. On the way saw all the houses burnt and smashed in, and several dead horses. Arrived at Braisne 10 miles away at about 7. This town was the rendezvous. We then had our kit put by the roadside, and went off to discover at what time we could get up into the firing line, which was over a bridge above the town of Vailly, about six miles away. We met the cook transport of our Regiment, but heard that we could not get up until nightfall, as the one bridge over the river was being shelled the whole time. So went to a house where there were several wounded officers, and had a last wash and shave, and a fairly decent meal. In the afternoon met a staff officer who told us that we had to take up about 100 stragglers of different regiments, together with four officers of the Royal Scots and one of the Lincolns. Started off about dusk, and marched up the road to the bridge. The whole place was strewn with dead horses and waggons, and the smell abominable. When we got to the bridge we split up into small parties, and crossed over as quickly as possible. Just as we were over a shell burst about 100 yards away. We could hear the thing whizzing through the air, and then burst loudly. We then marched forward, and came to Vailly, which was all burnt up, and still being heavily shelled. There our transport officer, G——, met us, and gave us some bread and jam, and rum. Whilst we were eating it, a shell burst over the house, bringing down a lot of glass, etc. Having finished our meal we went off to the trenches of the FIFTH and after walking through a wood finally laid down in a ditch and slept. It was pretty cold, and sleep was difficult as the shells kept bursting all over the place.

Thursday, 17th Sept.—Woke up about 5, and the adjutant, H——, came along. He took us down to headquarters where I met Colonel A——, and we had some breakfast, and were then posted to B Company, which was entrenched up in the front about 250 yards from the German trenches. Went up there, and met B——, N——, P——, S—— and W——, all of whom seemed top hole. I was put in command of Nos. 5 and 6 Platoons. B—— took us up to a picket in the woods, and as we were going up a shell burst about 50 yards from us, the bits flying all round us. So we made a hasty retreat, and went up later. Spent the rest of the day in the trenches doing very little, but under heavy shell fire the whole time. It started to rain about 5, and we all got absolutely soaked to the bone. Was on duty until 12 in command of the sentries, and turned in about 1. Absolutely soaked, and with very little to eat.

Friday, 18th Sept.—Stood to arms at 3.30, and waited until dawn, but after that did very little during the morning. At 2.30 stood to arms as the Germans were supposed to be advancing. Two men were killed by snipers, and four Germans shot down. For the rest of the day we had continued alarms which were most trying, and a lot of shrapnel was bursting over our trenches, one right over my head as I was walking along the trenches, and the bullets were going very close to my head.

A FIRST BATTALION DIARY.

(*Continued from page 150*).

The following diary kept by an officer of the 1st Battalion has been sent to us :—

Thursday, 27th Aug.—Marched all morning and halted about 10 a.m. at a farmhouse at Villeret. Great congestion of troops on road. About noon Germans reported advancing. Ordered to fall in and 9th Infantry Brigade to do rearguard. The farm where we were was very small and a good mark for artillery. The Commanding Officer took Battalion out into a turnip field. I went with limber, but ground was very heavy, and horses could hardly pull limber. So as we expected an action over all this heavy ground decided to leave rear portion of limber with cracked wheel, put guns and ammunition boxes, &c., in front portion and throw out of front what was required to make room for the guns, &c. Had to throw three rifles, some ammunition, packs and own great coat. Saw in the far distant to north-west a large column of cavalry, which at first we thought were Germans, but afterwards were believed to be our own Cavalry Division, or French, probably the latter. We retired about a mile with our cavalry patrols by the farm. They had had a small scrap with German cavalry. We took up a position to cover retirement of cavalry, who came through us. Found the Germans were coming on our right flank. They did not advance, but entrenched themselves with two guns and about 200 men (probably brought up by motor lorries) within 1,500 yards of us. We retired without firing, and got to Vermand about 7 p.m., where we were told we were to have four hours' rest. Whilst retiring, Germans shelled the farm at Villeret, where we had halted, with incendiary shells and burnt it completely. It seemed a very wanton destruction, as no one was there, and cavalry patrols had retired. Major —— and the Adjutant had gone on to see if they could get anything to eat, and managed to procure 9 sheep and 100 eggs and some vegetables. We halted some time in the town, and were told to take a party to get rations, which had been dumped in the road. When the party got there they found nothing. By the time the sheep had been cut up there were only about 1½ hours to cook, as orders had been received to start at 11 p.m. Eventually we started at midnight, very weary. (N.B.—Inchy to Vermand, 30 miles).

Friday, 28th Aug.—Vermand to Crissoles, 18.7 miles.—Midnight. Great difficulty in connecting up with remainder of the column (Battalion being at the head of the Brigade) owing to the late arrival in their proper places of ammunition column R.F.A. and a heavy mist. There appeared to be no other officers near the transport so took over, and cursed everyone heartily to make them keep their places. I had no horse and got very weary walking backwards and forwards. We arrived outside Ham about 6.30 a.m., and found road blocked by 7th and 8th Brigades. Halted about 1½ hours, Battalion halted in orchard on north side of town about 8 a.m. As we marched into Ham saw trenches being dug by civilians under R.E. officers. As we had nothing to eat, I walked into the town and bought from one of the only shops open eight tins of sardines, and a good woman at the chemist shop gave me half a loaf of bread, for which I was very thankful. We also procured two meagre fowls and some cold coffee. These fowls were half

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roasted and the coffee warmed for headquarters. About one hour after arrival Commanding Officer was taken off to inspect the defences, and we thought we should have to man the trenches, but at 11.30 we got orders to move off. Whilst waiting, an alleged spy was captured, whom we handed over to the Military Police. Also the G.S. waggons were depleted of their ammunition, both rifle and gun, and the ammunition destroyed or dropped into the river. These waggons were used to place sick men in. We marched off, the 9th I.B. doing rearguard. The bridge over the river Somme had been prepared for demolition, and was demolished after the cavalry came in. The Brigade marched without interference to Crissoles, reaching there about 5 p.m. We billetted, the billets being rather close, headquarters being in a small cottage of a labourer (a naturalised Belgian) who was himself going next day for mobilization. The old woman apparently thought we were all deaf, but did not do us at all badly and supplied us liberally with cider and also two fowls. Slept in an old disused house, and had a good wash, of which was very glad. We were told we should stay there the next day.

Saturday, 29th Aug.—Roused at 5 a.m. by orders from headquarters, and was again informed that we were going to stay. About 10 a.m. orders came for us to put out pickets about a mile away, and about 1½ hours later orders came for the Battalion to fall in as Germans were advancing, and had to leave an excellent lunch, as no means of carrying it. The transport was left in Crissoles village, and we went to main road north of village. Cavalry and Uhlans had, I believe, a small scrap, and cavalry were shelled. Germans shelled woods and road, and in their gamble of registering a zone, managed to pitch a shell very nearly into the two companies in support. About 4 p.m. we were ordered to take up a rearguard position, and did so at edge of wood. Battalion on west side of road and Royal Scots Fusiliers on east side. Whilst sitting there saw a very nice display of airmanship by one of our men. A German monoplane came over and shortly afterwards came back, followed by one of ours. This was a small Sopwith biplane, which simply made rings round the German. It got up above it, like a hawk, and choosing its opportunity volplaned down and fired at the pilot. It also had the effect of keeping the German aeroplane low and too occupied for observation. Unfortunately it escaped. About 5 p.m. we saw two patrols of Uhlans, one of which was fired on and three men disabled. These patrols seemed to be moving from west to east, and to be the flank guard of an army moving eastward. About 7 p.m. retired back to Noyon, passing through some barricades which were being built, I think, by the Lincolns. Halted for some time in Noyon. Marched off about 10 p.m. over the Oise, where we found the bridge ready for demolition. Halted at midnight on the road for two hours, and managed to make a canteen full of soup. Heard some explosions: probably bridges being blown up.

Sunday, 30th Aug.—Crissoles to Resson, 20.6 miles.—Marched all morning, fine day, very hot. Had two hours' halt—from 10 a.m to mid-day. Boiled tea in a canteen. Y—— and H—— went to Morsain to buy provisions, and brought back about thirty francs worth of jam and cheese. Marched all day through Vic-sur-Aisne, and reached Resson le Long about 4 miles on. There were a good many stragglers in this march, mostly from sore feet. The village of Resson runs along the hillside, and the Brigade was billetted all along the villages. There was one nice château, which was taken by Divisional Headquarters. The companies were rather crowded, but Battalion headquarters had a very good billet. M. le Patron and family were away, but the housekeeper did us very well, electric light and even a bed, but no bathroom. For the first time since the 22nd we got our valises. We also got a mail, the first time since Noyelle. I got a silk scarf and tobacco, the latter had up till then been very scarce, and only French stuff available.

Monday, 31st Aug.—Resson to Vauciennes, 16 miles.—Orders during night to move about 7 o'clock. These were cancelled, and orders were received to move at 5.45 a.m. Transport officer came up with news that transport was likely to catch us up that day. A steep hill out of Resson was negotiated with difficulty by some of the transport. After doing about five miles we halted for some time, filled water-bottles, and watered horses. When we were entering the forest of Retz we were told that patrols of Uhlans were reported quite close at Soucy, and Battalion were told to do rearguard. The forest was very thick, and we simply blocked the main road and glades, and had out a few patrols. Nothing happened, and shortly after, marched *via* Villers Cotterets to the sugar factory at Vauciennes, arriving there about 4 p.m. The hill up to the factory was very steep, and difficulty was experienced with transport. This was a very bad billet, as two regiments were billetted in the factory. Got a fairly decent meal and our valises. Our transport joined us about 5 p.m., having been lost since Inchy, when they had retired by a different road. Found horses of limber and S.A.A. carts wanted shoes badly, none available, had to fix them up as best we could. Got a mail.

Tuesday, 1st Sept.—Vauciennes to Bouillancy, 12.6 miles.—Started at 5 a.m. and marched without interference to Bouillancy. Very hot. I went on to do billetting for the first time. Very close billets. All the village were clearing out in case the Germans came. Managed to get some eggs and milk for headquarters. Water supply very bad. Very agitated female of a farm came to commanding officer and wanted requisitions for hay and faggots taken.

Wednesday, 2nd Sept.—Bouillancy to Penchard, 10 miles.—Marched about 6 a.m. to Penchard, having halted for a considerable time in the middle of the day. Reached there about 3 p.m. Village was practically deserted, everyone who had not already gone was just going. Managed to get some eggs, butter and wine. Orderly-room was held for the first time since Cuesmes. Field service post cards were issued for the first time. We also got a mail, and I slept on a bed.

Thursday, 3rd Sept.—Marched out about 6 a.m. through Meaux, which we found quite deserted. The fine old bridge, with houses on each side was ready to be blown up. About 4 o'clock took up a position for outposts near Villemareuil at a farm called Le Moulin. Two companies out, and remainder with M.G.'s and headquarters by a haystack in the centre of supporting line. Went down to the village and bought plenty of eggs, milk and wine from some very nice people at a big farm. There were rumours that Uhlans were quite close, but there was no disturbance, and stayed there all night. During the afternoon a German monoplane came over the line, and everyone started to fire at it indiscriminately. It had no effect, but merely gave the line away. To avoid confusion, it was decided to re-letter the Companies W, X, Y, Z, as mistakes were often made between B and D.

Friday, 4th Sept.—Stood to arms at 4 a.m. Cavalry came in and said that a squadron of Uhlans were in the woods in front. The French cavalry were then quite close to us. The two front companies were pushed out behind the village, the supports were brought up, and we were told to hang on. As the Uhlans did not come on, we believe they were really French cavalry. About 1.45 p.m. orders came to retire. We marched off about 2.30 p.m. to a farm about 3 miles in rear, where we halted until 10 p.m. We marched off after a meal and marched all night.

(To be continued).

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St. George's Gazette.

A REGIMENTAL PAPER FOR THE "OLD AND BOLD."

"Quo fata vocant."

No. 384.] **Thursday, 31st December, 1914.** **[Vol. XXXII.**

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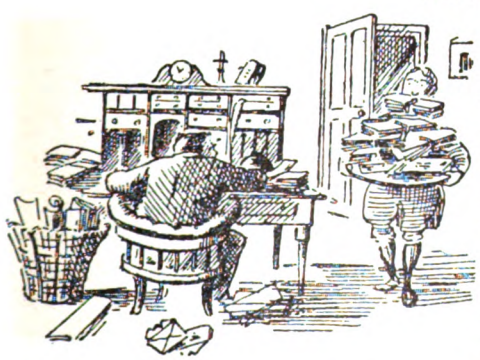
THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

26, HANS CRESCENT,
LONDON, S.W.,
31st December, 1914.



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It is particularly requested that all contributions intended for insertion be sent so as to reach the Editor NOT LATER than the 25th of each month, in order to allow of punctual publication, and that contributions be written on ONE SIDE only of the paper.

Subscribers changing their addresses, Officers proceeding on leave, and Non-Commissioned Officers and Men proceeding on furlough, or leaving the Regiment, should send their addresses to the Editor.

All communications to be sent direct to the Editor.

We beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of copies of the following papers:—

"The Army Service Corps Journal"
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"The Globe and Laurel"
"The XXX."
"The Tiger and the Rose"
"The Black Horse Gazette"
"The Hampshire Regimental Eagle" [Journal"
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"The Planters' and Commercial Gazette"
"The Snapper"
"The R.M.A. Magazine"
"The Faugh-a-Ballagh"
"The Gordonian"
"Argyllshire Highlanders Regimental News"

The Editor begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, subscriptions and payments for *Gazettes* from:—

President, Sergts.' Mess, 5th Batt.	to 30/ 6/15	Mrs. A. Lewis ... and donation	... to 31/12/15
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BIRTHS.

ARKLESS.—On the 21st December, at 2, Wycliffe Road, Gravesend, the wife of Pioneer J. Arkless, Northumberland Fusiliers, of a daughter.

NAYLOR.—On the 17th September, at Sabathu, India, the wife of Lance-Corporal Naylor, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

POOLE.—On the 2nd October, at Ambala, India, the wife of Sergeant H. Poole, 2nd Battalion, of a daughter.

IN MEMORIAM.

VAUGHAN.—In memory of John George Vaughan, late Private, No. 3086, B Company 5th Fusiliers, who died on the 2nd January, 1909, at Herne Bay, Kent.

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EXTRACTS FROM *The London Gazette*:—

MEMORANDA.—Major W. C. Wright, Northumberland Fusiliers, Inspector of Gymnasia, to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 24th August, 1914).

COMMANDS AND STAFF.—General Staff Officers, 1st Grade:—Colonel E. S. Heard (dated 10th October, 1914).

COMMANDS AND STAFF.—Major the Hon. M. O'Brien, M.V.O., D.S.O., Reserve of Officers, to be a Military Attaché and to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel whilst so employed, *vice* Major M. F. Gage, 5th Dragoon Guards (dated 10th October, 1914).

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant W. Platt, D.S.O., to be Captain (dated 1st November, 1914). Second-Lieutenant J. A. Cramsie to be Lieutenant (dated 1st November, 1914).

The following officers to be promoted temporarily as stated and to be supernumerary to establishment (dated 15th November, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenants to be Captains:—F. E. Watkin, H. L. F. Nicholls; Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—E. G. M. Buckley, E. E. Dorman-Smith, J. F. E. Radcliffe.

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant M. B. Ord, from Half-pay List, is retored supernumerary to the establishment, with precedence next below B. G. Gunner (dated 11th November, 1914).

The following Warrant and Non-Commissioned Officers to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 20th December, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Company-Sergeant-Major J. Walton.

The following Gentlemen Cadets from R.M.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (dated 16th December, 1914):—

NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. J. S. Dalbiac, W. L. Brownlow, J. H. Hogshaw, I. H. L. Gilchrist, W. H. C. Bucknall.

SPECIAL RESERVE.—Cadets and ex-Cadets of O.T.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation) (dated 19th December, 1914):—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—H. B. Fisher.

SPECIAL RESERVE OF OFFICERS.—Cadets and ex-Cadets of O.T.C. to be Second-Lieutenants (on probation):—

3RD BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. D. F. Burton.

TERRITORIAL FORCE:—

4TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—A. J. North (late Lieutenant, Northumberland R.G.A. (Militia)) to be Captain (dated 28th September, 1914). P. L. Hunting to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 28th November, 1914). Lieutenant G. L. Hunting to be Captain (temporary) (dated 12th November, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—T. B. Thomas (late Captain, Imperial Yeomanry) to be Major (dated 12th November, 1914). G. Branfoot to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 9th November, 1914). Lieutenant N. M. North to be Captain (temporary) (dated 13th November, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. H. Swan (late Cadet, Uppingham School O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 21st October, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain H. Luhrs to be Major (dated 23rd November, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—F. W. Grinling (late Cadet Sergeant, Royal Grammar School O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 2nd December, 1914).

5TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Second-Lieutenants to be Lieutenants:—S. G. Redman (dated 30th November, 1914); W. H. Leete (dated 1st December, 1914); J. G. Sinclair (dated 2nd December, 1914). A. K. Wardroper to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 3rd December, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—F. G. Leathart (late Lieutenant, 3rd Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers) to be Captain (dated 13th October, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain and Hon.-Major W. Warham, retired list (late 3rd Northern Brigade Royal Field Artillery), to be Captain (temporary) (dated 23rd October, 1914). Lieutenant O. G. Blayney to be Captain (dated 5th November, 1914).

6TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Quartermaster and Hon.-Lieutenant W. Suthren, from the Territorial Force Reserve, to be Quartermaster with the honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 18th November, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Private C. Barnard, from Universities and Public Schools Brigade, Royal Fusiliers, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 19th December, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—C. D. Williams (late Cadet, Marlborough College O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 10th November, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—T. O. Donkin (late Cadet, Sedbergh School O.T.C.) to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 3rd December, 1914); H. Mason to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 5th December, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Announcement of appointment as Lieutenant of Hon. J. F. Lambton, which appeared in *Gazette* of August 21st, is cancelled and the following substituted:—J. F. Lambton (late Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers Militia) to be Lieutenant (dated 22nd August, 1914).

7TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Sapper M. F. Carins, from Northumbrian Divisional Engineers, to be Second-Lieutenant (dated 5th November, 1914).

REGULAR FORCES:—

SERVICE BATTALIONS (NEW ARMY):—

The following officers to command Battalions of the New Army:—

Colonel R. J. Roddam (late 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers), 15th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers (dated 6th November, 1914).

9TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Second-Lieutenants to be temporary Lieutenants:—H. W. R. Haselhurst, J. S. Allen (dated 20th November, 1914).

9TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—O. E. W. Brown to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 8th November, 1914).

9TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. C. Adam to be temporary Captain (dated 8th October, 1914).

10TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Lieutenants:—R. W. Fisher (dated 3rd October, 1914); H. L. Llewellyn (dated 18th November, 1914).

11TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—T. H. Inman to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 3rd November, 1914).

13TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Lieutenant T. S. Palmer to be temporary Captain (dated 8th December, 1914).

13TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Captain W. W. T. Massiah-Palmer to be Adjutant (dated 31st October, 1914).

14TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Captain A. Arnott, from 12th Battalion, to be temporary Major (dated 13th November, 1914). A. MacG. Black to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 14th November, 1914).

14TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—A. O. Vaughan to be temporary Major (dated 23rd September, 1914).

15TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Captains:—Temporary Lieutenant P. K. Waite, temporary Second-Lieutenant E. T. Milton, temporary Second-Lieutenant C. J. H. Adamson (dated 16th November, 1914).

15TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—I. T. Gray to be temporary Major (dated 4th November, 1914).

15TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Second-Lieutenant J. Y. S. Greig to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 29th October, 1914).

16TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—R. S. Watson to be temporary Second-Lieutenant (dated 24th November, 1914).

17TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain M. L. Pears, Reserve of Officers, to be temporary Major (dated 1st December, 1914).

17TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—W. McLellan (dated 26th November, 1914); R. Nelson (dated 28th November, 1914).

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18TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—F. Sweet (dated 28th October, 1914); P. C. Dodsworth (dated 7th November, 1914); F. G. Wilson, S. C. Wells (dated 11th November, 1914); J. E. Robson (dated 12th November, 1914).

18TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—G. A. M. Hall, G. A. Renwick (dated 17th November, 1914); J. W. Vasey (dated 20th November, 1914); W. Smith (dated 23rd November, 1914).

18TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Quartermaster and Hon.-Major J. Liddle, Territorial Force Reserve, to be temporary Quartermaster with the honorary rank of Major.

18TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel Sir C. K. Findlay, Kt. (late Rangoon Rifle Volunteers), to command the Battalion and to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 21st October, 1914).

18TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. Cowen to be Hon.-Colonel (dated 5th December, 1914).

19TH BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Temporary Captain L. E. Fawcus, from the 8th Battalion Royal West Surrey Regiment, to be temporary Major (dated 4th December, 1914). G. D. L. Hunter to be temporary Second-Lieutenant (dated 21st November, 1914).

20TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Captain F. G. Trobridge, Unattached List Territorial Force, to be temporary Captain (dated 1st December, 1914). S. C. W. Wynn-Mackenzie to be temporary Quartermaster with honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 26th October, 1914).

20TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Major C. H. I. Hopkins, retired pay, to command the Battalion and to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 26th October, 1914).

20TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Captains:—T. G. Noble (dated 26th October, 1914); E. E. McClintock (dated 9th November, 1914); J. T. Gracie (dated 10th November, 1914). To be temporary Lieutenants:—E. Graham (dated 26th October, 1914); J. McClay, D. Mathieson, G. O. Laing (dated 3rd November, 1914); T. B. Coull (dated 9th November, 1914); W. Thirlaway, E. H. S. White, A. P. Ker (dated 10th November, 1914). To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—A. L. Young (dated 9th November, 1914); A. E. Gregg, A. E. Head (dated 10th November, 1914); E. Turnbull, A. G. Young (dated 11th November, 1914).

20TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Sir T. Oliver, M.D., to be Hon.-Colonel (dated 5th December, 1914). To be temporary Captains:—H. B. Goater (dated 5th November, 1914); D. D. Horne (dated 6th November, 1914); W. P. Curry to be temporary Lieutenant (dated 9th November, 1914). To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—R. A. T. Pinkney (dated 5th November, 1914); W. P. Brown (dated 12th November, 1914).

21ST BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—A. W. D. Mark to be temporary Second-Lieutenant (dated 2nd November, 1914).

21st BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Colonel V. M. Stockley, retired pay, Indian Army, to command the Battalion (dated 6th November, 1914).

21ST BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—J. G. Harrison, A. V. Curry (dated 10th November, 1914); G. Robertson, W. L. Hill (dated 12th November, 1914); J. C. Williams (dated 14th November, 1914).

21ST BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE SCOTTISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. Reed to be Hon.-Colonel (dated 5th December, 1914).

24TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE IRISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. M. Prior to be temporary Major (dated 6th November, 1914). To be temporary Captains:—F. J. McDonnell (dated 6th November, 1914); J. P. Gallwey (dated 7th November, 1914); J. C. Arnold (dated 18th November, 1914). To be temporary Lientenants:—E. R. Pugh (dated 5th November, 1914); H. A. Horsbrugh (dated 7th November, 1914); J. H. Pringle, T. G. Farina, A. Thompson (dated 12th November, 1914); B. C. Brady (dated 13th November, 1914). To be temporary Second-Lieutenants:—L. F. Byrne (dated 13th November, 1914); J. McLoughlin (dated 16th November, 1914); A. E. Rogers, W. A. Brown, T. G. Donnelly (dated 18th November, 1914); R. Donald, H. S. Fitzgerald (dated 19th November, 1914). P. McKenna to be temporary Quartermaster with honorary rank of Lieutenant (dated 3rd November, 1914).

24TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE IRISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon.-Colonel M. E. Byrne, late 5th Volunteer Battalion Liverpool Regiment, to command the Battalion and to be temporary Lieutenant-Colonel (dated 3rd November, 1914).

24TH BATTALION (1ST TYNESIDE IRISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—J. Wallace to be Hon.-Colonel (dated 5th December, 1914); D. M. Dawson to be temporary Second-Lieutenant (dated 4th November, 1914).

25TH BATTALION (2ND TYNESIDE IRISH) NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.—Sir C. A. Parsons, D.S.O., to be Hon.-Colonel (dated 5th December, 1914).

COLONEL T. ROWLAND, C.B.

WE regret to record the death of Colonel T. Rowland, C.B., who died at Ryde on the 10th December, aged 83.

Colonel Rowland served in the Crimea, and after some years in the 25th Foot exchanged into the FIFTH, joining the 1st Battalion in Karachi in 1867. Subsequently, he commanded this Battalion in the Afghan War of 1878-79, in the absence of Colonel Roberts who was commanding a brigade, bringing it home in 1880. Another exchange in 1881 took him to India once more, this time to command the 2nd Battalion. After giving up command of the Regimental Depôt Colonel Rowland settled for a time in Ireland where he devoted himself to fishing and shooting. He was a fine fisherman and a good shot, as his numerous trophies acquired in India bear witness.

A good officer and a keen soldier Colonel Rowland was popular with all ranks. The news of his death will be received with universal regret, and to his relatives we offer our sincere sympathy in their loss

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His Majesty the King has approved of the grant of the Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field to the undermentioned warrant officers, non-commisioned officers and men for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty whilst serving with the Expeditionary Force.

1ST BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS:—

No. 2558 Lance-Corporal S. E. Bentley, "For enterprise and exceptional devotion to duty, especially at Frameries."

No. 1822 Lance-Sergeant J. G. Pickering, "For gallantry. Assisted by two other non-commissioned officers he brought away a severely wounded man under a heavy fire. He subsequently led his section with much gallantry in attack on Pont du Hem."

No. 8473 Sergeant J. Squires, "For coolness and gallant leading under close machine gun fire north of Vailly on the 14th September."

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A RETROSPECT OF 1914.

THE task of writing the Retrospect for this year is not to be lightly undertaken. The present writer approaches the work with much diffidence when he remembers the brilliant pens of his predecessors of whom, alas, one has met a soldier's death and another is missing. If the Regimental historian of the future—referred to in the Retrospect for 1913—will find but little in that year to interest him, assuredly 1914 will make amends. It is indeed difficult to think—or write—of anything but the war; yet some attempt must be made at an account of Regimental doings at least as far as mid-August, when the 1st Battalion vanished on the Continent.

Within this period there are no changes of station for either Battalion to be recorded. The 1st Battalion, after the companies had spent some few weeks in platoon training in a fort on the breezy Portsdown Hills, moved in May to Wool, for some months the temporary home of the 9th (Service) Battalion, for musketry, company and battalion training, returning to Portsmouth in July. This camp was remarkable for the number of feathered creatures seen by the troops; so much so, that it moved a correspondent to recount an amazing tale of bird life in the June issue.

The life of the 1st Battalion, however, was perfect peace when compared with the restless marching and countermarching of the 2nd Battalion in the early months of the year. But the end of March found them at Sabathu where the difficulties of Table B were illustrated by two sketches by H. T. C., the last and some of the best he did for the Regimental paper. Here the Viceroy presented new Colours to the Battalion after a false start due to bad weather in the previous month. His Excellency, in a speech, referred most kindly to the deeds of the Regiment in the past, and subsequently commanded the Battalion to form part of the garrison of Delhi during the coming winter, but—*l'homme propose mais Dieu dispose*—the outbreak of war and the departure for France of the Division in which they were an extra Battalion split them up once more into innumerable detachments.

Their disappointment at this unaccustomed rendering of the Regimental motto did not last long. Towards the end of October the Battalion was warned to hold itself in readiness to proceed to England and thence to the Continent. In the latter part of December they reached Winchester to prepare for the day when, for the third time in little more than 100 years, they should find themselves in the field alongside the 1st Battalion.

The presentation of new Colours to the 2nd Battalion was preceded at home by the laying up of the old Colours of the 1st Battalion in Newcastle Cathedral in March after an impressive service, which attracted a large gathering of past officers, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Regiment. St. George's Day was celebrated in the customary manner by both Battalions and the Depôt: the parade of the 1st Battalion, their first in England for 17 years, drawing together a very large gathering of guests, one of whom arrived in an up-to-date manner by air.

In the field of athletics there is not a great deal to record. The 1st Battalion, luckier than some on home service nowadays, achieved a good deal of cricket with varying success considering that they were absent from Portsmouth and its delightful United Services Ground during part of the season, and their young football team made a promising *début*. The 2nd Battalion entered a team for the Punjab-Bengal Tournament, but succumbed to the 4th Battalion 60th Rifles to the score of 3—0 in the second round. Considering that the match was played at 2.45 p.m. in the heat of the afternoon this performance was not at all unsatisfactory. Some hockey was also played by both Battalions. Polo has occupied the officers of the 2nd Battalion more than any other game. Teams were entered for the Infantry Polo Tournament at Bareilly, the Spring Polo Tournament at Ambala, and the Beresford Cup, but success did not attend their efforts. With a number of officers playing polo, the 2nd Battalion team should go far *when* the conditions of life become normal again. Note must be made of a pack of seven couple of hounds started by Captain Auld and Mr. Leverson to hunt the wily jackal.

Boxing has had many followers in both Battalions. If no new boxer of outstanding merit has come to the front there is much promising material in the Regiment. Private Falcus, who has established a reputation for himself in the North of England during the years 1912 and 1913, maintained this reputation and the good name of the Regiment in the Ring by winning the Open Welter Weight Competition at Mhow which was open to all India, and by reaching the semi-final in the All-India Tournament. In the Marathon Race in the 2nd Battalion H Company proved the winners by a comfortable margin. Private Banks of B Company was the first man home, followed by Lance-Corporal Speight of H Company. The 1st Battalion Sports were notable for a tie between Privates Farrell, Langford and Kitchen for the championship medal, and for the lowering of two Battalion records for the High Jump and for the Mile. C Company were winners of the Regimental Athletic Cup by a small margin over D Company.

The hand of death, apart from the war casualties, has fallen heavily on the Regiment. We deplore the loss of three officers, whose hearts were in the Regiment in which they passed many happy years, in Major-General Bigge, C.B., Colonel Rowland, C.B., and Major Somervell, and with them the deaths of Dr. J. Robson who joined the 1st Battalion in 1853, Mr. Banks Thompson whose service dated from 1847, and Mr. S. C. Bishop, whose description of 11 years' service in the 1st Battalion was so interesting, are recorded. The names of Sergeant Sistern, Corporal Moffitt, Lance-Corporals Nightingale and Moore, and Privates Quinn, Bearman and Cox, all serving soldiers, must be added to the list.

In addition to the officers who have joined the new units of the Regiment and who are too numerous to mention individually, the following have been gazetted to the FIFTH:—Second-Lieutenants F. B. Corbet-Singleton, E. G. M. Buckley, C. H. Markham, E. E. Dorman-Smith, E. F. Boyd (killed in action), E. H. Tottie (died of wounds), H. M. Belchem, W. S. Thomas, W. W. Arnold, A. A. F. Geddes, J. F. E. Radcliffe, A. B. Surtees, R. H. Hoffman, W. B. N. Roderick, A. Laws, D. Condon, C. J. S. Dalbiac, W. L. Brownlow, J. H. Hogshaw, I. H. L. Gilchrist, W. H. C. Bucknall, J. Walton.

During the past year the *St. George's Gazette* has maintained its customary standard. Some new contributors have appeared, notably M. B. H. and "Tim Wapiti." Captain Toppin's untimely death in action cut short his fascinating story of the Boundary Commission; a new

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departure was made in the shape of a serial story, and the war produced a new artist from the 3rd and another from the 9th (Service) Battalion.

Promotion among the commissioned ranks pursued a steady course throughout the first eight months of the year until the war casualties increased the pace, and the task of the Editor in keeping up the Succession List of Officers is not one to be envied.

Fed upon tales by credulous correspondents as the British public has been regarding the course of campaign and the doings of our "Anonymous Army," as someone has so aptly described it, and with the darkness only occasionally dispelled by the official despatches, it has been hard to follow the doings of the 1st Battalion in France. The diary which has appeared in the *Gazette* has enabled us to understand their career and to obtain from a reliable source an idea of what has happened to them. The newspapers, it is true, have informed us of the casualties and the toll of war has been heavy indeed. Percival, Crispin, Toppin, Matthews, Selby, Watkin, Barnsley, Lambert, Lamb, Leather, Coles, Nunneley, Boyd, Tottie, Van Neck, Laws, some of them, almost household names among the present generation of the FIFTH, have died nobly for their country in a good cause on the field of honour. Their spirits have fled, but their memory remains with us. Some 20 officers of the old Regiment have been wounded and many others invalided from the rigours of the campaign. The long lists which have appeared in the *Gazette* show the extent of the casualties among the rank and file. While we mourn their loss words cannot express our intense admiration for the fine fighting spirit of the Regiment and its cheerful endurance of the greatest hardships. May the numerous progeny of the old corps which the war has brought into being emulate the deeds of the 1st and 2nd Battalions; we know the spirit is there and the will and the intention; that the opportunity will come to prove their mettle there can be little doubt.

1st Battalion Notes.

FRANCE,
November, 1914.

OUR readers will, we feel sure, realise that excuses for the lack of 1st Battalion Notes last month are unnecessary. A 1st Battalion Diary, published in the October *Gazette*, gives a very excellent idea of the doings of the Battalion up to the 26th August, and we understand that this interesting diary will bring our readers up to the 26th September. We take up the thread of the narrative from that date, and bring it up the 22nd October, hoping that it may escape the black pencil of the Press Censor:—

26th Sept.—The Battalion marched from billets at Courcelles to Vailly and took the section of the trenches which it had handed over to the Middlesex Regiment on the 22nd inst. Two companies remain in reserve. The Battalion much benefitted by a four days' well-earned rest.

27th Sept.—Two companies under Major C. Yatman sent on detachment to the 16th Brigade on our right. Shelled by day and night with few casualties.

28th to 30th Sept.—Remained in the trenches. Nothing of interest to record.

1st Oct.—The Battalion having been relieved by the 16th Brigade and 2nd Division left the Vailly position at about 8.30 p.m., the two half-battalions joining up on the left bank of the River Aisne. Marched to Augy, arriving and billetting about midnight.

2nd Oct.—March at 6 p.m. to Cramaille and billetted there.

3rd Oct.—To Trogsnes, starting at 6.15 p.m. and arriving about midnight.

4th Oct.—Resume march at 6.15 p.m. and billet at Crepy en Valois.

5th Oct.—March to Moru—a five hour march—and billetted there at 11.30 p.m.

6th Oct.—Continue march at 10 a.m. Arriving at Pont St. Maxence at noon. At 7 p.m. W, Y and Z Companies entrained—followed at midmight by X Company and the transport. Destination unknown.

7th Oct.—First trainload detrained at Abbeville at 10 a.m. and marched to Port Le Grand, where they billetted. The second trainload detrained at Rue and joined the Battalion at 6.30 p.m. in billets.

8th Oct.—A day's rest at Port Le Grand.

9th Oct.—Resumed march at 12.40 p.m. to Le Tollent—resting there till midnight and proceeding to Ste. Austre Berthe.

10th Oct.—Here the Battalion boarded French motor buses and proceeded to Sachin, arriving at 2 p.m. Captain Gordon and Lieutenants Waddilove, Hoffman, Van Neck, Lawson, Edwards, Mortished, Coles and Thompson joined. The Battalion furnished outposts—two companies.

11th Oct.—March to Robecq, leaving at 7.30 a.m. Owing to the large number of French troops in our front Battalion was withdrawn into billets on the south side of the Lys Canal.

12th Oct.—At 6.30 a.m. the Battalion proceeded to Le Cornet Malo where the Brigade was formed into two columns. The FIFTH and 7th Fusiliers forming a supporting column to the 8th who were in action at Vieille Chapelle. At dusk the Battalion withdrew into billets at Paradis, Z Company furnishing outposts.

13th Oct.—Attached to the 8th Brigade, the Battalion marched at 5 a.m. to Zelobes, and early in the afternoon deployed for action on the extreme left of the line attacking Bout De Ville. At nightfall dug ourselves in on the Rue De Ponch.

14th Oct.—Advance resumed early, French cavalry in strength co-operating on our left. During the morning, a portion of the line on our right being forced back, we conformed and re-occupied our previous night's position. In the late afternoon, the advance being successfully resumed, we occupied a line about Bout De Ville and dug in. Very heavy night firing. Battalion learnt with great regret of the death of General Hubert Hamilton, our Divisional Commander.

15th Oct.—Fighting continued throughout the day. At

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about 2.30 p.m., after a severe bombardment of Pont Du Hem in which French Artillery on our left co-operated, the 5th Fusiliers, with the Gordon Highlanders and 7th Fusiliers on our right and left, advanced to attack Pont Du Hem and the Neuve Chapelle—Estaires road. The attack was successful, and the Brigade eventually made good the line of the road. This movement enabled the 3rd Division to occupy a line considerably in advance of that which it was anticipated would be reached on this date. Between the 13th and 15th insts. our casualties amounted to 101 killed and wounded.

16th Oct.—Daylight revealed the fact that the German retreat was somewhat hasty, arms, ammunition and bicycles being left. Brigade advanced at 7.15 a.m. in a dense fog to Fauquissart, and at 12.30 p.m. deployed to attack Aubers. Two companies of the Battalion supported the 7th Fusiliers in this attack, and at nightfall the Brigade entrenched opposite Aubers, the Battalion collecting in billets at Fauquissart.

17th Oct.—Early the Brigade advanced into Aubers which, during the night, had been vacated by the enemy. On the left flank W and X Companies were engaged with the enemy near Fromelles. At 2.30 p.m. Z Company deployed to attack Le Plouich, but were withdrawn before advancing, and shortly afterwards the Regiment, being relieved by the Royal Irish Regiment, marched into billets at Bas Pomerau.

18th Oct.—Battalion marched at 6 a.m. with orders to concentrate with the remainder of the Brigade at Herlies. Caught by the enemy's guns and somewhat heavily "crumped" as we entered Herlies, suffering some casualties in personnel and transport animals. No further advance could be made and the Brigade entrenched on a line defending Herlies. The village was heavily shelled and suffered enormous damage.

19th Oct.—During the past night the Battalion had taken up a line of trenches on the S. and S.W. of Herlies and during the day the enemy continued the bombardment of the position and the village—paying special attention to the Church.

20th Oct.—From early morning the enemy shelled us incessantly, and at frequent intervals delivered infantry attacks against the front held by the Battalion. By this time every house in the village was in ruins, many in flames, the streets in many places ploughed up by the shells. The casualties of the Battalion from the 16th to this date were 112 killed, wounded and missing. This total includes one officer killed and three wounded.

21st Oct.—During the night of the 20th—21st October the Battalion, being relieved by the Royal Scots Fusiliers, withdrew to a prepared line about a mile north of Herlies, where we spent an uneventful day under fire from shrapnel and bullets intended for Herlies.

22nd Oct.—Herlies evacuated, the Brigade falling back with the Lincolnshire Regiment as rear-guard. Battalion billetted at Pietre at 10 a.m.

1st Battalion Notes.

(Continued from last month's Notes).

France,
December, 1914.

30th Oct.—Battalion arrived at Vieille Chapelle about 7 a.m. and was billetted there until 3.15 p.m. when they marched to Estaires, about 11 miles.

31st Oct.—Marched to Linden Hoek, about 12 miles, and remained in billets all day in reserve.

1st Nov.—Marched about 2 a.m. in direction of Wytschaete village. Two companies, W and X, were sent up on the Lincolnshire Regiment's left to attack the village which had been taken by the enemy during the night. One of the remaining two companies in support was ordered to prolong the line of the 3rd Hussars to their right. Orders were given to stop the attack on the village and dig in and hold on as French troops were being sent up to attack from the left-front. About 7.15 a.m. W and X Companies and the Lincolnshire came under a very heavy fire, shell, rifle and machine gun, at close range, losses heavy. These two companies were driven in, but reformed and occupied another line in rear together with the remaining reserve company. The enemy did not counter-attack. We were relieved by 16th Lancers about 11 a.m. and spent the rest of the day, till 4 p.m., in reserve on Mont Kemmel, when we marched into billets in some farms between Mont Kemmel and Locre.

2nd Nov.—Remained in billets all day.

3rd Nov.—Marched to Bailleul, 7 miles, and went into billets there.

4th Nov.—Remained in billets. Inspected by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who expressed himself proud of the work done by the Battalion and the smart turn-out on parade.

5th Nov.—Remained in billets.

6th Nov.—Left billets at 10 a.m. and marched to a point near Ypres, about 12 miles, and remained in support.

7th Nov.—Relieved 1st Cavalry Brigade in the trenches. Enemy commenced heavy bombardment about 11.30 a.m., W, X and Y Companies suffered severely. About 3 p.m. the two right trenches were lost. Supported by two companies of Lincolnshire Regiment, the lost trenches were unsuccessfully counter-attacked, Captain Booth being wounded.

8th Nov.—Under shell and rifle fire all day. About 5.30 p.m. the enemy charged our right and were repulsed with very heavy loss.

9th and 10th Nov.—Under shell and rifle fire throughout the day, but enemy made no advance.

11th Nov.—Heavy bombardment commenced about 7 a.m. At 8.30 a.m. they attacked our trenches, but were repulsed with heavy loss; they succeeded, however, in taking the trenches on our left about 15 yards from us, thus exposing our left to enfilade fire. A brilliant counter-attack to regain these trenches by the Royal Scots Fusiliers was unsuccessful. About 4 p.m. two battalions of 1st Brigade counter-attacked and failed, but dug in a new line. We

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were officially informed afterwards that the enemy's attack had been carried out by fifteen selected battalions of the Imperial German Guard.

12th Nov.—A fairly quiet day. Enemy did not leave their trenches. Two machine guns put out of action by rifle fire.

13th Nov.—Fairly quiet. A little shelling and sniping. After dark line withdrawn successfully and we went into reserve in dug-outs.

14th Nov.—About 12.30 p.m., after heavy bombardment, one company sent up to support Royal Scots Fusiliers as the enemy had captured trenches to right front of Herenthage Chateau and also occupied the stable.

15th Nov.—About 5 a.m. a field gun was man-handled up to our trench. Four shots were fired and then Company-Sergeant-Major Gilborn and 50 men of Z Company charged and re-took the trenches and stable and occupied them all day. Company-Sergeant-Major Gilborn awarded D.C.M. for leading the charge. 10 p.m., relieved by 5th Dragoon Guards. Half-Battalion and Headquarters marched into reserve in dug-outs.

16th Nov.—X and Z Companies joined Headquarters, and the Battalion remained in reserve all day.

17th Nov.—8.30 a.m., Battalion marched into billets in Hooge.

18th Nov.—2.30 p.m., marched up to Herenthage Wood in reserve. At 5.30 p.m. relieved King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry in trenches, the whole Battalion being in the firing line.

19th Nov.—A quiet day. Relieved by cavalry about 8.30 p.m., and marched to dug-outs in reserve.

20th Nov.—In reserve all day. Relieved at 11 p.m. by French infantry. Marched to Westoutre into billets.

21st to 26th Nov.—Remained in billets at Westoutre. A draft of five officers and 291 other ranks arrived on the 21st November. On the 23rd November Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien and Major-General Haldane visited the Battalion, both expressing their admiration of the good work done by the Battalion. No. 2558 Corporal Bentley and No. 8473 Sergeant Squires were awarded the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. The time was spent in refitting and re-organizing. Thick fur coats were issued to the men. 26th November, Field-Marshal Sir John French inspected the Battalion and expressed his approval of the conduct of the Regiment during the campaign.

27th Nov.—Marched to north of Kemmel and took over trenches from the Highland Light Infantry. The trenches were in very bad order and practically wanted reconstructing.

28th and 29th Nov.—Sniping continued all day.

30th Nov.—Relieved by Royal Irish Rifles about 8 p.m., and marched into billets at Westoutre, about 6 miles, arriving about 11.30 p.m.

Christmas cards were received from the following :—Colonels Sapte, Kilgour and Money; Major Buckley; Major and Mrs. Thomson; Major and Mrs. Bett; 5th Gurkha Rifles, F.F.; 12th and 16th Service Battalions; and 5th Reserve Battalion.

Telegrams received from Lieutenants Milne-Home and Salier from the West Coast; and from 15th and 16th (Service) Battalions.

A "Christmas greeting" was received from the British Naval and Military Veterans of Massachusetts.

Lieutenant Vachell has gone to the Flying Corps as an observer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shoubridge and Lieutenant Vachell dined with us on Christmas night.

2nd Battalion Notes.

AMBALA,
November, 1914.

HAVING finally made up our minds that we were destined to remain in India and not go to the war, we had settled down to polo, football, etc., as best we could, and were looking forward to being together, and having as good a time as possible later on at Delhi, when to our intense delight news came on the 16th October that we were very shortly to proceed to England where we were to equip, and from there go to the war. We were probably to sail within a week, and immediately all detachments were called in, and everything packed up; we sold nearly all our ponies, and are now still waiting to hear for certain if and when we are to go, which however we hope to do in a week.

We congratulate Second-Lieutenants Cooper, Jenkins and Pearce on their promotions, and wish the latter two the best of luck with their new regiments.

The following sergeants sailed for England to join the New Army :—

Colour-Sergeant Hollett	Sergeant Litchfield
,, Price	,, Todd
Sergeant Hills	,, Watson
,, Duncan	,, Woodehouse
,, Gutteridge	,, Groves

The following Promotions have been made :—

To be Battalion-Quartermaster-Sergeant :—

No. 4915 Quartermaster-Sergeant (O.R.S.) J. Tindle

To be Colour-Sergeant (Orderly-Room-Sergeant) :—

No. 8254 Sergeant J. Vernon

To be Colour-Sergeants :—

No. 9154 Sergeant E. Vines No. 9273 Sergeant J. Fletcher

To be Sergeants :—

Lance-Sergeant Prophet	Lance-Sergeant Earl
,, Gold	,, Saunders
Corporal Wilford	Corporal Pattison

To be paid Lance-Sergeants :—

Lance-Sergeant Robson	Lance-Sergeant Wileman
,, Timbers	,, Thompson
Lance-Sergeant Bailey	

To be unpaid Lance-Sergeants :—

Corporal Butler	Corporal Clay
,, Dodds	,, Watts
,, Clarke	,, Woodward
Corporal Featherstone	

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To be Corporals :—

Lance-Corporal	Bird	Lance-Corporal	Johnson
„	Offord	„	Hornett
„	Douglas	„	Chadwick
„	Yendell	„	Cooper
„	Spaxman	„	Hobson
„	Wardle	„	Mothersdale

The undermentioned have re-engaged for 21 years' service :—

Sergeant	Mower	Sergeant	Morris
„	Prophet	„	Davis
Pioneer-Sergeant	Avery	„	Frame

No. 9869 Private Pett

2nd Battalion Notes.

22nd December, 1914.

WE left India on the 20th November and arrived at Plymouth on the 22nd inst. It was a memorable voyage. Leaving Karachi in a convoy of nine ships we joined another convoy coming from Bombay which made us up to about 30 ships and in this manner we continued till we reached Malta where the ships for Marseilles left us. From Malta to Gibraltar we came independently, whence we sailed for England in a convoy of nine ships.

The Suez Canal, with fortified posts all along the bank, and Port Said, a mass of troops with French aeroplanes flying round, were all strange sights of unusual occurrence.

Except for one night in the Bay we have had a very calm voyage. The Welch Regiment have been on board with us, the ship being a B.I. boat, the *Nevasa*, and a very comfortable ship she was. Sports have been held, relay races, tug-of-war, various comic turns such as egg and spoon races and wheelbarrow races.

We do not yet know where we are to be stationed, but are all anxious to hear, as we also are to know how long we are to be in England.

It being necessary to leave a small depôt behind in India, Lieutenant Sidney was detailed to stay behind, but we all expect and hope to see him with us shortly as the depôt was only a temporary measure.

Apologies are due for the shortness of these notes, but owing to our having been at sea for the last month there is no news except about the small world of the ship.

The following Promotion has been made :—

To be Corporal :—

Lance-Corporal Boyes D Company

THE "FIGHTING FIFTH."

If number of battalions is any criterion, the Northumberland Fusiliers (the famous "Fighting Fifth") might be called the most popular regiment in the Army. It comprises twenty-six battalions, including four composed of Territorials.

From *The Evening News.*

3rd Battalion Notes.

EAST BOLDON,
20th December, 1914.

ON Monday, the 7th inst., we were informed, greatly to our relief, that the order to "stand-by," which had been in force since the 13th ult., was cancelled. The Battalion no longer falls in on alarm posts at dawn, and the normal conditions as to leave for officers and passes for non-commissioned officers and men are once more resumed. The shelling by German warships of Hartlepool, Whitby and Scarborough involved, however, a temporary resumption of more stringent conditions on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 16th, 17th and 18th inst., but on the last named day the tension was again relaxed not to be resumed until Grand-Admiral Von Tirpitz contemplates another piratical raid.

Since last these notes appeared there has been a good deal of coming and going among the officers. Captain A. C. L. Hardman-Jones, who had been invalided home from France, rejoined on the 25th ult. and took over charge of our musketry at Whitburn ranges. Second-Lieutenant C. J. Thompson, who had returned from duty with the 1st Battalion under similar conditions, also rejoined on that day. At the end of the month Second-Lieutenants J. K. Manger and A. J. Fordham joined on first appointment from Sandhurst. Captain H. C. Stephen, another 1st Battalion invalid, joined on the 2nd inst. and took over C Company from Captain M. T. Lloyd, who left with a draft of 53 non-commissioned officers and men for the 1st Battalion on the 4th inst. On that day Captain W. Platt, D.S.O., arrived, and has taken over G Company from Major Burdon, the second-in-command, Lieutenant R. T. Vachell joined after sick leave on the 3rd inst., and on the 6th inst. left again to rejoin the 1st Battalion. Lieutenant R. H. Hoffman and Second-Lieutenant H. L. R. Mortished have also returned to us from the 1st Battalion. Second-Lieutenant W. W. Arnold and a draft of 70 non-commissioned officers and men left on the 18th inst. to join the 1st Battalion, being followed a day later by Lieutenant R. C. Roddam and Second-Lieutenant L. Kingdon. Second-Lieutenants C. Craig and Fowler-Burton have joined us on probation, and the following officers were gazetted from Sandhurst on the 15th inst. :—C. J. S. Dalbaic, W. L. Brownlow, J. H. Hogshaw, I. H. L. Gilchrist and W. H. C. Bucknall.

On the 28th ult., the Service Companies engaged in a tactical scheme on the occasion of the visit of General Gaisford, who was on a tour of inspection ; and on Friday, the 11th inst., the Battalion was inspected by Brigadier-General Bayley, the Fortress Commander, the inspection being followed by the field-day in which all concerned covered themselves with glory—and mud, chiefly the latter.

A draft has been warned to proceed to join the 2nd Battalion which, much to our astonishment, we heard arrived at Winchester in early December, having last been heard of definitely at Bombay. The Commanding Officer recently opened the new Y.M.C.A. hut in the lines, an admirable institution, and one of the greatest possible benefit to the men.

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We are now awaiting with mixed feelings what will be the strangest Christmas ever experienced by any of us. The Divine ordinance "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men" will surely sound well-nigh ironical when we think of those gallant Fusiliers who have died in their country's cause, and of the comrades who were so recently with us and who are now in the trenches in Flanders engaged in the bitterest and most gigantic conflict known to history.

We regret to see the names of Lieutenants B. E. Hervey-Bathurst and E. E. Dorman-Smith in the casualty list as having been wounded, the latter for the second time. Both these officers were recently with the 3rd Battalion in Newcastle and at Scott's House Camp.

4th Battalion Notes.

BLYTH,
22nd December, 1914.

SINCE writing our last notes the Home Service Battalion has been formally separated from the Service Battalion, and is now established as an independent unit with its own billets and staff. As one of the objects of the new Battalion is to supply us with drafts, we only look upon the separation as temporary, and hope in course of time to welcome most of its members back to our ranks.

For over a month now we have, at dawn each morning, cast eager glances toward the east, only to find a vacant expanse of water. We therefore consider the German Fleet has paid us a scurvy compliment in steaming to within an hour and a half of Blyth and then turning tail without paying us a visit. We trust that on their next visit our friends the enemy will set their course a little more to the north. We can assure them of a warm welcome. In the meantime we congratulate the Durham Light Infantry as being the first infantry regiment to participate in the defence of our shores during the present war.

The weather here lately has been vile and we are very glad to have comfortable warm billets in which our men can dry themselves and their clothing on returning from outpost duty or training.

We have received some 3½-cwts. of Christmas pudding, for which we have to thank the ladies of the county and Mrs. Fisher of Hexham in particular. Mrs. Fisher originated the scheme by an appeal in the county newspapers, and has done a large amount of work in connection with it.

Our list of Staff and Colour-Sergeants is as under:—

STAFF.

Sergt.-Major G. Fewster	Sgt.-Mr.-Cook R. A. Goodchild
Qrmr.-Sergt. P. Connell	Pioneer-Sergt. P. Donnelly
Orderly-Room-Sergt. J. Scott	Provost-Sergt. G. Birnie
Sergt.-Drummer J. Foster	Transport-Sgt. R. Pittendreigh

COLOUR-SERGEANTS.

A Coy.—A. G. Richardson	E Coy.—T. W. Smith
B „ —E. Nixon	F „ —W. I. Watson
C „ —W. C. Clemitson	G „ —L. Stewart
D „ —J. Sykes	H „ —W. Sharp

4th (Reserve) Battalion Notes.

BLYTH,
19th December, 1914.

THE 4th (Reserve) Battalion was separated from our Service Battalion on the 21st ult., and at present is in very comfortable billets in the Drill Hall and Assembly Rooms, Blyth. Recruits are steadily coming into the Depôt, Hexham, and we hope gradually to get up to war strength. Our functions of course are primarily furnishing drafts as required for our Service Battalion when it goes to the front, acting as a training Battalion, home defence and home garrison work. Needless to say, officers and men are earnestly hoping to get a show at the front as vacancies may occur in the Active Service Battalion.

Major Hedley is C.O. at Blyth, Major Dixon at the Depôt, Hexham. We are employed here in trench digging, training, outpost work, patrolling the shore at night, which is no sinecure these cold boisterous nights on the N.E. coast.

We are up to our full complement of officers, the latest arrivals being Second-Lieutenants W. E. C. James and H. B. Kent.

5th Battalion, Depôt and Reserve Battalion Notes.

MORPETH ROAD SCHOOLS, BLYTH,
21st December, 1914.

AFTER a very successful period of training in camp at Gosforth Park, extending to three months, we struck camp on the 31st October. At the Park special attention was paid to march discipline, and on many occasions 25 miles were covered so that all were fit and well when the time came for removal. The weather during camp was beautifully fine with the exception of the last month which was very wet and many of the tents were under water with the result that a thoughtful staff decided to move us into billets. On striking camp the men took up their quarters at the Jubilee Road Schools, Heaton, whilst the officers were comfortably billetted in the adjacent Assembly Rooms.

On Monday, the 16th ult., orders were received by the Battalion to proceed to Blyth and on arrival there we immediately started to dig trenches along the portion of the coast allotted to us, and at first we worked in reliefs both by day and night.

Up to the time of writing we have been manning the trenches every night by companies, each company being on outpost duty every third night. Incidents on outpost duty, however, have been few and far between, but on one occasion a cargo steamer drifted ashore opposite our section of coast at night-time and caused the subalterns on duty grave perturbation.

Meanwhile the Depôt at Walker is under the able control

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of Mr. Leask who is enrolling and training recruits. They are coming forward slowly but steadily.

Captain Armstong, who has been with us for many years and served through the South African War, has been appointed Adjutant.

We expect to remain here on duty over Christmas and the New Year.

Colour-Sergeant Watson, of the Black Watch, reported for duty on the 7th October.

6th Battalion Notes.

SEATON SLUICE,
21st December, 1914.

VERY little of interest has transpired since last month. We are still at Seaton Sluice and are now familiar with all the difficulties of making trenches in sand with an insufficient supply of tools in the face of climatic antagonism. These difficulties prompted the following verses:—

The wind was blowing gustily,
Blowing with all its might,
It did its very best to blot
The sand-dunes out of sight,
And this it did by piling up
Great sand-drifts left and right.

The men were digging sulkily
And cursing at the wind,
The drift sand filled their trenches up
And nearly drove them blind;
And as they dug them out in front
They filled in from behind.

The Colonel and the Adjutant
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand,
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

If eighty men with seven spades
Did dig for half a year,
"Do you suppose," the Colonel said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Adjutant,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O sergeants come and walk with us,"
The Colonel did beseech,
"And help to find good fields of fire
Along the briny beach—
We cannot do with more than four
To give a hand to each."

An old pot hunter backed away
And sadly shook his head;
He shewed a grimy telegram
Which said his wife was dead;
And this was very odd because
He never had been wed.

But four young sergeants doubled up
Their trousers very tight,
Each grasped a bayonet in his hand
All eager for the fight;
And this was odd because there was
No enemy in sight.

Four other sergeants followed them
And yet another four,
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more,
All stumbling o'er the sandy dunes
To "fall in" on the shore.

The Colonel and the Adjutant
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low,
The sergeants all saluted first,
Then formed up in a row.

"A field of fire we chiefly need"
At once the Colonel said,
"And after that we might arrange
Some cover for the head
To save us from those shrapnel
shells
Which spatter us with lead!"

"Are we to dig?" the sergeants cried,
Looking a little sore,
"We thought that fighting Germans
was
What we enlisted for,
Instead of scratching in the sand
Upon this wretched shore."

"Let's get to work," the Colonel said,
The Adjutant cried "Shun!"
"Now first of all we'll number off,"
But answer came there none.
And this was scarcely odd because
They'd fainted, every one.

The Reserve Battalion is making progress and we hope to separate the foreign service from the home service recruits before the new year. Our Foreign Service Battalion will then be a complete unit. The deplorable bombardment of the Hartlepools should have a beneficial effect upon recruiting for the Home Service Battalion.

No special leave is to be granted for Christmas. We are therefore making arrangements to spend the day in billets as happily as we may. Kind friends of the Battalion have made it possible for us to give the men a good Christmas dinner.

7th Battalion Notes.

CAMBOIS, BLYTH,
17th December, 1914.

OUR removal from Gosforth Park to Ouseburn Schools, Heaton, at the end of October, seemed to herald the scare period. During our short stay at the schools a week never passed without preparations being made for a journey to the coast, in our capacity as reserves. It was not surprising therefore when orders arrived for the whole Brigade to proceed to Blyth, which entailed a march of some fourteen miles.

That was in the third week in November and since that time we have spent an unexciting period in the little colliery village on the north bank of the River Blyth. One advantage of the move has been that the Battalion has had a lot of digging, which, from all accounts, will form a large proportion of our work abroad. Some fine trenches have been thrown up on the coast, but despite the liberal use of wood and sods the gales have played havoc with them at times. The elements have certainly not been on their best behaviour for night outposts.

A few days after our arrival here the last batch of recruits came up from the Depôt, and as we have also our base company, or first reinforcement, we are now ready for any eventualities.

We are the fortunate possessors of a football ground and an inter-company league has been commenced. This, although greatly interrupted by the weather, has aroused much interest among the troops. C Company (Captain Joicey) has shown the most prowess so far, having defeated A and G Companies. D Company (Captain Wood) and H

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Company (Captain Smail) are also undefeated, but they have drawn in their game. The championship is still a very open question.

A match between Officers and Sergeants proved a popular item, especially to the spectators, who could not have derived more fun from it had they paid to see such a game. Charity should certainly benefit from the return match. The game in question ended in a win for the non-commissioned officers by 2 goals to 1. The sides were respectively captained by Captain Smail and Sergeant-Major Casey.

A list of our officers may prove of interest. It reads as follows:—Lieutenant-Colonel C. Scott, D.L.; Major G. Scott Jackson; Captain and Adjutant H. W. Archer; Lieutenant and Quartermaster R. P. Neville. A Company, Lieutenants J. A. Flint; G. McK. Jobling (Transport Officer) and H. Liddell. B Company, Captain E. W. Milburn and Second-Lieutenant D. R. Herriot. C Company, Captain Hon. J. A. Joicey; Lieutenants J. F. Lambton and P. C. Swan. D Company, Captain J. O. Wood; Lieutenants W. N. Craigs (Machine Gun Officer) and Second-Lieutenant G. F. Ball. E Company, Captain V. Merivale; Second-Lieutenants J. W. Merivale and E. F. Fenwick-Clennel. F Company, Captain Hon. G. W. Liddell; Second-Lieutenants W. J. Davis and J. Welsh. G Company, Captain N. I. Wright; Lieutenant Hon. W. J. M. Watson-Armstrong and Second-Lieutenant F. W. Smail. H Company, Captain H. R. Smail and Second-Lieutenants F. B. Cowen and F. Merivale.

Our Sergeant-Major is Sergeant-Major W. Casey, and the Colour-Sergeants are Colour-Sergeants McAlister, Thompson, Culter, Jenkinson, Snaith, Robertson, Harvey and McCoy, the two latter being members of the Permanent Staff, which has now dwindled to three.

During the month we lost Second-Lieutenant R. E. Smith, who transferred to the Northumberland Hussars Yeomanry.

On the occasion of his wedding, the officers presented Lieutenant Swan with a handsome silver salver, suitably inscribed.

In a series of somewhat disjointed notes, the writer feels that some reference is due to the regimental pet—a black cat. And no ordinary little animal it is, for on its back is a white numeral seven, almost as perfect as it can be. Originally two black cats joined us at Gosforth Park, but after a week or two one left, though not the "Fifth" we believe. However, "Seven," as some of us call it, has stayed to share our vicissitudes whatever they may be. With becoming dignity it maintains an honoured place in the Officers' Mess, where two of the members whose names stand high on the list of officers vie with one another in petting and pampering it.

The King has been graciously pleased to confer the Military Cross upon the undermentioned officers and warrant officers, who have been duly recommended for the same under the terms of the Royal Warrant:—

Captain G. O. Sloper, Northumberland Fusiliers.

8th (Service) Battalion Notes.

GRANTHAM,
24th December, 1914.

SINCE last writing very little of interest has occurred. The Battalion is gradually improving, and by the time we are fully armed and equipped should be able, we hope, to take its place in the field without discredit. The march discipline has enormously improved.

On the 22nd inst. we carried out a route march to Belvoir Castle and back, a distance of 21 miles, only one man falling out. The fine bearing of the Battalion on arriving in barracks was the subject of remark by many.

While on the subject of route marching, we wish to congratulate a certain Company, which shall be nameless, on the magnificent forced march it undertook this month.

The following officers have joined us during the month:—Second-Lieutenants W. E. Robinson, W. H. Thompson and C. A. Collingwood; and the following are attached for duty pending the formation of the Sixth New Army:—Major E. E. Craster, Captains C. A. Sheridan, H. A. Davis, J. H. G. Warburton and E. Mouck, and Lieutenants W. B. K. Williams and H. Arnold.

A welcome recruit during the course of the month has been Company-Sergeant-Major G. H. Lewis, late of the 1st Battalion.

We were very pleased to receive a visit from Captain H. L. Ovans, who is home wounded from the 1st Battalion. We wish him a speedy recovery. We have also had a visit from No. 1 Private Smith, invalided from the 1st Battalion at the front.

Owing to the exigencies of military service the majority of the Battalion will be spending Christmas in barracks, though we hope to obtain a few days' leave at a later period. Next Christmas we hope to be spending it in our own homes, or perhaps more likely as part of the Army of Occupation in Berlin. But "Quo Fata Vocant" is the motto of every 5th Fusilier, and we are willing to take what the Fates have in store for us.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made during the month:—

To be Company-Sergeant-Major:—

No. 14729	Private	G. H. Lewis	from 12/12/14

To be Company-Quartermaster-Sergeants:—

No. 1034	Sergeant	E. G. Pease	from 28/11/14
,, 4061	,,	J. H. Rousell	,, 28/11/14

To be Sergeants:—

No. 4022	Corporal	R. Orange	from 28/11/14
,, 4793	,,	J. T. Turner	,, 28/11/14
,, 3998	,,	W. E. Whitfield	,, 28/11/14
	,,	J. Pybus	,, 28/11/14
,, 4773	,,	T. Sims	,, 28/11/14
,, 4601	,,	R. Clayton	,, 28/11/14
,, 9403	,,	F. C. Thwaites	,, 28/11/14
,, 4777	,,	J. Scougall	,, 9/12/14

To be Corporals:—

No. 4245	Lance-Corporal	J. W. Wallace	from 24/11/14
,, 4807	,,	J. Ryan	,, 28/11/14
,, 4192	,,	T. Rutter	,, 28/11/14
,, 4492	,,	H. McDine	,, 28/11/14
,, 4849	,,	J. Tait	,, 28/11/14
,, 3945	,,	T. Marshall	,, 28/11/14
,, 4040	,,	J. Savage	,, 28/11/14
	,,	H. Cummings	,, 30/11/14
	,,	F. Beagley	,, 1/12/14

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No. 10620	Lance-Corporal	P. Fitzpatrick	from 2/12/14
,, 4801	,,	W. Bryans	,, 3/12/14
,, 8681	,,	W. Todd	,, 9/12/14

To be paid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 4694	Lance-Corporal	J. T. Bickerton	from 18/11/14
,, 4440	,,	F. Holmes	,, 20/11/14
,, 5388	,,	J. Hartshorn	,, 27/11/14
,, 11250	,,	H. Millett	,, 28/11/14
,, 4527	,,	A. Hunter	,, 28/11/14
,, 4244	,,	J. Deans	,, 28/11/14
,, 6739	,,	C. Gardner	,, 28/11/14
,, 6469	,,	S. Chandler	,, 28/11/14
,, 4340	,,	E. D. Heslop	,, 28/11/14
,, 4171	,,	W. H. Preston	,, 30/11/14
,, 4313	,,	J. H. Donaldson	,, 1/12/14
,, 14731	,,	F. Price	,, 3/12/14
,, 12036	,,	T. Lenton	,, 3/12/14
,, 14730	,,	L. Hurst	,, 3/12/14
,, 10385	,,	C. B. English	,, 5/12/14
,, 11106	,,	F. Oliver	,, 9/12/14
	,,	J. Ellis	,, 16/12/14

To be unpaid Lance-Corporals:—

No. 4400	Private	E. Harding	from 23/11/14
,, 4958	,,	J. Purvis	,, 23/11/14
,, 5069	,,	C. Harrison	,, 23/11/14
	,,	W. Jeffry	,, 23/11/14
,, 4180	,,	J. Yeonart	,, 23/11/14
,, 8996	,,	T. Grantham	,, 25/11/14
,, 4527	,,	A. Hunter	,, 28/11/14
,, 4218	,,	R. Blakey	,, 28/11/14
,, 4696	,,	J. E. G. Robinson	,, 28/11/14
,, 9355	,,	F. G. Stone	,, 28/11/14
,, 4038	,,	T. Aitchison	,, 3/12/14
,, 13390	,,	J. Chapman	,, 3/12/14
,, 10385	,,	C. English	,, 3/12/14
	,,	A. Watling	,, 3/12/14
,, 4197	,,	T. Keith	,, 3/12/14
,, 4167	,,	T. G. Johnson	,, 3/12/14
,, 4195	,,	W. H. Cowell	,, 3/12/14
	,,	T. W. Lenton	,, 3/12/14
	,,	J. Carter	,, 3/12/14
,, 4419	,,	A. McKenzie	,, 3/12/14
,, 14730	,,	L. Hurst	,, 3/12/14
,, 14731	,,	F. Price	,, 3/12/14
,, 4464	,,	L. P. Gavin	,, 3/12/14
,, 3995	,,	G. Stoves	,, 8/12/14
,, 4165	,,	F. Jackson	,, 11/12/14
,, 4204	,,	W. Dodds	,, 11/12/14
,, 12073	,,	J. Merick	,, 11/12/14
,, 4869	,,	F. Sanders	,, 15/12/14
,, 4870	,,	W. G. Longstaff	,, 15/12/14
,, 6992	,,	W. L. Ferguson	,, 15/12/14
,, 11225	,,	W. Daniel	,, 15/12/14
,, 4448	,,	P. E. Richardson	,, 15/12/14
,, 12849	,,	G. H. Hodgetts	,, 15/12/14
,, 4467	,,	J. C. Smith	,, 15/12/14
,, 12541	,,	W. Hudson	,, 18/12/14
	,,	T. Gray	,, 18/12/14
,, 12751	,,	W. Sanderson	,, 18/12/14
,, 12747	,,	G. Burrell	,, 18/12/14

9th (Service) Battalion Notes.

CANFORD MANOR, WIMBORNE,
DORSETSHIRE,
26th December, 1914.

"THE same to you and many of them," to all those who sent us cards or telegrams of good wishes. The proverbial bird who was whispering in our last notes was right as usual. We have exchanged the mud of Bovington for billets in Canford and Broadstone. Though never the slough of despond, Bovington was certainly a slough, and it took all the watchfulness of our chaplain to detect the Y.M.C.A. piano in it when the tent blew away shortly after our departure.

"The worst billet is better than the best bivouac," *vide* Field Service Regulations, part 2. Our billets are now as comfortable from all accounts as the mud was deep at Wool. Lord Wimborne has placed part of Canford Manor at our disposal for Headquarters and about 130 men, whilst the remainder of the Battalion is billetted in Canford and Broadstone. Everywhere the greatest hospitality has been shown to the Regiment, and when the troops arrived at Broadstone, with the band going strong at their head, they had quite a triumphant entry.

On Christmas Day Mr. Chator, of Broadstone, provided Christmas dinners for all men of the detachment who were in "accommodation" billets, and we are very grateful to him for his kindness. On all sides, the inhabitants have been most kind and have organized concerts on Saturday evenings.

At Broadstone the officers have been made honorary members of the Golf Club and are allowed to play on Sundays, as in these strenuous days it is the only day on which there is an opportunity to play. Part of the premises of the Conservative Club serves as an orderly-room by day, and a sergeants' reading room in the evening. Concerts are held in the school on Saturday evenings and a furnished house has been placed at the disposal of the men for their recreation.

To talk of things more serious, the end all and be all of our existence, an excellent miniature rifle range has been erected, and now that rifles and ammunition have arrived, shooting has begun. Our service rifles arrive in small detachments.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., we had our first Brigade Field Day, when Major-General Kenyon-Slaney, C.B., our Divisional Commander, came to look at us. The 12th Manchester Regiment and ourselves defended Corfe Hills against the 9th Duke of Wellington's Regiment and the 10th Lancashire Fusiliers. For this battle an open verdict was given. We are now to have Brigade Field Days once a week, though at present many are *hors de combat* from vaccination arms.

Major Lord Howick, Captain C. B. L. Dashwood and Sergeants A. E. Wilkinson and T. Stevenson attended a Musketry Course at Hayling Island from the 18th to 23rd inst., whilst Lieutenant O. E. Wreford Brown attended a similiar course from the 8th to 18th inst.

No. 12270 Lance-Sergeant H. Clapham, B Company, attended a course at the School of Cookery, Aldershot, during November, and obtained 93 per cent. of the total marks.

Lance-Corporal G. Garton, D Company, underwent, in November, a course of 21 working days in the Special Physical Training Tables, 1914, and Bayonet Fighting, obtaining a certificate "Good."

A draft of 70 recruits arrived from the Depôt on the 10th inst.

No. 6124 Sergeant H. Duncan, 2nd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, joined the Battalion for duty on the 10th inst. as a drill instructor.

We give below an extract from 52nd Brigade Orders by Brigadier-General H. C. Surtees, C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O., dated 22nd December, 1914:—

"The Brigadier wishes to express his appreciation of the conduct of all four battalions of the Brigade, individually and collectively, in camp as well as in billets, which has been in every way most satisfactory and a credit

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not only to the four battalions, but also to their territorial districts. He has much satisfaction in bringing the behaviour of the 52nd Brigade to the notice of the General Officer Commanding 17th Division. The Brigadier takes this opportunity of wishing all ranks a Happy Christmas and a Glorious New Year."

We publish below a list of officers and sergeants by Companies :—

A COMPANY.

Captains J. S. Fawcus, Sir Aubrey Dean-Paul, Bart., and J. L. Knott; Second-Lieutenants E. M. Jackson, R. V. L. Dallas and P. H. Sharp; Company-Sergeant-Major F. Nolan, late 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers; Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant C. A. Gent, late 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers; Sergeants J. Wilson, late 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers, A. A. Crapper, late 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers, T. Stevenson and J. Tierney, late 3rd Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.

B COMPANY.

Major Lord Howick; Lieutenants O. E. Wreford Brown and H. W. R. Haselhurst; Second-Lieutenants P. D. Robinson and L. R. Burrows; Company-Sergeant-Major F. W. Smith, late 1st Battalion 5th Fusiliers; Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant C. P. Alderson; Sergeants J. H. Poulton, D. O. Ross, A. E. Wilkinson and H. Muir.

C COMPANY.

Captain C. B. L. Dashwood; Lieutenant O. H. Schuller; Second-Lieutenants R. B. Garrard, G. E. M. Gray, A. J. B. Tanfield, V. H. Thornton and G. P. Sterling; Company-Sergeant-Major J. Menham, late 5th Fusiliers; Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant W. Travill; Sergeants M. Coyne, late 5th Fusiliers, J. Moffitt, J. Jepson, R. Coleman, A. J. Brawn, J. T. H. Davison, J. Henderson and H. Icke.

D COMPANY.

Captain G. P. Westmacott; Lieutenants H. B. Knott and J. S. Allen; Second-Lieutenants A. D. Haslam, G. S. Terry, R. Maddison and Currie; Company-Sergeant-Major J. H. Armitage, late 5th Fusiliers; Company-Quartermaster-Sergeant W. J. Matthews; Sergeants J. E. Bex, late 5th Fusiliers, T. Dennis, J. Pearson, late 5th Fusiliers, and P. Caufield.

Regimental-Sergeant-Major :—Sergeant-Major F. T. Poulter, late 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers.

Regimental-Quartermaster-Sergeant :—Quartermaster-Sergeant J. Hutton, late 2nd Battalion 5th Fusiliers.

Orderly-Room-Sergeant :—Sergeant H. Muir.
Pioneer-Sergeant :—Sergeant J. Henderson.
Provost-Sergeant :—Sergeant J. Moffitt.
Signalling-Sergeant :—Sergeant R. Fuller.
Gymnastic-Sergeant:—Sergeant D. O. Ross.
Sergeant-Master-Cook :—Sergeant J. Tierney.
Sergeant-Drummer :—Lance-Sergeant H. Buchan.
Band-Sergeant :—Sergeant J. Davison.

"RUMOUR."

Around the world each bally week
The 9th Battalion goes;
The rumour-mongers try to seek
A new place for our woes.

On Monday next, so rumours say,
For Alnwick we must start;
But Monday comes and still we stay;
From Wool we cannot part.

On Wednesday, a private saw
An order for our lot:
To leave for Egypt's sunny shore—
It turned out tommy rot.

When Thursday comes, oh, lovely day,
To India we must hop;
We're going to cross old Biscay's Bay,—
But hang it all, we stop.

When Friday comes we're sure to move
To Afric's little scare;
There's always something on to prove
We'll get a change of air.

The place we're almost sure to see
When we're beneath the mounds,
Is Hades' fire, we all agree—
But then it's out of bounds.

So if you want to know what's true
Of where we're going to be,
The proper thing for you to do,
Is try to wait and see.

J. R. T.

By kind permission of "The Quaysider."

FOOTBALL.

We have played one or two matches, but naturally in these short and dark days the only opportunity for matches is on Saturday afternoon. A Company played D Company on the 19th, which resulted in a win for the latter.

A COMPANY.

Goal :—
Pte. Gascoyne

Backs :—
Corpl. Sills Pte. James

Half-backs :—
Pte. Derrick Pte. James Pte. O'Conner

Forwards :—
Privates Morley Huskinson Bibson Mason Usher

D COMPANY.

Goal :—
Pte. Watson

Backs :—
Pte. Moorland Pte. Walker

Half-backs :—
Pte. Monaghan Pte. Hallam Pte. Marsh

Forwards :—
Ptes. Bradbury and Foster L/C. Whent Ptes. Charles and Hoare
Reserves—Ptes. R. Helm and R. B. Lowes

10th (Service) Battalion Notes.

BLENHEIM BARRACKS, MARLBOROUGH LINES, ALDERSHOT,
24th December, 1914.

ON the 30th ult., the Battalion left Bullswater Camp for Aldershot, we headed the Brigade (68th) (composed of the 10th and 11th Battalions Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 12th and 13th Battalions of the Durhams). We had two days' rain before leaving Bullswater Camp, and also on the day we left for Aldershot, so the state of the camp can be guessed, up to our ankles in mud. We left at 2.15 p.m., it rained all the way to Aldershot, where we arrived about 5 p.m.; a most welcome meal awaiting us, fires lit, and everything up to the mark; it was quite a treat to us after our three months under canvas.

We are quartered in Blenheim Barracks, quite close to Oudenarde, which a lot of us remember so well. We share the barracks with the 11th Battalion, Officers' Mess for both Battalions, also the Sergeants' Mess.

Our friends the Durham Light Infantry are in the next lines to us.

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Most of us left Bullswater with some little pang of regret for leaving such friends as Mr. Eumorfopoulos, of Bullswater Lodge, whose invitations for supper and ablutions were always highly appreciated. We are agreed that if any of our friends from the Bullswater district do favour us with a call, they shall be most welcome.

The troops are out all day long, often get a drenching, especially Friday, the 4th inst., everyone came home drenched to the skin. Being pay-day, a few of a certain company turned up in what looked like a kilt (blanket round them) as their clothes were drying. We are certainly getting a fine training here.

A and C Companies were on the move again on the 7th inst. for billets at Eversley Cross, B and D Companies took over the same billets on the 15th inst. We were quartered in the district where Charles Kingsley spent 31 years of his life; he died at Eversley on the 23rd January, 1875.

We are eagerly anticipating Christmas Day in barracks, those who are fortunate(?) enough to be left behind. That day deserves to be marked in red ink for we shall depart from our usual pound of beef and "gippo" to partake of such delicacies as pork, plum-pudding, etc., etc.

A certain company marched in from billets at Eversley Cross on the 23rd inst., and the same evening the usual Christmas decorations—paper chains, &c.—were up, in fact one transport wagon returning from Eversley Cross looked like a travelling holly tree—we lost no time looking for some there.

We had a great disappointment on the 15th inst., all turned out and ready to be inspected only to find for some unaccountable reason Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., could not do so.

Our signallers, I hear, are doing wonders under Sergeant McGarrity.

The following officers joined during the month of December:—Lieutenant A. Costellow, Second-Lieutenants M. R. Pitman and H. R. Poole.

A draft of 168 men joined from the Depôt on the 11th inst.

C Company proceeded to their homes on special furlough on the 16th inst. B Company goes next, then D Company, and last A Company.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made:—

To be Sergeant (and appointed Pioneer-Sergeant):—

Corporal T. Porter — from 27/11/14

To be Sergeants:—

Corporal	D. Overall	from 4/12/14
„	W. Hunter	„ 4/12/14
„	G. A. Draper	„ 10/12/14

To be Lance-Sergeants:—

Corporal	L. Williams	from 9/12/14
„	A. Allan	„ 9/12/14
„	J. Webster	„ 10/12/14

To be Corporals:—

(from 27/11/14)

Lce.-Corpl. J. J. Crozier — Lce.-Corpl. R. W. Hodgson

(from 4/12/14)

Lce.-Corpl.	J. Brown	Lce.-Corpl.	E. Tuck
„	W. C. Bindley	„	J. Tosh
„	G. E. Gibbon	„	H. E. Wake
„	T. W. Masterman	„	J. Hawkins
„	J. Robson	„	A. Wonnacott

Lce.-Corpl. J. R. P. Brown

(from 9/12/14)

Lce.-Corpl. J. Logan — Lce.-Corpl. T. A. Dixon

11th (Service) Battalion Notes.

ALDERSHOT,
24th December, 1914.

SINCE last writing in October, business went on "as usual," favoured by fair weather; drills and exercises went on from day to day without cessation. Good steady progress was made, and some of our men were practised at the miniature ranges showing, for young soldiers, very good results.

All went on as well as could be desired until the 11th ult. when we were visited by a downpour of rain and violent gale; some of our tents suffered severely, especially the large marquees, and from then till the 28th and 29th we had many repetitions; those two days were fairly good, especially the 29th, so we looked forward to moving next day from Bullswater to Aldershot with satisfaction, but "alas!" our hopes were dashed to oblivion, as we were treated to one of the worst days I have experienced this year. As our baggage had gone on we had to follow, and arrived in Aldershot wet and in good time and good spirits.

After arriving, two of our companies, A and B, were moved out to billets at Yateley, and after a week's sojourn there were marched in, the other two companies, C and D, taking their place; they are now due to return.

Leave has been granted for the Christmas holidays, and B Company was the fortunate one for first chance, so as they return, each other company will follow in succession. This is very much appreciated by the men as it gives them a pleasurable holiday at little expense to themselves.

We are now getting settled down, and as quarters here are comfortable, it is a pleasant change from the mud flats of Bullswater.

We had a pleasant little ceremony here on Sunday, the 6th inst., when a lady from London brought us a dog as a mascot, and handed it over to the Sergeant-Major, in the presence of the Adjutant (Captain Godfrey).

All are looking forward to a Merry Christmas, which we wish all our brother Battalions and the Editor.

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The following officers joined for duty :—

Lieutenant	Inman	on 3/11/14
„	H. M. P. West	„ 24/11/14
2nd-Lieutenant	L. Tait	„ 30/11/14
„	D. F. Robertson	„ 30/11/14
Lieutenant	C. H. Cropper	„ 1/12/14
„	P. N. Graham	„ 15/12/14
„	H. T. Bullock	„ 15/12/14

Major-General B. T. C. Doran has assumed command of the Brigade.

Captain C. W. Gordon-Steward has taken over the musketry training of the Battalion.

Captain C. Coppinger-Mahoney has been appointed railway transport officer.

Captain W. Godfrey has been appointed acting-adjutant.

11TH BATTALION.—AFTER LUNCH, OUTPOSTS, BULLSWATER.

Lieutenant C. H. Cropper has proceeded to Chelsea for a course of instruction.

Second-Lieutenant F. Henri has proceeded to Bisley for a short course of musketry.

The Rev. J. N. Blackenden, Chaplain to the Forces, has been attached to the Battalion.

Sergeant J. Macdonald has rejoined from the School of Gymnastics.

Sergeant D. Larmer passed the School of Cookery.

Sergeant F. Watson has joined from India.

The following Promotions and Appointments have been made :—

To be Second-in-Command :—

Major Blackden

To be Majors :—

Captain	C. W. Gordon-Steward	from 13/11/14
„	E. A. Leather	„ 13/11/14

To be Lieutenants :—

2nd-Lieutenant	E. W. Mason	from 13/11/14
„	G. J. W. Gatehouse	„ 13/11/14
„	A. C. Pritchard	„ 13/11/14

To be Adjutant :—

Lieutenant G. J. W. Gatehouse from 23/10/14

To be Company-Sergeant-Major :—

Colour-Sergeant W. Marriott

To be Sergeant-Master-Cook :—

Sergeant P. Fulton

To be Sergeants :—

Lce.-Sergt. G. S. Willis Lce.-Sergt. J. Colquohow

To be Acting-Sergeants :—

Corporal J. Foster Corporal C. R. Green
„ P. E. Cowley (O.R.C.) „ T. Liddle
„ J. A. Brown „ G. W. Pescod
Corporal W. Robson

Who can go one better than this? Quartermaster-Sergeant Hakin, 10th Battalion, claims the biscuit for the following coincidences :—

Born on the 5th of the month; was the 5th son of the family; enlisted in the 5th Fusiliers; re-enlisted in the 5th Fusiliers in the 10th Battalion—double 5.

Served 21 years	divisable by	7
Regimental No. 1428	„	7
Regimental No. second time 9170	„	7
Age on enlistment 21	„	7
„ re-enlistment 49	„	7
Period between discharge and re-enlistment	years	7
His family		7

12th (Service) Battalion Notes.

TRING, HERTS,
31st December, 1914.

AT last the Battalion presents a more soldierly appearance. The first issue of khaki has been given out and the aspect of the one and only main street of Tring is now reminiscent of Aldershot.

Three days "Easy" has been granted for Christmas, but, owing to the distance from their homes, very few men are able to get away to join their families.

On account of the war, Messrs. Gale and Polden said they would not supply us with the ribbon of the Regimental Colours for the Christmas cards, so we have been obliged to send them without, which detracts somewhat from the appearance of the card.

No changes have taken place amongst the officers during the last month, we now number 29 officers altogether, with two second-lieutenants to join after Christmas.

Musketry is in full progress and the miniature rifles of various patterns are being exercised all day. Great interest is being taken in this, but the climatic conditions rather tend to damp enthusiasm and extremities.

Halls and assembly rooms have been engaged for instruction on wet days, one company having taken up a strategic position of great utility amongst the foundation pillars and empty specimen boxes of Rothschild's Museum.

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The contractors are gradually succeeding in converting our late drill field at Halton Park Camp into a species of the "Impassable Morass" beloved of General D'Audell, in their noble efforts to erect our temporary hutments, but we still remain in the comfort and warmth of other people's homes in Tring.

13th (Service) Battalion Notes.

TRING, HERTS,
24th December, 1914.

SERGEANTS' MESS NOTES.

BY the time these notes are in print it will be too late to wish our friends of the other Battalions a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, but at the same time we hope they have had one.

We have very few fresh notes this month, seeing we have been leading the life which is half civilian and half military.

We are still in our comfortable billets in Tring and there are few of us who want to change unless it is to be sent into the fighting line.

If the word would only come for a move to the front there is not one of us, from the Drummer to the C.O., who would not feel inclined to throw his cap into the air.

During the last month musketry has been the first and last word.

There have been days when we have been out on field operations and got back again with appetites that could not be bought.

There have been days when inoculation has been the order and we have got back with arms that could not be sold, but the main thing has been musketry.

About 99 per cent. of the men think themselves Bisley class, and there is not the slightest doubt that the new system of training makes a man a first-class shot before he goes to the range.

We are now in the midst of our leave. Every man has had, or will have, five days at home. What tales will be told round the kitchen fires of Northumbria. Some will be lucky and get home for New Year. Others will be luckier and be back to work.

We do not come across so many amusing incidents in billets as we do in camp, but still there are some sights which crop up which make life sweeter.

One great attraction is to see the good ladies of Tring assemble round the Paymaster's office to receive their billet money. They form fours like soldiers—they march to the door like veterans, but they take their money like—ladies.

A Vienna newspaper, a few weeks ago, in a leading article, said that England could not get men to enlist, so they were raising an army of Amazons. Their reporter has, doubtless, been staying in Tring and seen the ladies assemble, so we will forgive him his mistake.

REG'MENTAL-SERGEANT-MAJOR H. COWLEY, ENLISTED IN APRIL, 1888; COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR G. PARFITT, ENLISTED IN THE SAME YEAR; COMPANY-QUARTERMASTER D. G. A. HAY, ENLISTED IN 1895. THEY ALL SERVED THROUGH THE SOUDAN AND SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS. THE YOUNGSTER, MASTER HAY, IS A BUDDING FUSILIER, OR SHOULD BE, SEEING HE WAS BORN IN THE REGIMENT AT CALCUTTA.

The above photograph of three old Fusiliers will, no doubt, prove interesting to their many friends in our other Battalions:—Regimental-Sergeant-Major H. Cowley, enlisted in April, 1888; Company-Sergeant-Major G. Parfitt, enlisted in the same year; Company-Quartermaster D. G. A. Hay, enlisted in 1895. They all served through the Soudan and South African Campaigns. The youngster, Master Hay, is a budding Fusilier, or should be, seeing he was born in the Regiment at Calcutta.

"We don't allow games of chance here, captain; *you* ought to know that," said the landlord, opening the coffee-room door suddenly.

"This is no game of chance, sir," bleated the pigeon. "I've got no blanked earthly."

Accommodating guard: "Get in quick, Miss, please! the train is just going to start."

Young lady: "But I want to give my sister a kiss."

Guard: "Get in, get in, I'll see to that."

"While I have not always done my best," said the bookmaker, as he laid a future peer ten monkeys about a dead 'un, "at least I have usually done my betters."

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14th (Service) Battalion Notes.

AYLESBURY,
27th December, 1914.

THERE is little of interest to chronicle since our last notes were published. The most important event is that we have at last received our khaki uniform, and all ranks feel that this is a most important step forward in our career as a Service Battalion. The khaki is reserved for walking out, church parades, and other ceremonial occasions, while we still carry out our training clad in the homely blue serge officially known as "emergency" clothing.

We have also completed the first part of our musketry training, and we talk with the familiarity bred of knowledge, well rubbed in, of the mysteries of "grouping" and "application." What we should really like now is some first-hand information as to what is really absolutely necessary to know "at the front." We hoped at one time to have the services of one or more officers returned from France, convalescent from wounds, but we fear we must now give up the hope.

The Battalion organized a most successful concert on the 22nd inst. Thanks to the generous help of some professional artistes, especially the great American violinist Zacharewitch, and some gifted amateurs, we had a great musical treat. A sum of about £18 was cleared for the benefit of the local Belgian refugees.

Football is, rather late in the season, coming into full swing. Some friendlies have already been played, and the C.O. is presenting a cup for a platoon competition. As Saturday afternoon is our only time for playing this competition should keep us busy for some weeks.

The following officers have joined the Battalion since our last notes:—Second-Lieutenants D. F. Turner, J. Walker, L. N. L. Davidson and N. M. Collier.

The following non-commissioned officers have left us:—Transferred to the 15th Battalion: Acting-Regimental-Sergeant-Major J. Railson, Company-Sergeant-Major Dixon, Acting-Regimental-Quartermaster-Sergeant Carter and Sergeant Webster. Transferred to the Depôt:—Company-Sergeant-Major R. Jones.

We received telegrams and cards of Christmas greetings from the following:—5th Battalion, 8th Battalion, 12th Battalion, 13th Battalion and 15th Battalion.

14TH BATTALION NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

From cold and bleak Northumberland,
From shipyard and from mine,
From many a village on its strand
And noble winding Tyne,
We've come, and we are prouder
Than ere we were before,
For day by day we louder
Hear honour more and more.

We have left our homes behind us,
For our hearts forced us to come,
Not trappings gilt to blind us
Nor the lilt of fife and drum,
But "pride of race" so golden
And the burden great to share,
Bequeathed to us from olden
And modern times to bear.

Though we are rough we're hardy,
Just like our country too,
At deeds we'll not be tardy.
But see this business through.
We take our virtues from our soil,
For neath its surface lies,
All that we need, for which we toil,
The coal that Southrons prize.

We have not come glory seeking,
For that is ours unstained,
We've a greater task in keeping
The laurels that were gained
On many a bloody stricken field,
On torrid plains or snow,
By Fusiliers who did not yield,
That word they did not know.

So swiftly then ye Fusiliers,
Get ready for the fray,
And make this "madman" rue with tears,
That ere he called "The Day,"
'Twill be a day of reckoning,
And proudly will it gleam
(When God has finished beckoning)
Great Britain's star supreme.

Christmas, 1914. PRIVATE HY. SPEIGHT.

FOOTBALL.

B Company v. C Company.—On Saturday, the 19th inst., B Company won by 2 goals to 1.

On Christmas Day we had B Company v. A Company. B Company again proved victorious by 3 goals to 1.

The Battalion played the Oxford and Bucks Reserve Territorial Battalion on Saturday, the 26th inst., and won by 6 goals to 3. The pick of the Fusiliers was O'Brien in goal. Clewes, at half-back, Westoll, Buchan and Jefferson outshone all their opponents on a very heavy and slippery ground. The Fusiliers created a sensation by defeating the "Terriers" as this is the first occasion the latter have suffered defeat. The Battalion was represented by the following:—

Goal:—
O'Brien
Backs:—
Blackhall Black
Half-Backs:—
Kelly Stanger Clewes
Forwards:—
Buchan Ronksley Jefferson Whittle Westoll

The Territorials were represented by:—

Goal:—
Reynolds
Backs:—
Hearne Clarke
Half-Backs:—
Coleman Bateman Evans
Forwards:—
Disbury Perkins Crook Gorman Grace
Referee:—Sergeant G. Vaughan

16th (Newcastle) Battalion Notes.

ALNWICK PARK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
24th December, 1914.

SINCE the last issue of the *Gazette* the Battalion has moved into its training quarters. It is indeed a great satisfaction to us to have reached Alnwick after so very many weary weeks of expectant waiting. If only the building contractors had been true to their word we should have been here long ago. Each

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week for the last two months they have been promising that the huts would be ready "in three weeks' time at the very outside." Now, however, that the three weeks are at an end we are in some degree prepared to forgive the contractors. Although they have been a little longer than we expected, we cannot but admit that they have done the work extremely well. The huts, in fact, are all that could be wished for; warm, comfortable and well built. To each platoon is allotted one hut, which is partitioned into two portions, and as each half is supposed to hold 35 it will be seen that there is nothing in the nature of overcrowding. In addition to the fact of there being such excellent sleeping accommodation, it is to be remarked that the cooking, messing, latrinal and lavatory arrangements also are excellent. Visitors to the camp all concur in the opinion that it is one of the best devised camps they have seen. Situated within view of the impressive towers of Alnwick Castle, with the river Aln flowing peacefully between, the camp is in a most picturesque position. The manœuvring areas and the roads are first rate and altogether it would seem that our stay in Alwick will be most agreeably spent.

A very great deal of attention is at present being paid to the training of the officers. While the N.C.O.'s and men are out for route-marches, the officers go to the neighbouring country for tactical exercises under Major Talbot.

The Battalion has been brigaded with the 18th and 19th (Service) Battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the 18th (County) Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry. Brigadier-General J. G. Hunter, C.B., has been appointed to the command of the brigade.

The Brigadier inspected the camp and the Battalion to-day, the 24th, and expressed himself as being highly pleased with all he saw. After having inspected the ranks the General ordered one company to carry out an elementary attack and he seemed to consider that the men had reached a fair stage of efficiency in the work. When addressing the officers at the conclusion of the inspection, he said that he thought that the Battalion had attained a much higher state of advancement than he had expected. He congratulated Colonel Ritson for having such a fine body of men under his command.

By the time these lines appear in print another year will have passed away and we hope that by this time next year the Battalion will have helped to build up the fighting record of the Regiment, a record of which, as General Hunter reminded us, every man should be proud.

Editorial Notes.

26, Hans Crescent,
London, S.W.,
24th December, 1914.

THE *Gazette* has been through some vicissitudes with regard to circulation during the past year. From 1,860 copies of the August number the sales increased steadily to 5,000 copies for November, and the end of the rise should not be by any means in sight.

Naturally as a corollary to this the number of individual subscribers as apart from whole Battalions also shows a substantial rise of 94, the subscribers lost to the paper by death, withdrawals or unpaid subscriptions—the latter a constant drain—amounting to 32.

We appealed last year for further Reminiscences and Recollections dealing with the life of the Regiment for use in the paper. Once again we ask for material of this kind. After this war—when it ends—there will be a "slump" in "copy" for the *Gazette*. It behoves a provident Editor to look ahead and prepare for lean years.

All ranks of the Regiment will congratulate Lieutenant-General Sir Bryan Milman, K.C.B., in his 92nd birthday on the 30th inst., and well we wish him many happy returns of the day.

This number completes Volume XXXII. of the *Gazette*.

As only a comparatively few copies of the paper were set aside for binding in the early months of the year, and as the demand should increase with the circulation, applications for bound volumes for 1914 should be sent in as early as possible, and will be dealt with strictly in the order in which they arrive.

In order that the *Gazette* accounts may be as complete as possible at the annual audit, the Editor would be glad to have settled outstanding bills for *Gazettes* supplied to Battalions.

We very much regret to record the following list of casualties taken from *The Times* in the 1st Battalion in France :—

OFFICERS.

Unofficially reported wounded and prisoner of war :—

Captain R. F. Gatehouse

WOUNDED.

Lieutenant B. E. Hervey Bathurst Lieutenant E. E. Dorman-Smith (second time)

MISSING.

Lieutenant R. St. J. Willans

CASUALTIES AMONG FORMER OFFICERS.

Captain J. V. Isaac, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, wounded
" A. F. Chapman, Gloucestershire Regiment, wounded and prisoner of war

N.C.O.'s & MEN.

KILLED.

No. 1174	Private F. Wells	No. 1408	Private R. T. Harborne
" 483	" M. Cole	" 404	" W. Jacques
" 9882	Corporal R. Collins	" 9576	Lance-Corporal H. J. Kay
" 442	Private E. Cooper	" 1029	Lance-Sergeant F. Oxford
" 9040	" E. W. Craske	" 1439	Private J. Peden
" 8717	" J. Dalton	" 1968	" J. H. Waters
" 130	" J. Doyle	" 981	" E. Woolley
" 769	" F. Morris	" 3323	" P. J. James
" 443	" H. Bell	" 573	" B. T. Johnson
" 9112	" C. Cave	" 709	" T. McCall
" 383	" H. Charlton	" 1156	" W. J. Mann
" 11	Sergeant J. P. Griffin	" 8559	C.Q.M.S. C. H. Orton
" 1624	Private W. J. Henderson	" 162	Sergeant G. H. Raison
" 3603	" A. F. Herrett	" 2709	" J. T. Rowe
" 9877	" T. Hogan	" 1302	" C. F. Whitman
" 1279	Lance-Sergeant J. Howard	" 8565	Private L. Batton

DIED OF WOUNDS.

No. 518	Private R. Temple	No. 457	Private A. E. Sanders
" 1945	" G. H. Chapman	" 947	" J. Bradley
" 589	" J. Binnchi	" 828	" C. W. Thurgood
" 8289	" C. Brunt	" 1289	" A. J. F. Leal
" 1600	" F. Gatehouse	" 9078	Corporal E. Moore
" 61	" R. H. Baker	" 2210	Private W. Moat
" 8093	" J. Lynch	" 730	" J. E. Rose
		No. 1822	Lance-Sergeant J. G. Pickering

WOUNDED.

No. 747	Private J. Dixon	No. 667	Private J. Henderson
" 1356	" W. Girdlestone	" 840	" J. Osborne
" 505	" G. McDonald	" 919	Lance-Corporal J. Sadler
" 335	" T. Shannon	" 636	Private J. Patterson
" 1630	" T. Shields	" 639	" J. E. Robinson
" 514	Lance-Corporal W. Banks	" 1105	Drummer G. Wray
" 9739	Corporal O. Bicknell	" 565	Private J. Sharples

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No. 421	Private H. Glew	No. 9850	Private J. Murphy
,, 9247	Lance-Corporal F. S. Jones	,, 9088	,, W. Johnson
,, 1297	Private P. Storer	,, 9949	Sergeant A. J. Wodehouse
,, 144	,, R. Farrell	,, 9666	Private N. Leers
,, 1008	,, W. F. Payne	,, 1442	,, W. Potter
,, 3812	,, J. G. A. Brown	,, 9728	,, A. Bird
,, 2044	,, J. Clark	,, 178	,, R. W. Burnet
,, 1240	Corporal T. Darcy	,, 8847	,, D. Cairns
,, 89	Lance-Corporal G. Hart	,, 2038	,, H. G. Farrow
,, 2423	Private I. Gardner	,, 5218	Corporal J. W. Stott
,, 9163	Corporal E. Gill	,, 1421	Private W. Ward
,, 264	Private W. Hamilton	,, 2185	,, J. West
,, 569	,, W. Hodsell	,, 1036	,, W. E. Willmot
,, 9717	,, H. Homer	,, 2181	,, W. Wilson
,, 3218	,, J. Hunt	,, 8866	,, J. J. Craine
,, 3580	,, A. E. Jones	,, 289	,, J. Dodds
,, 9771	Lance-Corporal J. Large	,, 1063	Lance-Corporal J. A. Pike
,, 9106	Private R. May	,, 1503	Private T. Robson
,, 9757	,, J. H. Reach	,, 6931	Corporal J. Clarke
,, 532	,, C. Pentlow	,, 336	Private H. Cubon
,, 9353	,, R. Phillips	,, 1458	,, T. J. Large
,, 513	,, J. T. Porter	,, 6943	,, R. McQuade
,, 9467	,, T. Royce	,, 1370	,, G. Weaver
,, 417	,, H. Shropshire	,, 3672	,, E. Pullen
,, 8732	,, J. Douglas	,, 3522	,, W. Pullen
,, 157	,, A. Maclaren	,, 1540	,, W. Shingler
,, 1143	,, E. Rogan	,, 1585	,, W. Smith
,, 373	,, J. Willis	,, 9230	Corporal E. Voce
,, 9973	,, B. Allerton	,, 256	Private E. Hogg
,, 9009	,, F. Barber	,, 1665	Corporal A. E. Lane
,, 2196	,, M. McDonald	,, 837	Private T. Wilkinson
	No. 527 Private P. Parker		

MISSING, NOW REJOINED.

No. 328 Private T. Lamb — No. 3487 Private J. Richardson

ADMITTED TO HOME HOSPITALS.

No. 1040	Lance-Corporal P. I. Cole	No. 1534	Corporal W. Moss
,, 406	Private R. G. Miller	,, 1403	Private R. Simms
,, 976	,, E. M. Adams	,, 946	,, J. Whatley
,, 264	,, W. Hamilton	,, 122	,, P. Byrne
,, 186	Lance-Corporal A. Hunt	,, 435	,, H. J. Mitchell
,, 3218	Private J. Hunt	,, 9690	,, D. Patchell
,, 9723	,, A. Jull	,, 56	Lance-Corporal W. Knowles
,, 9956	,, J. Ball	,, 9519	Private A. Barnett
,, 9198	,, T. Rutherford	,, 9851	,, F. N. Blacker
,, 9773	,, W. R. Bennett	,, 9747	,, J. Crutch
,, 916	,, W. R. Chesser	,, 419	Lance-Corporal C. Hayes
,, 351	,, A. Chillingsworth	,, 9533	Private P. White

Mr. George Chivers, of 43, Fairfield South, Kingston-on-Thames, would be grateful to have any information concerning the death of his brother, No. 1498 Lance-Corporal E. Chivers, W Company, 1st Battalion, who was killed in France on the 1st November, from anyone who was present at the time.

To all who have so kindly remembered him and sent him Christmas greetings the Editor returns his best thanks and, though rather late in the day, wishes them the best of good luck in the New Year.

Owing to the difficulty of completing the Succession List of Officers to date, the list is held over till next month.

Letters to the Editor.

IKOM, CROSS RIVER,
4th November, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line from the only two representatives of the FIFTH in Southern Nigeria to send our best wishes to all of the Regiment now on service at home. We have done a little bit out here to help in altering the map, and hope to do a bit more. It is very galling to be away from the Regiment at this time, but when the Cameroons are finally subdued we both hope to rejoin, if not sooner. Again, the best of luck to the Regiment

From

ARCHIBALD MILNE HOME.
E. L. SALIER.

90A, WATERLOO ROAD, LONDON, S.E.,
19th December, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of a picture for the Northumberland Fusiliers' bedroom in the Union Jack Club, dedicated to General St. G. C. Henry.

The picture will greatly add to the interest of the room and the kind gift is very much appreciated by the Council, as it will, I am sure, also be by the members of the Club.

With very many thanks,

Yours truly,
H. F. WILKINSON, Major,
Comptroller, Union Jack Club.

Lieut. and Qrmr. J. Kirkland,
13th Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers,
Guestling House,
Tring, Herts.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS TO COLONEL DASHWOOD'S FUND.

Mrs. Thompson, of 247, Wingrove Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has much pleasure in publishing a complete list of those who have generously forwarded gifts in answer to Colonel Dashwood's appeal on behalf of the Fifth Fusiliers at the front:—

CHEQUES:—	£	s.	d.
W. Reed, Newcastle	2	2	0
H. B.	0	10	0
Mrs. Coke, Bamburgh	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. M. Elliott, Newcastle ...	1	1	0
Colonel J. C. Wadling	10	0	0
,, E. W. Dashwood	5	5	0
Mrs. E. W. Dashwood...	2	2	0
,, Kirkland, Glenfarg	2	2	0
,, Ames, Longhorsley	5	0	0
,, Addison, Pothr, Warkworth ...	2	0	0
,, Weden Sims, Newcastle ...	0	5	0
,, Osbaldeston Mitford	10	0	0
Mr. Osbaldeston Mitford	20	0	0
Mrs. J. Walton, Corbridge	2	0	0
,, J. H. Ridley, Wark-on-Tyne ...	3	3	0
"Mark Time"...	0	5	0
Lieut.-Col. Binny, Army Pay Corps	10	10	0
Mr. C. W. Bigge, Wylam	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Ridley	1	1	0
Jacques	3	3	0
Miss Robinson	1	1	0
Mrs. H. Hall	5	0	0
Captain and Mrs. Hall	4	0	0
Colonel T. Rowland, C.B.	5	0	0
Major W. L. White	2	0	0
Messrs. G. W. Grigg and Son, Dover	1	1	0
Mr. J. Muir, Newcastle	1	0	0
,, J. Lillycrap, Taunton	0	2	6
Brigadier-General and Mrs. Riddell...	25	0	0
Mrs. R. Humble, Newcastle	0	4	0
Recruiting Staff, Westgate Road, Newcastle	13	0	0
Duke of Northumberland	10	0	0
Miss A. M. Collingwood, Alnwick ...	3	0	0
Lieut.-Colonel A. Marshall, Chat Hill	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Waddilove	10	0	0
,, J. Kirsopp, Hexham	1	0	0
Mrs. Selby, Pawston, Northumberland	0	5	0
Mr. R. M. Werwick, Ponteland ...	5	0	0
Sir Benjamin Browne, Newcastle ...	2	0	0
Mr. R. Mortimer, Newcastle... ...	10	0	0
,, J. A. C. Fenwick, Long Framlington	5	0	0
,, James Taylor Smith, Darlington	10	0	0
,, S. Young, Wallsend	0	5	0
,, W. H. Kirsopp Reed	2	0	0
,, Geo. Arnold, Newcastle	0	10	0
Lord Grey	5	0	0
	£212	7	6

Gifts of Clothing and other useful Articles:—

Miss Barrow and Mrs. Lascells, Darlington; Mrs. Freeman, Belford; Mrs. Coke, Bamburgh; Miss Pearson, Whitley Bay; Mrs. Burgess, Gosforth; Mrs. Harkar, Pegswood; Mrs. Good, Longhorsley; Mrs. Kirkland and School Children, Glenfarg;

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The Women of Walbottle District and Walbottle School Children, through Mrs. R. E. Spencer; Mrs. Hunting, Slaley; Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bramley, Ledgate, Durham; Mrs. Reay, Newbiggin; Mrs. Watson, Woolsington; Mrs. Johnson, Horsley; E.P., Gateshead; the People of Ingram, through Mrs. Allgood, Ingram Rectory; Mrs. Robson, Kirkwhelpington; Mrs. J. H. Ridley, Wark-on-Tyne; Mrs. E. A. Longridge, Wickham; Viscountess Allendale, Bywell Hall, Stocksfield; Luckey Soldiers' Friends; Chat Hill Soldiers' Friends; Mrs. Leighton, Ponteland; Mrs. A. Heppie, Throckley; Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, Willington Quay, per Miss Aitchison; Working Girl Friend; Mrs. Walton, Corbridge; the Women of Longhorsley, per Mrs. J. E. Good, Longhorsley; Miss Wilson, Gateshead; Mrs. Osbaldeston-Mitford, Morpeth; the Featherstone Mission Sunday School, Haltwhistle; Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, per Miss Whitehouse; Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Gosforth; Mr. Watkins, Belford; Miss Middleton, Belsay Castle; Mrs. Rankine, South Shields; Miss Anderson and Miss Chapman, Allendale; Mrs. Harry Dashwood, Pugh; the Misses Rutter, Lemington-on-Tyne; Mrs. Lawrence, Otterburn; Teachers, Upper Children's Council School, Newbiggin; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. O'Neill, Jersey; the Lemington Working Party, per Miss Irvine; Miss Adamson, Morpeth; Mr. W. Chapman, Whitley Bay; the Misses Lowry, Gosforth; Mrs. C. J. Robinson, Tynemouth; Soldiers' Friends, Newham Village; Miss Chapman, Fence Houses; the Bamburgh Working Party, per Mrs. Laing; Miss Moat, Stocksfield; Mrs. E. Rosser, Jarrow; Mrs. Hedley, Forest Hall; Mrs. Miller, Warkworth; Mrs. Mould, Northants; Mrs. Dashwood, Northants; Miss P. E. Harding, Rugby; the Prudhoe Working Party, per Mrs. Williams; Haydon Bridge Branch B.R.C.S., per Miss Mander; Bedlington Colliery Ladies' Liberal Association, per Miss Taylor; Mrs. Howey, Rothbury; Mrs. Harding, Lymington, Hants; Parish of Ponteland, per Mrs. Langton; Miss Welby, Stamford; Mrs. Dance, Gateshead; Mrs. Gunner, Bishop Waltham, Hants; Hardy Brothers, Alnwick; Mrs. Eals, Consett; Miss Davy and Miss Beale, Rothbury; Mrs. Nichol, Belford; Mrs. Dixon, Low Fell; the Misses Walton, Hexham; Mrs. Tweedy and Mrs. Mullay, Falstone; Working Party, Denwick, per Mrs. Blackett-Ord; Matfen Working Party, per Lady Blackett; Miss Jackson, Gosforth; Mrs. Hall, Hexham; Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Whittingham; Mrs. Heywood, Ulveston; Mrs. McKinnon, Walker; Ladies' Working Party, Haltwhistle; Miss Elsworth, Corbridge; Mrs. Todd, Gosforth; Mrs. Binny, Cork; Mrs. T. H. Armstrong; Mr. Anderson, Otterburn; Mr. Fairbridge, Stocksfield; Mr. Elliott, Morpeth; Mrs. Clayton, Humshaugh; Mrs. Hope, Morpeth; Mrs. Watson, Morpeth; Miss L. B. Cresswell, Chat Hill; Miss Norman, Dover; Miss Arkle, Rothbury; Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Mathison, Berwick; Mrs. Dowson, Morpeth; Miss Cunningham, Whittingham; Miss Fenwick-Clennell, Rothbury; Mrs. Fail, Morpeth; Miss Dashwood, Stamford; The Working Party of Bardon Mill, per Mrs. E. Saunders; Overcliffe School, Tynemouth; Miss Robinson, Willington Quay; and Mrs. Pyne, Whitley Bay.

The following Residents of Newcastle also contributed gifts:—

Mrs. Dyson; Mrs. Milburn; the Misses Young; Mrs. Christianson; Mrs. Armstrong; Mrs. Turnbull; Mrs. Weden Sims; the Misses Fyfe; Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. Crome; Mrs. Vincent; Miss Gardiner; Mrs. Bulfin; the Misses Gibbon; Mrs. Thew; Mrs. Raines; Miss Matthews; Two Mothers; Mrs. Mein; Rev. L. J. Coursey; the Members R.A.T.A.; the Barracks; Mr. and Mrs. Swan; Mrs. Thompson; Mrs. N. N. Hewitt; St. Mark's Church; Mrs. Kirsopp; Miss Whitchurch; Miss Burdon; Mrs. W. Blackett; the Misses Lamb; Mrs. and the Misses Ryder; Mrs. Hall and Children; Mrs. S. Stobbart; Miss Hunter; Miss English; Miss Hicks; Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. Threadwill; Miss Schorey; Lady Browne; Mrs. Henderson; Children Bentinck Infants' School; Miss Madgin; Miss Cruckshanks' Class' Higher Elementary School; Mrs. Pease; Mrs. Foster; Miss Vincent; Mrs. H. H. Lindsay; Miss McLaughlin; the Misses Stephenson; Mrs. Westgarth; Nurse Allan; St. John Ambulance Association, per G. R. Curry; Mrs. Tweddle; Mrs. Johnston; Mrs. J. H. L. White; Mrs. Hall; Miss Hindmarsh; Mr. T. W. Atkinson; Miss Muir; Mrs. Lindsay Young; St. Columbia's Girl's Guild; Mrs. Irving; the Misses Ross; Mrs. Raine; the Lady Mayoress (Miss Fitzgerald); Miss Howland; Miss Turk; Duffell, Limited; Miss Ridley; Miss Noble; the Misses Adams; the Misses Skinner.

Of the £212 7s. 6d. received, £145 2s. 6d. has been expended in the purchase of shirts, vests, pants, helmets, handkerchiefs, tobacco, pipes, games, soap, boric ointment, etc., also cost of despatch of 175 parcels to the front, leaving a balance of £67 5s. 0d.

This balance, together with a fairly good stock of socks, shirts, mitts, mufflers, etc., is being held in reserve at present in anticipation of the wants of other Battalions of the Regiment who may be ordered to the front at an early date.

Mrs. Thomson, thanks to the able assistance she has received from Mrs. Dashwood, Miss Kirsopp, and others, has been able to despatch 146 eleven pound packages, and 29 seven pound packages to the 1st Battalion.

These packages (which were securely sewn up in calico, and despatched by parcel post, so as to ensure prompt and safe delivery) represent a total of 15-cwt. of clothing, etc., etc., despatched.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
23rd December, 1914.

A FIRST BATTALION DIARY.

(*Concluded from page 174*).

The following diary kept by an officer of the 1st Battalion has been sent to us:—

Saturday, 5th Sept.—Penchard to Châtres, 36 miles.—Arrived at Châtres at about 7.30 a.m. Very weary. Headquarters were billetted in the auberge, but as other troops had been there before there was nothing obtainable to eat. Heard rumours that the Germans were retiring, and that we were going to have a rest and refit. Stephen, with 100 men, arrived as first reinforcements. Went down about two miles on a bicycle to try and get food, and found a lot of stragglers from the reinforcements on the road. Had a good wash, and in the afternoon orderly room was held, also a field general court martial. Got orders in the evening and found we were going to advance. Everybody very pleased that we are no longer retiring, but men want a rest badly. We slept under a haystack, as auberge was so dirty.

Sunday, 6th Sept.—Marched 6 a.m. and did advance guard; arrived about one mile outside Lumigny, and remained there about two hours, expecting an engagement which never came. During this halt, we watered the horses and filled the men's water bottles. After two hours were sent back to billets in Lumigny. Battalion Headquarters was in a very small cottage, not yet deserted. Two companies were billetted in the school. Got the woman to stew a rabbit and had quite a good dinner, with wine procured from the village. Also got some dubbin and tobacco, the former very much needed. It was decided that the front platoon of the leading company was the only one to fire at aeroplanes under the direct orders of the Colonel.

Monday, 7th Sept.—Châtres to Le Martray, 18.6 miles.—Ordered to be ready to march at 7.30 a.m. Actually marched at 12.30 p.m. just as men had decided to cook dinners, which had to be left. The road was very congested, as another division was on a road converging towards Colommiers. About nine o'clock German aeroplane came over, which was fired on, thought to be hit, but did not come down. The road at times was quite blocked with troops and ambulances. Went through Colommiers, and saw evidences of Germans hurried retreat, in waggons left behind. Saw that many houses had been ransacked and places strewn with bottles, and telegraph wires all cut. Outside the station picked up the second reinforcements of about 100 men, under Lieutenant Platt. Arrived at Le Martroy about 6 p.m.

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Tuesday, 8th Sept.—Marched about 6.30 a.m. Comparatively cool. Heard rumour that the French had hammered Germans at Monceaux. About 11.30 heard firing fairly close in front, and Battalion was taken under cover of a wood, with one other regiment in support. Saw shells bursting on the road about 800 yards in front, and heard that some of the cyclist section had been killed by a shell. The Germans were apparently on the other side of the River Petit Morin, and were shelling the road to prevent transport coming along. The shells bursting dead on road showed usual German accuracy of range. Was called up to see General Shaw, and was told that M.G.'s were wanted badly to get at some German trenches, which could not be reached by guns. A gunner officer had come up to tell them so. Also, that the 8th Brigade, who were attacking, had no M.G.'s left, and that the whole line was being hung up by three German maxims. So was told to report myself to Brigadier of 8th Brigade. Guided by gunner officer, I took the M.G.'s round by a path clear of the road, passing some cavalry who could get no further. Found 8th Brigade Staff near a small village and reported myself to Brigadier. I was told to go up to firing line, and see what I could do. I left limber and my horse in the village, and carried guns. Found the Scots Fusiliers going in single file along a ditch over some open ground which was being shelled by the Germans. I followed them up, and as we were going along the men must have been spotted by the German artillery, as we got a heavy salvo very close, but no casualties. I got into the woods in the slope of the valley, and on the road found some supports of the Royal Irish under cover. Found the major, commanding the companies in the firing line on each side of the road, at the edge of the wood, with some men of the Middlesex. Saw a gun at the corner of the road, which the gunners had brought up to try and shell the trenches in the valley. They had got caught by a maxim, and had temporarily to abandon the gun. The Petit Morin River is a small river with high hills on each side. The descent on each side is steep, and the hills are covered with woods and orchards. The main road zig-zags down on each side to the village of Orly. Another road runs parallel to the river, and is lined with poplars. On the east side of the village this road is hidden by small woods. The distance across the valley from top to top is about 2,000 yards. The woods of the southern slopes end about half-way down; on the northern slopes to the west of Orly, come nearly down to the road, and to the east of Orly end a quarter of the way down. The Germans had trenches all the way along the road with poplars, which afforded a good mark. There were also some forward trenches, which were very conspicuous and probably dummies. Some German guns and cavalry were reported to be in the village. I selected a place for the M.G.'s on the edge of the wood in the firing line of the Royal Irish, and started firing at the trenches under the poplars. It may have been a coincidence, but the German rifle fire seemed to slacken considerably. I was pointed out positively three different places where German machine guns were supposed to be, and plastered these places with bullets, but it did not appear to have much effect, and we never actually located them. In order to get a bigger field of fire, shifted one M.G. about 50 yards from the other one through the wood. We had a good deal of rifle fire and machine gun fire over us, but I am quite certain they could not see us, and that they were only searching the edge of the wood. A shell nearly destroyed one gun whilst I was with the other one, but think it was only a chance shot. Could see with my glasses Germans moving towards village along the trench, the range being 900 yards, and put frequent bursts of fire at them. My supply of ammunition was well kept up. I had a sporting shot at a limber, which galloped up the road the other side of the valley at 1,350 yards, but did not stop it. Saw Germans trekking east into the woods at 1,700 yards, and gave them some reverse fire, which, I think, frightened them, but cannot say if any other effect. About 3.30 p.m. the Germans started to clear out of the trenches by twos and threes, and they were heavily fired on. About 4 p.m. they were mostly gone. During this period some regiments had been working through the wood on the right flank, and about 4.30 entered Orly. I called up the limber, and was told by our Brigade-Major, whom I met, to come on with the Royal Fusiliers. We went down into Orly and found a good many prisoners, some of them the M.G. detachment of the Garde Corps. I saw the trenches, where the Germans had been, and found one or two dead. The trench was continuous, and the Germans must have slipped away under cover. I met the Battalion in the village, and we went to the top of the hill, where the guns were shelling the retiring Germans. We waited there a short time and then trekked about 2½ miles and billetted in the dark at 7 p.m. at the foundry at La Fuchères. The billets were very close, but managed to get butter, milk and wine for Headquarters. Found that we had fired about 3,500 rounds. Guns fired very well, but lost feed block and clearing plug. Had pickets out, but no disturbance. Men slept with equipment on, and horses ready harnessed. Martray to Fuchères 12.6 miles.

Wednesday, 9th Sept.—La Fuchères to Ventrelet farm, 4.6 miles.—Stood at arms at 4 a.m. and at 4.54 a.m. marched out to go over River Marne as advance guard to Brigade. We had no idea of what country was like as we had come in by dark the night before and had no opportunity to reconnoitre. We halted on the road about one mile out of our billets and saw in front, when it became light enough to see, a big valley like the valley of the Petit Morin, only bigger. We could see no signs of the enemy, but it seemed dangerous to remain on the road in sight of the opposite hills and we did not know whether any cavalry were out. However, no shells came, which was extremely lucky for us. One company, W, was sent down the main road to Nanteuil and another was sent to Ciry on the right. These companies to join up on the other side of the river above Nanteuil. The remaining companies joined the main guard. The companies went through Nanteuil and Ciry without opposition, but would have had a bad time if these places were occupied as for about 1,000 yards from the river the ground was absolutely open. The bridge had not been blown up which seems surprising as the river was wide and considerable difficulty would have been experienced in getting across even without opposition. There was a very steep hill on the other side of the town and the transport had to be assisted up. The inhabitants reported that Uhlans, with infantry and guns and the horses much exhausted, had passed through the evening before, going pretty fast. We halted under cover of the rise of the hill as something which looked like guns had been spotted to our left front 2,500 yards away, and also shells were bursting about 800 yards away on our left. We heard that the 5th Division on our left had shelled Sir H. Hamilton whilst crossing the bridge at Nanteuil and plumped a shell about 20 yards from the bridge. Since we, as advance guard, were then about two miles ahead, the occurrence of this incident must indicate faulty communication. A section of guns of the 109th Battery were brought up and began shelling the things which looked like enemy's guns. After a while it was discovered they *were* German guns firing not at us but probably at the 5th Division. So our guns opened rapid fire and simply plastered them. The village of Bezu was being shelled now by the Germans and the Battalion moved down the main road, companies at 100 yards interval to avoid shells as much as possible. The vanguard had gone on and, I believe, nearly scrupped some Germans at breakfast. The Battalion halted in a wood about a quarter-of-a-mile south of

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Ventrelet farm, whilst the two leading companies were clearing the woods to the front. A platoon of X Company under —— caught by Maxim, and —— and six men wounded. Advanced beyond wood to a road running at right angles to our original road, whilst remaining two companies halted under cover by the wood. I went forward with limber to the two front companies, passed a burning German motor lorry and a stranded 4-seater motor. Took up a position under orders of Commanding Officer near W Company, I found a small 8 h.p. de Dion which had been captured with two men in it by Z Company. As nothing was doing then, tried it up and down the road, found it was working all right, but one spring was badly smashed. Was told that the two captured men had been artillery observers. The Lincolns were on our left, and shortly after the Commanding Officer of the Lincolns came up and told us that they had got on to the flank of a battery of guns in the middle of the wood, had killed the gunners and escort, and had captured the guns, but had been shelled out of it by our own howitzers, apparently. An English aeroplane came over and got a heavy salvo from the Germans, but no damage done. We were ordered not to advance any further, it being understood that the 5th Division, on our left, had not been able to get on, and the 2nd Division, on our right, had not yet come up, so that we were right at the apex of a triangle. We discovered some German trenches about 1,000 yards away out of sight, and also a German trench, on our left, covering the main road, about 500 yards away. Shells began coming over, but did no damage. The Commanding Officer and Adjutant went over to the right to visit Z Company, who were holding a rise by a wood. About 10 high explosives came straight into them, but luckily there were few casualties. Z Company was then withdrawn. Shells came over in pairs, but did not do much damage. As the line we were holding was not a good one, the Commanding Officer decided to retire about half-a-mile to a position in front of Ventrelet farm, where the field of fire was good and it was easy to dig. This was about 6 p.m. A line was chosen, the Lincolns being on our left, and we dug in, the M.G.'s covering the road running north. I took all the ammunition into the trenches, as had been told we had got to hang on there. The transport was at the farm, and Brigade Headquarters at the wood where we halted in the morning. We slept in the trenches, rather cold, and rained slightly during the night. One of our patrols came in and said that they had seen about 200 Germans lining the road to our front about 600 yards away. It was afterwards discovered that these 200 Germans were a patrol of three men of our own.

Thursday, 10th Sept.—Ventrelet farm to Dammard, 10 miles.—Stood to arms about 4 a.m. Saw our cavalry patrols going out, probably 2nd Division, as we heard they had come up. About 5 a.m. saw our own cavalry brigade and guns coming up behind. Started out, 9th Infantry Brigade doing advance guard to Division, Royal Scots Fusiliers doing advance guard to Brigade. Marched to Veuilly la Potterie and heard that Germans were in the woods. The Brigade was sent through the woods to clear them. There were not many, and about 100 prisoners taken. The cavalry took some more, who had been surrounded in the small village of Crécy. Went on and found several waggons which had been destroyed by the shell fire. About 1 o'clock we had a heavy shower, and shortly afterwards were ordered to go quite unexpectedly into billets at Dammard, which the Battalion reached about 3 o'clock. The billets were very close, and the village was quite deserted, many houses had to be broken into to get cover for the men. Orderly room was held for the first time since Châtres. An aeroplane landed in a field quite close, but only stopped a very short time. Got some eggs, milk and wine for Headquarters.

Friday, 11th Sept.—Dammard to Grand Rozoy, 12 miles.—Left Dammard at 7.15 a.m. with 7th Brigade doing advance guard. Followed along German line of retreat. Saw a good many dead horses and broken motor lorries, and always lots of bottles in villages. About 10 a.m. rained hard and continued all day, and very cold. Met Bonham Carter, whose aeroplane had to descend owing to mist and rain. We asked him if he had come over us at Ventrelet farm, and he told us that it was his aeroplane which had been shelled there. Halted for some time on the road as cavalry had been held up. About 1 p.m. marched to Grand Rozoy, where we went into billets. Two companies were sent to take up outposts. When they got out there and had dug trenches they found that a lot of French troops were in front of them. Apparently the Brigadier knew nothing about this. The companies were recalled, but decided, to remain out there as there was no cover or room in the billets for them. Headquarters in quite a decent house. Could not get anything to eat, though went round and foraged for it. Got a mail.

Saturday, 12th Sept.—Grand Rozoy to Brennel, 14 miles.—Marched out at 5.45 a.m., 9th Infantry Brigade doing advance guard. Heard there was a small fight between ours and German cavalry, and our guns also came into action. It rained hard all day. We deployed for action for an attack, which did not come off, quite close to Braine. About 3 p.m. marched into Braine, crossing a tributary of the Aisne, where we saw a lot of shell, believed to be German, which had been dropped into the river. We halted in Braine for about an hour, several prisoners being brought in. Marched to Brennel, which we reached about 6 p.m., still raining hard. Heard that about 30 Germans were badly wounded outside Brennel by shell fire. This was a bad billet, but managed to get some butter, vegetables and milk.

Sunday, 13th Sept.—Brennel to Vailly, 4 miles.—Marched out at 7 p.m., and were ordered to take up a position in the woods covering the right flank of the 8th Brigade who were doing advance guard. A fine day and plenty of sun. Took up a position in the woods, and 8th Brigade went through us to try and get over the Aisne at Vailly. Heard a big battle towards Soissons and saw clouds of smoke from bursting shells, so thick you might have thought the woods themselves were burning. The booming of the guns was practically continuous. We could also see about three miles on our left a battery of our own guns, which, during the advance, had been put into the open. These had been so badly shelled that they had to be temporarily abandoned during the day. Shells were coming over, but none very near. They were probably aimed at guns placed to our rear and to our right rear. We remained there all day, and about 4 p.m. heard that the 8th Brigade had crossed the river without much loss. At dusk, about 7 p.m., 9th Infantry Brigade marched down the road through Chassemy to within about 800 yards of the bridge, the transport and horses with them. When we got down there, found that it was impossible to take horses or transport over, as the river bridge had been blown up and only a plank put across it, and the pontoon bridge not yet finished. The canal bridge was still intact. About 10 p.m., ordered to take transport and horses back. Took them back to Chassemy as I did not see any use in taking them back a short way, and there was no cover for the horses except at Chassemy. Billetted in an old inn, near the gunners and cavalry. Found the inn deserted and upside down, bottles strewn everywhere, probably German doings. About midnight mechanical transport came along with supplies for different brigades, but nobody seemed to know where anybody was.

Monday, 14th Sept.—Raining hard and rode down to bridge to see if transport could get across. Found that pontoon bridge had been made, and that transport could go across. I brought the transport up, and

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crossed about 6 a.m. The approach to the pontoon, owing to the wet, was very bad. I got into the village of Vailly and found that the Regiment had billetted there, having crossed over the broken bridge, man by man, during the night. I managed to catch up the Regiment as they were marching out of the town towards the heights, which we were going to clear. This was to have been done the night before, but the woods were found to be much too thick. The Royal Fusiliers were doing advance guard, and had sent up companies to clear the woods. Shells began coming over at the town, and R.F. were being pressed. We sent up two companies to help by Rouge Maison, the remainder of the Battalion following with M.G.'s, the transport being sent down the hill. Y Company near Rouge Maison got a bad time from maxim, rifle and shell fire. W, X and Y Companies then went over to the left towards Orme, Z Company being in support, on the road with Headquarters. We got fairly heavily shelled and took cover at the top of the high bank which to a great extent covered the road from rifle fire and from shell fire from the front. Shells began coming from the right in enfilade and it was difficult to get proper cover. I was hit and several others by spent shrapnel. About 11 a.m. shells suddenly began to burst right into Z Company and on the road, from the rear. It was our own guns shelling us from the other side of the valley in mistake for the Germans. For about threequarters-of-an-hour we were badly shelled, though luckily the casualties were not great. A small bank about two feet high on the right side of the road saving us to a great extent, and also the Germans had ceased from shelling us at that moment. One of our shells burst, it seemed, right in my face, within 10 yards, but only caused one casualty where I was. We could not get in touch with our gunners to stop them though signalling and cycle messengers were sent several times. The horses and the M.G. limber retired down the road. How there were no casualties amongst them I cannot imagine. Going down with the limber I met Stephen, who had had to retire from the woods in front with W Company, having been fired into at very close quarters by Maxims and guns after a platoon had got into the German trenches with the bayonet. I took him along to the Colonel to explain the situation, and Z Company and M.G. were sent *via* a quarry to cover the companies' (X and Y) retirement. They took up a position at the edge of the woods. The field of fire was limited as the ground rose in front, but it was the best available at the time. When I got up there there were no Germans in sight, but maxim fire and rifle fire were coming from our left just over our heads, probably the bullets were following the slope of the rise and were not intended for us at all. Could not find a very suitable position and tried by the Royal Scots Fusiliers, but not of much value there, and finally was told they might be useful covering the retirement of the 8th Brigade, and did so, their line being continued in a big circle from ours. A maxim was rather annoying them, but it could not be located. This was about 4 p.m. Our position (9th Brigade) was in a re-entrant with two long spurs covered with the woods on each side and the town of Vailly lying on the river, a little in rear of and between these spurs. From my position could see Germans on the spur on our right, and on the left spur our own troops. Went up to Headquarters and remained there. About 10 p.m. we had a night attack, with maxim and rifle fire over us, aimed at the trenches in front, but which, owing to the ground, came very close of Headquarters and the supports consisting of some of Z Company. The attack did not last long. The Germans shelled Vailly all the evening and all night.

Tuesday, 15th Sept.—Rained in the morning. Shells began coming over early. The big ones aimed at the town, the canal bridge, and the pontoon bridge; the field guns at the trenches and along the edge of the woods. We also got some enfilade fire from our left from the spur which I believe is called Chivres. There was practically no rifle fire and the front trenches were deepened, but no traverses were made. The M.G.'s remained in the same place, but were apparently spotted as were some trenches of the Royal Scots Fusiliers close by, probably by people moving about. They were badly shelled, but no casualties resulted in the M.G. section, and as there was no prospect of the guns being used without good warning they were taken down to ensure their not being hit. I stayed with Headquarters. It came on to rain again and it was very wet all night. Germans shelled the town every five minutes during day and every quarter-of-an-hour during the night.

Wednesday, 16th Sept.—Still in the same place. The Germans must have got the range to our trenches because they were enfiladed with high explosives of which three burst right into Z Company's trenches causing a good many casualties. As soon as this was over the trenches were deepened and high traverses made, though very much work could not be done during the day. The Germans shelled the town all day and gave us a few "iron rations" at intervals. At dusk took M.G. into a trench on the right of our line and made the trench suitable. The sun had not been strong enough to dry our clothes properly and they were still pretty wet. Some tea had been made in the town, boiled in various kettles found in the houses, and been brought up to the troops, and the T.O. looked after Headquarters with some stew and tea. The Lincolns, who were in support, were on the road we had originally come up on the morning of the 14th, and had got good cover from shell fire by burrowing into the side of the road. But troops and transport could not move by day up this road (the only one into Vailly) as directly any movement was seen shells promptly began to come. Movement of troops and transport up the road could only take place by night. There was no water at all anywhere near the trenches and parties of men had to go into Vailly to fill the water bottles. Rations came over the bridge at Vailly by night and a ration party went down and brought up rations by hand. Slept in trenches, very cold, a heavy dew, and very dark. Companies by night stretched a trip wire about 50 yards in front of trenches. This wire had been got in Vailly.

Thursday, 17th Sept.—Stood to arms at 4 a.m., and took the guns down at dawn, and about 9 a.m. set the men to dig a day pit out of sight behind the wood 50 yards to the rear. The men of companies were as much as possible taken out of the trenches and put in other trenches behind and only observation men left. It rained most of the morning. The Germans gave us our daily "iron rations" and continually shelled the town and tried to destroy the canal bridge. They had many close shots at the latter, but never succeeded in hitting it. They also began shelling, if any movement of troops on the road or anywhere else. The transport in the town did not have at all a pleasant time. Matches were exceedingly scarce, but luckily I had a flint and tinder apparatus. Lambert and a reinforcement of 100 men were to arrive that evening, but did not come up. Had limber brought up to the quarry well under cover and only about 800 yards from my trenches. The quarry was the headquarters of the R.S.F. and the Sappers. No cooking could be done behind the trenches, another regiment had tried it and as soon as smoke arose they got badly shelled. The Brigade Staff got their house in Vailly shelled and had to move out of it. Our own artillery had not been able to come across the river as there were no good positions, and unless they were howitzers the angle, I believe, was too steep for them to reach the Germans. However, as soon as the German guns were located they did good work. Aeroplanes kept coming over, both German and our own. Both, I suppose, trying to

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locate trenches and guns. We could tell the shells from our own "cow-guns" as their shells came over very high and with a peculiarly calm sound about them. We were considerably annoyed by one German gun which seemed to our left front and not very far away, because the shell gave no indication or noise of its coming, as shells coming from a distance do, but all that was heard was the burst. Slept in the trenches. Fine in the evening.

Friday, 18th Sept.—Stood to arms at 4 a.m. M.G.'s remained in the same place. A wet day. The Germans shelled us as usual. Nothing much occurred, at dusk changed M.G.'s to the left of the line of X Company's trenches to cover a wood in which Germans might collect and rush the trenches. This wood had been patrolled by a few men, but these patrols had come in contact with Germans and several men hit. An artillery officer, for whom we had asked from the Brigade to locate the guns, came up and was shown whereabouts we thought the guns and the enemy's trenches were. Slept in the trenches, very cold, slightly raining.

Saturday, 19th Sept.—Stood to arms, 4 a.m. A fine day, but showery. Had our usual morning "iron ration" about 8 o'clock from our right front, and "Archie" from our right and "George" from the left still kept on shelling the town. Found that the Germans had during the night dug trenches within 300 yards of us, and kept dribbling into these trenches from the wood on our left, and were fired on by our men. It was decided to send a company through the wood to clear it, as a number of Germans were reported in the wood. I was asked to fire some rounds into it, to clear out any Germans there. I put 250 rounds into the wood with one gun. The other gun jammed after firing one shot. After examination of it, found that the barrel was bent, due probably to the gun having been dropped whilst it was being carried through the woods two days before. After some trouble, managed to put a new barrel in and get the gun going. We were being sniped by the Germans in the trenches, and it was unsafe to show one's head for long. I managed to pot a German with a rifle, whilst trying to run from cover. About 7 o'clock Germans began firing whilst I was having a meal with Headquarters, had to leave it and go back to the trenches. There was also a certain amount of shelling. Slept in trenches. Very cold, no chance of getting coats or anything dry. Got a mail, which produced some tobacco, also a ration of a box of matches.

Sunday, 20th Sept.—Stood to arms as usual. German snipers still there. The picquet of 40 men was replaced by standing patrols, who entrenched themselves, Several high explosives came not very far from our end of the trench, and perhaps were trying to locate maxims. Got our usual "iron rations" at breakfast, lunch, and in the afternoon without much damage. Germans still shelled the town with "Archie" and "George," but had not yet destroyed the bridge. Slept in trenches. Germans had fired a hay stack, it was fairly easy to see at night. The other nights it was pitchy black. Heard a heavy night attack going on on our right, but none our way.

Monday, 21st Sept.—Stood to arms as usual. Got orders we were to be relieved by the 16th Brigade. Fired about 50 rounds into the right of the wood to check snipers, which was fairly effective. Were relieved during the day and at dusk by The Buffs. Battalion was collected under the hill at about 7.15, ready to start down to the town, when Germans began shelling and firing. We stopped to see if we could render any assistance, but none was required. The firing on our side was heavy, but on the German's side, from the sound of the bullets coming over, there were only a few snipers. It must have been a case of jumpiness. From 6 to 7 p.m. the Germans shelled the town heavily, and with one shot very nearly destroyed the bridge. We marched down to the town, to the bridge, where we found waggons dumping rations, and also the remaining battalions of the 16th Brigade crossing. From the bridge to the edge of the woods there was about 800 yards of open ground, continually shelled by the Germans, to prevent people coming down it, and several dead horses were lying about. As many of them had been dead for some days the smell was almost unbearable. It was one of the nights on which the Germans, luckily for us, did not shell the bridge. Marching through Braine, we reached Courcelles at about 11.30 p.m., troops billetted with remainder of the Brigade in the village, billets very close.

Tuesday, 22nd Sept.—A day of rest, and a wash for the first time for eight days. Remained at Courcelles till 26th, when Regiment was going back to the trenches.

The following is a complete itinerary of the march, with distances, up to the Aisne:—

ADVANCE.

Landrecies			Blaregnies		
Monvilles			Malplaquet		
Noyelles...	...	6.4	Frameries		
Leval			‡*Cuesmes	...	11.1
Pont					——
*La Longueville		11.0			28.5

RETREAT.

Cuesmes			Guiscard		
‡Frameries	...	2.0	*Crissoles	...	18.7
Sars da Bruyère			Noyon		
Bavai			Pontoise		
Bermeries	...	11.0	Cuts		
Gommequies			Fombray		
Villereau			Moulin		
Potelle			Pont Suspendu		
Chissiquies			*Resson Le Long		20.6
Salosches			Montigny		
Vendegies			Mortefontaine		
Neuvilly			Vivières		
‡*Inchy ...	...	19.2	Villers-Cotterets		
Audencourt			*Vauciennes	...	16.0
Montigny			Condreville		
Clary			Levigneu		
Elincourt			Fresnoy		
Malincourt			Villers		
‡Beaurevoir			*Bouillancy	...	12.6
Fm. de Sucre			Fosse Martin		
Estrees			Douy		
Nauroy			Marcilly		
Bellicourt			Barcy		
Hargicourt			La Marche		
‡Villeret			*Peuchard	...	10.0
Le Verguier			Meaux		
Vendelles			Nanteuil		
‡Vermand	...	30.0	Bontigny		
Beauvois			*Villemareuil		
Flugnieres			Crecy		
Aubigny			Neufmontiers		
‡Ham			Châtres ...	...	36.0
Golancourt					——
Berlancourt			Retreat		...176.1

ADVANCE.

Châtres			‡Veuilly		
Marles			Chezey		
Lumigny			*Dammard	...	10.0
Pezarches			Neuilly St. Front		
Maupathuis			Rozet		
Coulommiers			Oulchy		
*Le Martroy	...	18.6	*Grand Rozoy	...	12.0
Chauffroy			Launoy		
Rebais			Ceury		
‡Orly			Cerseuils		
Bussières			‡*Brenelle...	...	14.0
*La Fuchères	...	12.6	‡*Vailly		
Nanteuil					——
‡Bezu					
*Ventrelet Fm.	...	4.6			71.8

* Billets or stayed night. † Halts. ‡ Fighting.

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